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FRAGMENTS

FROM

GERMAN PROSE WRITERS.

FRAGMENTS

FROM

GERMAN PROSE WRITERS.

TRANSLATED BY

SARAH AUSTIN.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NOTES.

LONDON:
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PREFACE.

I CANNOT send this little volume into the world without cautioning my readers against a misapprehension of its character and purpose. It would be unjust to German literature to regard it as a selection. That word implies more of choice and order than I have been able to bestow. Many of these fragments were translated some years ago from books which chance threw in my way, and without any view to their publication; they were given to friends, who were curious to know what inducement there was to study the German language, and thus found their way into several numbers of a magazine. It has been frequently suggested to me, that a reprint of them, with additions, in a more convenient and durable form, would not be unacceptable to the English public, among whom a curiosity concerning the matter and form of German literature is greatly in-

creased and increasing. Upon this suggestion I have at length acted, though not without many misgivings.

Germany and its literature open a new world to one accustomed only to the habits and the opinions of England. They present trains of thought as foreign to those with which we are familiar, as their forms of language are to our modes of expression. This great dissimilarity affords, as may readily be imagined, ample scope for the misconceptions and misrepresentations of ill-informed, prejudiced, and uncandid readers; indeed, renders it very difficult for the most candid and enlightened to avoid them, without a far more intimate knowledge of the country than foreigners can usually acquire. And accordingly, such misconceptions and misrepresentations do very widely prevail.

It may be said that this is an inconvenience under which all nations labour with respect to each other. To a certain extent that is true; but it admits of modifications from the peculiarities of national character. Few, I imagine, will assert that the energetic and practical English mind has that plasticity which enables it to place itself in the very circum-

stances of another, and, as it were, to adopt trains of thought, associations and images, wholly unlike the accustomed ones. We are astonished at deviations from our own standard, and readily conclude that all that is unwonted is wrong. On the other hand, there is no quality for which Germans are more remarkable, than for their power of complete self-transplantation (if I may use the word) to that point of view whence another looks upon the world, and of fair appreciation of varieties in thought, expression and action. Hence their pre-eminent success as translators; and hence the universality of their literature, in which every nation may find itself candidly judged and faithfully reflected. From these causes it follows that German writers have less chance of being understood here, than ours in Germany.

I have been the more inclined to submit to the public these slight results of a desultory reading, from the hope that they may contribute a little to correct the extravagant notions which have long been current in this country as to the general character of German literature. In some places it has been represented as all composed of cloudy philosophy, dull pedantry, or romantic horrors; in others,

as deformed throughout by whining sentimentality, impurity, or irreligion. That, in the multitudinous offspring of the German press, *some* of each of these misshapen productions are to be found, we shall be little inclined to doubt, if we consider the disgusting shapes assumed by portions of our own literature; but that a sound-hearted and intelligent country gives birth to nothing else, is as little consistent with probability as it is with truth.

These strange misrepresentations are, it is true, no longer listened to by the more instructed portion of society. The translations and criticisms of some of the valuable works which Germany has contributed to every branch of knowledge, but especially to philology and history, and still better, the study of the originals, have produced a vast and increasing change in the more cultivated part of public opinion. But though it is rather the fashion now to talk with a vague admiration of German literature, we are very far as yet from that intimate knowledge of it, upon which alone a just estimate of its merits can be founded.

It must of course be difficult, if not impossible, to characterize an entire national literature; and

I am far from imagining myself in any way qualified for such a task. But if I were called upon to point out the quality which strikes me as the most prominent and pervading in that of Germany, I should say, it is *earnestness*. I have ventured to express an opinion that wit and humour are not the strong points of German writers. Happily for themselves and the world, they are even less successful in *persiflage*. Still more happily, they seem conscious of this; few of them attempt a style of writing in which the French display their inimitable *finesse* and lightness of touch, and other nations their bad taste and bitterness of feeling.

What has elsewhere been said of Goethe's writings is, I think, true of German literature generally—that it is *suggestive*. Those who wish to close a book with the comfortable feeling that no new idea has been suggested, and no old one disturbed, will regard this as very questionable praise; but those who read in order to be made to think, will, I hope, derive some satisfaction even from the fragments thus loosely thrown together.

The choice of these passages has been determined by considerations as various as their character

and their subjects. In some it was the value of the matter, in others the beauty of the form, that struck me; in some the vigorous, unaffected good sense, in others the fantastic or mystical charm. Some recalled familiar trains of thought, which meet one in a foreign literature like old friends in a far country; others suggested ideas altogether new and strange. My readers must, therefore, apply measures as different as those which I have used, and by no means ascribe to me the intention of recommending every opinion to their unqualified assent, or every passage to their unqualified admiration.

Still less must they imagine that this little collection is intended to serve as a guide for the student in the choice of books. Against such a misconception I must earnestly protest. Though some of the passages are but samples of the excellence of the store whence they are taken, others may be regarded as the rare flowers plucked from a field otherwise nearly barren or overgrown with weeds.

I have too much experience of the indulgence of German readers not to feel assured that, if this little book finds its way among them, it will be treated better than it deserves. They will, I hope, discover

in it the same anxiety to interpret their writers faithfully, for which they have already given me credit, and which they will accept as an atonement for many deficiencies.

But I am perfectly aware how defective and planless such a collection must appear to them; how many of their greatest names they will miss; how painfully the confusion of dates, styles and subjects will strike such methodical compilers. When I see that the names of Winckelmann, Wieland, Mendelssohn, Solger, Steffens, and others of equal or nearly equal celebrity, do not even occur in my list — not to mention a host whose works are worthy of mention, and would afford volumes of striking and agreeable extracts—I feel as if I merited some reproaches from Germany. But, I must repeat, I have had no extensive access to German books, and have taken what fell in my way. I had translated, or marked for translation, several longer passages, or entire essays; such as Alex. v. Humboldt's 'Physiognomy of Plants;' the introduction to Grimm's 'German Mythology;' J. von Müller's 'Battle of Sempach;' the 'Death of Conradin' from Raumer's 'Hohenstauffen;' the portrait of Charles V.

from Ranke's 'Fürsten und Völker' (Sovereigns and Subjects), and others; but I found that I should far exceed the limits of this little volume, which is all I can venture to recommend to the indulgence of the English public.

I have added a few notes at the end, which require a more serious apology than any defects of selection or translation, since they contain the expression of some opinions of my own. These I am always reluctant to intrude on the public. But I was repeatedly assured that such an index *raisonné* was absolutely necessary to the English reader, unacquainted with the names and characters of the writers I have quoted, or with the tendencies of the schools or classes to which they belong; and I have been betrayed into much more of general commentary than I contemplated when I began.

I have endeavoured to supply the biographical and critical details from sources deserving of credit.

S. A.

London, April 21, 1841.

FRAGMENTS

FROM

GERMAN PROSE WRITERS.

GERMANY.

SURROUNDED by the nations which have the chief and foremost influence on the condition and destinies of mankind, lies our Fatherland; strong against all, formidable to most, in six hundred thousand warriors, who have seldom been equalled, and never excelled. For whomsoever, or for whatsoever cause, they take up arms, whoever be their leader, with them rests the balance of political power, the liberties of Europe, the welfare of the human race.

By Germans was the last universal monarchy overthrown; from among them proceeded the rulers of the states which arose out of its ruins, in one of whom, chosen by themselves, Europe recognized the title and rank of Cæsar; while the abuse of his power was mainly checked by the spirit of German freedom.

A country, more than twelve thousand square miles in extent; fruitful, yet rather in what ministers to the necessities, than to the luxury and voluptuous ease, of man; fostering the growth of an active and industrious spirit by her numerous towns, and of high culture and civilization by her many capitals; sufficiently furnished with coasts and rivers for commerce, yet not to such a degree as that the mercantile spirit can ever become national and predominant; lying under a climate neither enervating from heat, nor painful from cold, but of a healthful mean, and thence producing an organization of the human species equally removed from the extremes of rigid apathy and effeminate sensibility: a country peopled by men vigorous both in labour and in enjoyment; apt and intelligent in invention; inclining always to the useful, and patient in improving and perfecting; full of feeling for the beautiful, and in the fine arts second to none, yet still more successful in the investigation of the true and in the accomplishment of the great; remarkable for good sense and for unwearied perseverance; obedient even to the most rigid military subordination, yet ardent at the name of freedom and worthy to enjoy it; a people capable of any thing, if they have but sufficient pride to throw aside all imitation, and be content to be German—such is our people—such is Germany.

Johannes v. Muller.

As with artisans, so with the higher order of artists, we see the most striking proofs, that man can least appropriate to himself that which most completely belongs to him. His works leave him, as a bird the nest in which it was hatched.

The lot of the architect is herein strange above all others. How often does he turn his whole mind and soul to the construction and perfecting of rooms from which *he* must be for ever shut out! The royal halls are indebted to him for a splendour, the full effect of which *he* is never to enjoy.

In the temple, he fixes an impassable barrier between himself and the Holy of holies. The steps which he has laid for the celebration of the heart-elevating mysteries, *he* must never venture to ascend; as the goldsmith looks with distant reverence on the sacred chalice, to the gold and gems of which he has given shape and brilliancy. With the keys of the palace, the architect delivers up to the rich man all its conveniences and enjoyments, of which *he* is never to share in one.

Must not this gradually estrange the art from the artist,—that his work, like a full-grown child, no longer reflects its influence on its father? And how much would the art advance if it were occupied almost exclusively with the external, which belongs to all, and, in common with all, to the artist himself.

Goethe. (*Wahlverwandtschaften.*)

THE last, best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindliest soul, is, tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic.

Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. (*Siebenkäs.*)

IT is a coarse but very common misapprehension, that in order to represent the Ideal, an aggregate of virtues as numerous as possible must be packed together under one name:—a whole compendium of morality be exhibited in one man. Nothing is effected by this but the utter extinction of individuality and truth. The Ideal consists not in quantity, but in quality. Grandison is exemplary, but not ideal.

A. W. v. Schlegel.

THE proper and characteristic duty of an instructor of the people is the affording a good example. The faith of his flock rests mainly upon his own, and is, strictly speaking, little more than a faith in his faith. His precepts ought to be delivered, not as something learnt, as something speculatively discovered, but as something drawn out of his own inward experience, since on this subject every thing must be the result

of such experience. If his life contradicts his percepts, no one believes in his experience. And even if he could support them by such theoretical proofs as must compel conviction, nothing of what he says is believed of himself individually.

Fichte.

WHEREVER, O man, God's sun first beamed upon thee,—where the stars of heaven first shone above thee,—where his lightnings first declared his omnipotence, and his storm-wind shook thy soul with pious awe,—there are thy affections, there is thy country.

Where the first human eye bent lovingly over thy cradle,—where thy mother first bore thee joyfully on her bosom,—where thy father engraved the words of wisdom in thy heart,—there are thy affections, there is thy country.

And though it be among bare rocks and desert islands, and though poverty and care dwell there with thee, thou must love that land for ever; for thou art man, and thou canst not forget it, but it must abide in thine inmost heart.

And freedom is no empty dream, no barren imagination; but in her dwell thy courage, and thy pride, and the certainty that thou art of high and heavenly race.

There is freedom where thou canst live according to the customs and fashions and laws of thy fathers; where that which rejoiced their hearts rejoices thine; where no foreign oppressor can command thee, no foreign ruler drive thee at his will, as cattle at the will of their driver.

This thy country—thy free country—is a treasure which contains within itself indestructible love and faith; the noblest good (excepting religion, in which dwells a still higher freedom) that a virtuous man can possess, or can covet.

Arndt.

....This fickle, uncertain, capricious love of the many, which a ruler often loses when he seeks, and wins when he shuns it, is a thing certainly useless and valueless, if not pernicious, since it always involves the inclination to fall into the contrary extreme. What is this empty and sentimental exhibition of popular affection? It is an illusion—the blunder of demagogy, which calculates only for the moment, and fancies it can build permanent institutions on what is utterly transient. It is not the love, it is the confidence of the people which a prince stands in need of. The assurance that he observes their laws and usages, that he respects the rights of property and the freedom of opinion, that he never

attempts to introduce by force innovations or deviations from the established and the customary, but only with the consent of those interested; this assurance is the important thing in our monarchy, and perhaps in every other.

Rumohr. (*Deutsche Denkwürdigkeiten.*)

.....THE party were about to rise, when Manfred exclaimed, "Only this one bottle, my friends, of delicious Constantia; let each fill his glass, and give a health, right from his heart!" Ernest raised the liquid gold, and said, not without some solemnity, "Health and long life to the father and liberator of Art among us, to the noble German, to our GOETHE, of whom we may well be proud, and whom other nations might envy us!" All touched glasses; and when Theodore was about to recall some recent discussion, Manfred exclaimed, "No, my friends, no criticism now. Let us unite all the joys of our youth, all that we have to thank him for, in one remembrance at this moment!"

"You are right," said Wilibald; "the moment of awakened love must be sacred to love alone; and therefore let us unite with the recollection of him that of SCHILLER, whose earnest and grandly-

aspiring soul should have longer tarried among us!"

"I drink this glass," said Anton, with emotion, "to the noblest and kindest of spirits—to the most amiable of old men, whom all good and prosperity attend—to the sage who was never a sectary—to the child-like JACOBI; may a gentle destiny long preserve him to us!"

"We close our repast solemnly," said Emilia; "it is impossible not to be touched by the thought of so many beloved absent ones."

"Let us give ourselves up to this delightful feeling!" exclaimed Manfred with animation; "and therefore fill your glasses, and let us celebrate the memory of our fancy-gifted, witty, and inspired JEAN PAUL. Not him should ye forget, ye youth of Germany! Thanks be to him for his flowery mazes and his wondrous imaginings; may he in this moment think kindly of us, as we recall with emotion the time when he joined in our circle with ready and delightful cordiality!"

"Nor be the twin stars of the German firmament forgotten," exclaimed Theodore, with unwonted earnestness, "our FREDERIC and WILLIAM SCHLEGEL, who have excited and promoted so much that is beautiful; may the penetration and earnestness of the one, the refined taste and devotion to art of the other, be remembered by grateful Germany to all ages!"

"Be it then permitted," said Lothair, "to invoke a genius who has long since left our sphere, but who may perhaps hover above us, if all hearts call on him with deep longing and veneration;—the great Englishman, the true and complete Man, the lofty spirit, fresh in ever-during childhood,—the one SHAKSPERE! Be he, by us and our posterity through all ages, praised, loved, and honoured!"

All were strongly excited; and Frederic stood up and said, "Yes, my dearest friends, as it is through friendship and love that we are gathered together, and by them are made one, recollection brings around us all noble and true-hearted friends from afar, and their hearts are, perhaps, even now turned hither. But faith piously invokes the departed also to our social pleasures, to our joys and our festivities with longing affection and with tears of gladness. And this is the worthiest crown and consummation of our joy;—death is no separation; his countenance is not terrible: hallow then these last drops to the beloved NOVALIS, the apostle of religion, love, and innocence, the prophetic dawn of a better future!"

"Women," said Rosalie tenderly, "are especially bound to be grateful to him."

Tieck. (*Phantasus.*)

THE French stand in a strange position with regard to German literature. They are precisely in the case of the cunning fox, who can get nothing out of the long neck of the jar. With all the good-will in the world, they do not know what to make out of our things; they treat all our productions as raw material, which must be wrought into shape by them. How wretchedly have they displaced and confused my notes to Rameau; there is not a thing left in its proper place!

The English have put forth their 'Living Poets' in two thick octavo volumes, with short biographical notices; I have been very industriously studying this work for some time. It gives occasion to highly-interesting comparisons. The most remarkable excellencies of all these poets are to be traced to *descent* and *situation*; the meanest among them has Shakspere for his ancestor, and the Ocean at his feet.

Goethe. (*Briefwechsel mit Zelter.*)

THE *beau-monde* of Paris was delighted with Gessner's Idylls; just as a palate sated and deadened with high feeding and poignant sauces, is refreshed by a milk diet.

A. W. v. Schlegel.

POPULAR POETRY.

THE position which Bürger assumed in the preface to the first edition of his poems, namely, "that popular poetry is the perfect, and, indeed, the only true poetry," he has repeated in the second edition, thus modified—"that the popularity of a poetical work is the proof of its perfection," and has endeavoured to establish it by argument. If we look at all he has said on this subject, in order to come at a clear notion of what he means by the word *people*, we find that we shall obtain it by running a sort of mean line through all classes, comprehending within that word all varieties of natural situation and capacity; for with reference to the educated and accomplished, there exists no such average: the line between those who participate in scientific and conventional education and those who are excluded from it, must ever remain sufficiently broad and distinct. It is not, however, easy to perceive why Poetry, to whom it is given to express to men all that is highest and noblest, should be condemned to adapt herself to mediocrity, instead of addressing herself to the most elevated and most richly endowed spirits, and leaving the others to come up with her as they can. Bürger did not understand rightly what he required of poetry; he confounded it with the very attainable end

which he proposed to himself in most of his songs; *i. e.* to write for readers of various ranks, and especially those of the lower and uninstructed.

Nor was any such wonderful condescension necessary for this purpose, as many have pretended; for Nature distributes fancy and susceptibility without regard to higher or lower birth: conventional culture is required only for those kinds of literature which represent pictures of polished social life, and scientific attainments may be rendered unnecessary by the choice of the subject. In this sense, it is very possible to be a dignified and noble popular poet. But it is not evident why every poet must invariably address himself to a public so constituted; why, for instance, he should not occasionally set before himself readers whom Nature has endowed with a philosophical eye, or education made conversant with classical antiquities. What he loses in quantity of effect, would be amply compensated to him by its quality. How narrow would be the sphere of poetry, what magnificent images would be rendered unavailable, were Bürger's position universally acknowledged! His assertion, "that all great poets have been popular poets, and that what they did not write popularly was almost forgotten in their life-time, or ever received into the imagination and the memory of their readers," is expressly contradicted by history —at least by that of modern poetry, which is most

to our present purpose. Dante and Petrarch, the two great fathers of modern poetry, are, in every sense of the word, both as to knowledge and genius, as unpopular as it is possible to be. Guarini, the great link between the ancient and modern schools, is nowise popular; and Shakspere and Cervantes appear so only because they satisfy the many with strong emotions and gay images, and delude them with a superficial intelligibility, while the deeper sense, and an infinity of delicate allusions, remain hidden from vulgar readers or spectators.

The question, how far Homer's rhapsodies were originally suited to the taste and comprehension of the people, or sung only for the noble and the great, would lead us too far; but it is indisputable that the Troubadours and Minnesingers are by no means entitled to the name of popular poets. They cultivated rather a courtly and knightly style of poetry, founded on the manners, views and sentiments of the highest and most cultivated ranks. We have, it is true, some specimens of the same age, evidently composed for the pleasure and approbation of the common people, and these form the most striking contrast with the former; indeed, we find in more than one noble Minnesinger expressions of the utmost contempt for the lays of peasants and burghers.

If Bürger, by this sweeping demand for popularity of style, which he subsequently defines to be *clear-*

ness and perfect intelligibility, only meant that every poem ought to possess these qualities in the highest degree compatible with the nature of its subject-matter, this will readily be admitted; with the sole exception of those cases in which a veil of intricacy and obscurity contributes to make the desired impression, and is thus necessary to complete the effect. In the sense above mentioned, his observation does not seem superfluous or unnecessary, since many of our poets have, by means of dramatic and rhetorical artifices, clothed the most common-place thoughts in a dense mist; a perversity from which Bürger is altogether free. But if it is contended that perfect clearness is the essential requisite for popular poetry, this may lead the poet into the most fatal errors. Our existence rests on the Incomprehensible, and the aim of poetry, springing as it does out of this "fathomless profound," cannot be to solve all mysteries. The people, for whom he has taken the trouble to versify, on this point, as on many others, have held fast by the true and natural feeling; the desire to understand everything, that is, to embrace everything by the reason, is certainly a most unpopular one. The Bible, such as it at present is in the hands of the people, can be but very imperfectly understood; nay, must even be very frequently misunderstood, and yet it is in the highest degree a popular book. Adapted to universal comprehension by our modern

Exegetes, it will infallibly lose the greater part of its popularity. The old hymns and psalms, especially the Catholic ones, full of the most daring allegory and mysticism, are highly popular; the modern ones which have taken their place, stripped of all imagery and all flights, perfectly reasonable, and as clear as water, are not at all so. And why is this? Because in their mawkish monotony nothing arouses the attention, nothing suddenly strikes the feelings and hurries the reader at once to a point which he can never reach by the aid of formal instruction. In a word, he who wishes to write for the people anything which rises above their daily wants, must be not wholly unskilled in White Magic,—in the art of painting by words and signs.

A. W. v. Schlegel.

It is only necessary to grow old, to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself.

Goethe.

Beneficence is a duty. He who frequently practises it, and sees his benevolent intentions realized, at length comes really to love him to whom he has done good. When, therefore, it is said, 'Thou shalt

love thy neighbour as thyself,' it is not meant, thou shalt love him first, and do good to him in consequence of that love, but Thou shalt do good to thy neighbour, and this thy beneficence will engender in thee that love to mankind which is the fulness and consummation of the inclination to do good.

Kant. (*Tugendlehre.*)

.....On the earth lay yellow faded rose-leaves, and skeletons of nosegays, in which there was more of sticks and threads than of flowers: it seemed to me as if I saw the summer in which they had grown and blossomed, lying withered at my feet; and the evening joys which Sunday shed among the villages; and many a youthful, high-breathing bosom, from which (perhaps more brightly blooming than they) they had dropped faded: and gladly would I have put the summer, and its withered joys, by their dead stalks into water and revived them; and I looked at the tall sexton, to whom the thing was nothing but a vexation, as he took the broom and swept them away among the dry dust.

As we came down, and I trod, like death, over the breast of many a strong mail-clad knight, and his gently-supplicating lady-wife, I thought deeply, but cheerfully, of the old by-gone Catholic times, whose

rostrum and whose theatre this place had been. A Catholic church, as it now is, presses the near image of the gloomy, ponderous middle ages too heavily on my heart; but if its service has ceased, then the dim, shadowy picture pleases me; and I figure to myself indulgently, how many a fevered bosom here caught fresh air; how many a breathing sigh, how many a sanctifying prayer, were uttered here; and how the poor people, sunk in the deepest shaft of monkery, beheld, not indeed the quickening sun of our living day, but, like other miners, some star of the second day:—even that is something. And I would rather dwell in the dim fog of superstition, than in air rarified to nothing by the air-pump of unbelief, in which the panting breast expires, vainly and convulsively gasping for breath.

In general our century has destroyed rather errors, than the moral sources of errors. Our mental cataract is not operated on with the couching instrument, which removes it entirely, but only with the lancet, which pushes it back into the innermost part of the eye.

Jean Paul. (*Titan.*)

THERE is no more potent antidote to low sensuality than the adoration of beauty. All the higher arts of design are essentially chaste, without respect

of the object. They purify the thoughts, as tragedy, according to Aristotle, purifies the passions. Their accidental effects are not worth consideration. There are souls to whom even a vestal is not holy.

A. W. v. Schlegel.

WHAT a conception of art must those theorists have who exclude portraits from the proper province of the fine arts! It is exactly as if we denied that to be poetry in which the poet celebrates the woman he really loves. Portraiture is the basis and the touchstone of historic painting.

A. W. v. Schlegel.

AFTER all, the noblest and most beautiful monument to the memory of a man, must ever be a likeness of him. This gives a more perfect idea of what he was than anything else can; it is the best text to few notes, or to many; only it ought to be taken in his best years,—and this is commonly neglected. Nobody thinks of seizing the living forms; and even when this is done, it is done imperfectly and inadequately. As soon as a man dies, there is the greatest eagerness to take a cast of him; this mask is set

upon a block, and the work is called a bust. How rarely is it in the power of the artist to reanimate it!

The likeness of a man is wholly independent; wherever it may be placed, it speaks for itself. We do not require that it should indicate the place where his body rests. But shall I confess to you a strange feeling of mine? Even to portraits I have a sort of aversion; they always appear to me to breathe silent reproaches; they betoken something distant, departed, and remind me how difficult it is to estimate the present as it deserves. Let us but reflect how many men we have seen and known, and acknowledge how little they have been to us, how little we to them,—and what must be our feelings? We meet the man of talent without conversing with him; the scholar, without learning from him; the traveller, without seeking to gain information from him; the kind-hearted man, without making one effort to please him. And, alas! this is not the case in transient intercourse alone. Thus it is that societies and families treat their most valuable members—towns their worthiest citizens—subjects their best princes —nations their most eminent men. I have heard it asked why we speak of the dead with unqualified praise; of the living, always with certain reservations. It may be answered, because we have nothing to fear from the former, while the latter may stand

in our way: so impure is our boasted solicitude for the memory of the dead. If it were the sacred and earnest feeling we pretend, it would strengthen and animate our intercourse with the living.

Goethe.

THE critic of art ought to keep in view not only the capabilities, but the proper objects, of art. Not all that art can accomplish, ought she to attempt. It is from this cause alone, and because we have lost sight of these principles, that art, among us, is become more extensive and difficult, less effective and perfect.

Lessing.

EVERY figure fashioned by the hand of art, every character invented by fiction, has more or less of life, and the claims and hopes of life. Galleries of pictures and statues are the dormitories of a future world. The historian, the philosopher, the artist of that world is here at home; here he forms himself—for this he lives. Let him who is unhappy in the actual world,—who finds not what he seeks,—let him go into the world of books and of art—into Nature, that eternal antique, and yet eternal novelty—let him live in that *Ecclesia pressa* of the better world.

Here he will be sure to find a beloved and a friend, a Fatherland and a God. They slumber—but in prophetic, significant slumbers. At length comes the time when every initiated of that better state sees, like Pygmalion, the world he has created and combined break upon him with the glories of a loftier and lovelier dawning, and his long fidelity and love requited.

Novalis.

THE finest hair casts a shadow.

Goethe.

THE sun sinks—and the earth closes her great eye, like that of a dying god. Then smoke the hills like altars;—out of every wood ascends a chorus;—the veils of day, the shadows, float around the enkindled, transparent tree-tops, and fall upon the gay, gem-like flowers. And the burnished gold of the west throws back a dead gold on the east, and tinges with rosy light the hovering breast of the tremulous lark,—the evening bell of nature.

Jean Paul. (*Siebenkäs.*)

WE are near waking, when we dream that we dream.

Novalis.

If the world is to be held together by lies, the old, which are already current, are just as good as the new.

Lessing.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE TRADER IN SCIENCE.

Extract from a lecture, introductory to a course on Universal History, delivered at Jena, 1789.

The plan of study which the trader in science and literature proposes to himself is one; that of the philosopher is another, and a far different. The former, the only aim of whose industry is to fulfil those conditions under which he may become qualified for his post or profession and participant in its advantages, who has set the powers of his mind in activity only for the bettering of his external circumstances and for the satisfying of a small ambition,—such a man will, on the entrance to his academical career, have no more weighty concern than most carefully to sever those studies which he regards as means of subsistence, from all those which delight the mind as mind alone. All the time devoted to these, he would think subtracted from his future profession, and would never forgive himself for the theft. He would turn his whole industry in the direction of those acquisitions which the future masters of his fortunes would be likely to require at

his hands, and would think he had accomplished everything if he could meet these demands without fear. Has he run through his academical course, and reached the goal of his wishes? He abandons his guide; for why should he trouble himself further? His main object is now to bring to view the treasures he has accumulated in his memory, and at the same time to use his utmost endeavours that they may not decline in value. Every extension of the boundaries of the science by which he earns his bread, is regarded by him with anxiety, since it occasions him fresh labour, or renders his former labours useless: every important innovation or discovery alarms him, for it breaks down those old school-formulæ which he had taken so much pains to acquire; it endangers the entire produce of the toil and trouble of his whole previous life.

Who have raised so loud an outcry and clamour against reformers as those who turn science and learning into daily bread? Who so carefully and so effectually obstruct the progress of useful revolutions in the empire of science as these men? Every spark of light which is enkindled by some happy genius, be it in what science it may, renders their barrenness and poverty visible. They fight with bitterness, with malice, with desperation; for the forms and systems which they defend are identified with their very existence. Hence there is no more

implacable enemy, no more envious colleague, no more zealous inquisitor, than the man who has set his talents and knowledge to sale. The less his acquirements reward him *in and for themselves*, the larger remuneration does he crave from others; for the merits of the artisan, and for those of the man of science, he has only one standard—labour: hence there are no greater complainers than such men. Not in the deep and hidden treasures of his own thoughts does he seek his reward; he seeks it in external applause, in titles and posts of honour or authority. Is he disappointed of these? Who is more unhappy than the man who has cultivated knowledge with no purer and higher aims? He has lived, he has watched, he has toiled, in vain; in vain has he searched for truth, if he cannot barter her in exchange for gold, for newspaper applause, for court favour.

Pitiable man! who with the noblest of all instruments,—Science and Art,—can design, can execute, nothing higher than the artisan, with the meanest! who, in the empire of perfect freedom, bears about the soul of a slave! But still more pitiable is the young man of genius, whose natural disposition is turned aside by pernicious doctrine and example into these miserable bye-ways; who has suffered himself to be persuaded to concentrate his whole mental force upon this merely professional perfec-

tion. He will soon regard his professional attainments with loathing, as a mere piece of botch-work; wishes will arise within him which can never be satisfied; his genius will rebel against his destination. Every thing he does, now appears to him fragmental; he sees no aim to his labours, and yet he cannot endure their aimlessness. The irksomeness, the insignificance of his employment, press him to the earth, because he cannot oppose to them that high and cheerful courage which accompanies only a clear insight into the objects of research,—a confident anticipation of its success. He feels himself cut off, torn up by the roots, from the universal harmony and connexion of things, because he has neglected to direct his mental activity to the Great Whole. The lawyer abhors law, as soon as a glimmer of better culture throws light upon her nakedness and deformities; instead of striving, as he ought, to become the creator of a new and more perfect form, and to supply her now discovered wants out of his own internal affluence. The physician becomes disgusted with his profession, as soon as important failures show him the uncertainty of his system: the theologian loses his reverence for his sacred calling, as soon as his faith in the infallibility of his own system of doctrine is shaken.

How far different is the philosophical spirit! Just as sedulously as the trader in knowledge severs his

own peculiar science from all others, does the lover of wisdom strive to extend its dominion and restore its connexion with them. I say, *to restore*; for the boundaries which divide the sciences are but the work of abstraction. What the empiric separates, the philosopher unites. He has early come to the conviction that in the territory of intellect, as in the world of matter, every thing is enlinked and commingled, and his eager longing for universal harmony and agreement cannot be satisfied by fragments. All his efforts are directed to the perfecting of his knowledge; his noble impatience cannot be tranquillized till all his conceptions have arranged themselves into one harmonious whole; till he stands at the central point of arts and sciences, and thence overlooks the whole extent of their dominion with satisfied glance. New discoveries in the field of his activity, which depress the trader in science, enrapture the philosopher. Perhaps they fill a chasm which the growth of his ideas had rendered more wide and unseemly; or they place the last stone, the only one wanting to the completion of the structure of his ideas. But even should they shiver it into ruins,—should a new series of ideas, a new aspect of nature, a newly-discovered law in the physical world, overthrow the whole fabric of his knowledge,—*he has always loved truth better than his system*, and gladly will he exchange her old and

defective form for a new and fairer one. And even if no external shock should disturb his mental structure, yet is he compelled by an ever-active impulse toward improvement, to be the first to pull it down and separate all its parts, that he may rebuild it anew in a more perfect form and order. The philosophical mind passes on through new forms of thought, constantly heightening in beauty, to perfect, consummate excellence; while the empiric hoards the barren sameness of his school attainments in a mind eternally stationary.

There is no more equitable judge of the merits of others than the philosopher. Acute and inventive enough to take advantage of every kind of active power, he is also reasonable enough to honour the author of the minutest discovery. For him, all spirits labour; to the empiric, their toils are hostile and ruinous. The former knows how to make all that is done or thought around him, his own; an intimate community of all intellectual possessions prevails among real thinkers; whatever one conquers in the empire of truth, he shares with all; while the man whose only estimate of wisdom is profit, hates his contemporaries and grudges them the light and sun which illumine them; he guards with jealous care the tottering barriers which feebly defend him from the incursions of victorious truth; for whatever he undertakes, he is compelled to

borrow stimulus and encouragement from without, while the philosophical spirit finds in its objects, nay, even in its toils, excitement and reward.

With how much more ardour can the true lover of knowledge set about his work, how much more lively is his zeal, how much more persevering his courage and activity, since each labour starts in all the freshness of youth from the bosom of its predecessor! The small acquires magnitude under his creative hand, for he keeps the great steadily in his eye, and all his conceptions are tinctured by it; while the empiric sees only minute details,—the small, even in the greatest. Not *what* is his pursuit, but *how* he handles whatever he pursues, distinguishes the philosophical mind. Wherever he takes his station, whatever is the field of his activity, he always stands in the centre of the Whole; and, however widely the object of his pursuit separates him from his brethren, he is near and allied to them by a mind working in harmony with theirs. He meets them on that point where all clear spirits find each other.

Schiller.

SALT is a very good condiment, but very bad food This last sentiment comes from my heart. Never do I feel more refreshed by serious passages than when they occur amidst comic ones: as the green spots amid the rocks and glaciers of Switzerland soothe the

eye amid the glare and glitter of snow and ice. Hence it is that the humour of the English, which is engrafted on the stem of lofty seriousness, has grown so luxuriantly and overtopped that of all other nations.

A satire on every thing is a satire on nothing; it is mere absurdity. All contempt—all disrespect—implies something respected, as a standard to which it is referred; just as every valley implies a hill. The *persiflage* of the French and of fashionable worldlings, which turns into ridicule the exceptions and yet abjures the rules, is like Trinculo's government—its latter end forgets its beginning. Can there be a more mortal, poisonous consumption and asphyxy of the mind, than this decline and extinction of all reverence?

Jean Paul. (*Palingenesien.*)

WHAT are the aims which are at the same time duties? They are, the perfecting of ourselves, the happiness of others.

Kant. (*Tugendlehre.*)

COULD not a language fettered by *convénances* like the French, be republicanized by an authoritative decree of the universal will? The dominion of language over mind is manifest, but it does not fol-

low from thence that it is sacred and inviolate. The assertion of such a claim is entitled to no more respect than is now paid to the doctrine of the divine origin of governments, which was formerly maintained to be part of the law of nature.

A. W. v. Schlegel.

Among literary men, the gift of bearing to be contradicted is, generally speaking, possessed only by the dead. I will not go so far as to assert that, for the sake of possessing it, we ought to wish ourselves dead, for that is a price at which perhaps even higher perfections would be too dearly purchased. I will only say that it would be well if living authors would learn to be externally somewhat dead. The time will come when they must leave behind them a posterity who will sever every thing accidental from their reputation, and will be withheld by no reverence from laughing at their faults. Why can they not learn to endure by anticipation this posterity, which every now and then reveals itself, heedless whether they think it envious or unmannerly?

Lessing.

Hate makes us vehement partisans, but love still more so.

Goethe.

LUTHER TO HIS COMPANIONS.

GRACE and peace in Christ Jesus our Lord be with you, dear sirs and friends! I have received all your letters, and understand therefrom how it fares with you all. That you may be aware how it fares with us, I hereby give you to know that we, namely I, Master Veit and Cyriac, do not go to the Diet at Augsburg: we are, however, here attending another diet.

For know that just beneath our window is a rookery in a small wood, and there do the rooks and jackdaws hold their diet. There is such a journeying to and fro, such a cry and clamour day and night without any ceasing, as they were all drunken; and old and young chatter all at once, that it is a marvel to me how voice and breath can so long hold it; and I would fain know whether, in your parts, you have any such-like nobles and cavaliers. It seems to me that they are gathered together here from all the ends of the earth.

Their emperor I have not yet seen, but their nobles and their great merchants are for ever strutting before our eyes, not, in truth, in very costly garments, but rather simply clad in one colour; they are all dressed in black; all are grey-eyed, and all sing the same song, save with some petty differences

of old and young, great and small. They reck not of vast palace or stately hall, for their hall is roofed with the fair wide heaven. The floor is the bare field, strewed with dainty green twigs, and its walls are as wide as the world's end. Nor do they need steed or harness; they have feathered wheels wherewith they escape from the fire of their enemies and avoid their rage. There are high and mighty lords amongst them; but what they resolve I know not. Thus much, however, have I gathered from an interpreter; that they have in hand a mighty expedition and war against wheat, barley, oats, rye, and all manner of corn and grain, and herein will many win knighthood, and do great feats of arms. We also sit here assembled in diet, and hear and see, with great pleasure and delight, how the princes and lords, together with the estates of the empire, so gaily sing and make good cheer. But especial joy have we when we see with how knightly an air they strut, clean their bills, and attack the defences; and how they gain conquest and glory against wheat and barley. We humbly salute them all, and wish that they were all spitted on a hedgestake together.

I hold, however, that they are most like to the sophists and papists, with their preaching and writing; for so would I fain have them all in a heap before me, that I might hear all their sweet voices and preachings, and might see how right useful a folk they

are to consume all that the earth brings forth, and to while away the heavy time in chattering.

Today we have heard the nightingale for the first time; for she would put no trust in April. It has been right glorious weather all day, nor has it rained at all, except yesterday a little. With you it is perchance otherwise.

Herewith I commend you to God. Fare ye well!

From the Diet of the Cornturks, April* 28, 1530.

THE ideal of ethical perfection has no more dangerous rival than the Ideal of the highest strength—the most intense vital energy—which has been called (rightly enough with reference to the literal meaning of the term, but very falsely as regards that which we now attach to it,) the Ideal of æsthetic greatness. It is the maximum of barbarians, and has, alas! in these days of wild irregular culture, obtained very numerous adherents, precisely among the feeblest minds. Man, under the influence of this Ideal, becomes an animal spirit,—a combination whose brute intelligence possesses a brute attraction for the weak.

Novalis.

* Mälztürken.

Ordinary people regard a man of a certain force and inflexibility of character as they do a lion. They look at him with a sort of wonder—perhaps they admire him—but they will on no account house with him. The lap-dog, who wags his tail, and licks the hand, and cringes at the nod of every stranger, is a much more acceptable companion to them.

Merkel.

The heart of man is older than his head. The first-born is sensitive, but blind—his younger brother has a cold, but all-comprehensive glance. The blind must consent to be led by the clear-sighted if he would avoid falling.

Fred. Will. Ziegler.

The most reckless sinner against his own conscience has always in the background the consolation, that he will go on in this course only this time, or only so long, but that at such a time he will amend. We may be assured that we do not stand clear with our own consciences so long as we determine, or project, or even hold it possible, at some future time to alter our course of action. He who is certain of his own conduct, feels perfectly confident

that he *cannot* change it, nor the principles upon which it is founded;—that, on this point, his freedom is gone,—that he is fixed for ever in these resolves.

Fichte.

One solitary philosopher may be great, virtuous and happy in the depth of poverty, but not a whole people.

Isaak Iselin.

.....Is it then the involuntary sense of something untrue which makes the world distrustful and incredulous of the genuineness of tender emotions and deep feelings? Or is it from a general incapacity to understand what love is, that it is generally ridiculed, and never mentioned but with a sort of trivial irony, the vulgarity of which is almost greater than its offensiveness? The answer I leave. At all events, there is nothing which so cramps every flight of the soul, as the mocking doubt of all that is unusual and elevated. This necessarily begets falsehood, or (what is as bad) that hard pride which contemns public opinion. Offended earnestness, which can never tolerate or forgive frivolous and empty jests, avenges itself on folly and inanity by assuming an attitude of haughty defiance.

The great world, or, as it is called, polite society,

has put on a countenance of such youthful gaiety, that the smallest cloud of deeper emotion necessarily disturbs it. There is nothing by which a man makes himself more tiresome or more ridiculous than by allowing what passes within him to appear on the surface; by suffering his real nature to gleam through the forms of society. Now any interference, whether kindly or offensively intended, with a man's personal relations, causes a sudden agitation which makes too forcible an appeal to truth; it cannot remain mute, it betrays itself. In order to avoid the ridicule consequent upon this, he must laugh at his own want of self-command. According as that is done with good sense or with grace, social hypocrisy acquires a tinge either of the humorous or the attractive. But if timidity and awkwardness are mingled with false shame, and he endeavours to explain away and to apologize for what was perhaps a solitary indication of something really good, nothing remains but the flattest common-places of the flattest *persiflage*.

Is it to be wondered that men of profound minds withdraw with a contemptuous smile from fashionable society?

Must this be so? Must the higher classes thus detach themselves from all others, like an isolated piece of merely external life, which knows nothing, and must know nothing, of the internal? To wrest

things out of their connexion and series, is to destroy them. When the fibres which unite a being are broken, it breathes no living breath,—it becomes a caricature or a lie.

This state of things everybody has an interest in preventing; but especially women, whose vocation it is to breathe over society a warm and vivifying breath, and to render all isolation in it impossible. This breath of apprehensiveness and enthusiasm, which discovers and fans every congenial spirit even before it is conscious of its own existence, ought to pervade society, and to form a more genial atmosphere, in which every bud and flower of feeling is not doomed to instant death. If the influence of the female sex is negative, it is yet of immense reality and strength, from the mere fact that it acts by removing the barriers opposed to the positive display of the intellectual nature of man.

Women might at least *tolerate* the aspirations of a lofty spirit, the development of enlarged and generous opinions, the kindlings of a living vigorous will At least they might abstain from throwing ridicule on the enthusiasm which *is possible*: at least they might forgive youth if its quick fire flames up above the low enclosures of the conventional. They know not their own power; they know not how and whence they can elevate existence: they commonly know it not even in detail, though they might, it should seem,

observe how powerfully one single intelligent glance of sympathy—the silent accompaniment and completion of half-formed thoughts,—may act on the general direction of the mind and character; how the conviction of being understood and appreciated gives wings to thoughts, and eagle pinions to exertions: what it is to be able to look forward to praise and honour, as a reward for every victory over low desires.

There are eyes which need only to look up, to touch every chord of a breast choked by the stifling atmosphere of stiff and stagnant society, and to call forth tones which might become the accompanying music of a life.

This gentle transfusion of mind into mind is the secret of sympathy. It is never understood, but ever felt; and where it is allowed to exert its power, it fills and extends intellectual life far beyond the measure of ordinary conception.

How many have known and forgotten instances of such awakening! Why do women present an attitude of cold fashionableness to a world which they might win by their sweetness, and inspire by their virtue? Their light footsteps ought to touch the earth, only to mark the track which leads to heaven.

Madame de la Motte Fouqué. (Die Frau der vornehmen Welt.)

THERE are souls which fall from heaven like flowers; but ere the pure and fresh buds can open, they are trodden in the dust of earth, and lie soiled and crushed under the foul tread of some brutal hoof.

Jean Paul.

THE artist belongs to his work, not the work to the artist.

Novalis.

Monastery of Stª Scolastica, Subiaco.

SOMEWHAT more than a day's journey from Rome, opposite to the luxuriantly garlanded ruins of the Therms of Nero, on the barren summit of a rock channelled by primeval waters, stands, in truly claustral solitude, the eldest monastery of western Christendom,—S. Benedicti ejusque sororis Stæ Scolasticæ virginis. Thirteen centuries bear witness to the strength of a young and lowly girl, who, penetrated with a feeling of the vanity of this world even before she could have experienced it, and led by protecting angels, felt herself nearer to God here in her rocky cell, among serpents and young eagles, than amidst all the majestic basilica of Rome.

Breathing the pure fresh air of the mountains, under the blue sky of the south, you look down on a

valley through which flow the green waters of the Horatian Anio, and beyond it the nearer horizon is girded by a fourfold chain of wooded hills, the loftier tops of which are adorned with picturesque villages. You see the sun go down behind the sere and barren wall of rocks. Here I have once more had occasion to feel how tranquilly life glides on in a cloister.

(*MS. Letter.*)

Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and disloyalty; be without place or power, while others beg their way upward; bear the pain of disappointed hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself in your own virtue, and seek a friend, and your daily bread. If you have, in such a course, grown gray with unblenched honour, bless God, and die.

Heinzelmann.

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness: one who loves life and understands the use of it; obliging, alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and stedfast as an

anchor. For such an one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

Lessing.

Of all thieves fools are the worst, they rob you of time and temper.

Goethe.

VOYAGE DOWN THE DANUBE.

Vienna, July 20, 1819.

I ARRIVED here last Saturday, after a voyage down the Danube from Regensburg which lasted six days. The Danube, especially from Lintz hither, is so rapid that the boat could make the voyage in three days at most, so that we lay to and rested at night. A common passage-boat is detained for days by the custom-house annoyances. From Lintz downwards our boat made thirty miles (German) in two half-days; but I liked it all the better, as it gave me an opportunity of looking about and enjoying the view at my leisure. If you have careful sailors, the multitude of whirlpools (among which the Saurüssel is the most magnificent) make the voyage a treat which I enjoyed like an imperial banquet.

The build of such a passage-boat is so ludicrously slight that, even before you know the danger, you

go on board and look at it to see how the joke is to end. It is all of deal cut with axe and saw, like a sort of model; without iron, cordage, canvas, tar, pitch, anchor, or anything that is generally thought necessary to work a vessel. There is a single cable for mooring;—mast and sail are out of the question, since the tub imitates the progress of the Israelites into the promised land. The seams are stuffed with moss and regularly sewed together with wire. It is about a hundred tons burthen, a hundred and twenty feet long and sixteen or seventeen broad, and is quite water-tight. Our company consisted of an Irish doctor; a German engraver, who held extraordinary discourses on art, and was bearded about the mouth and chin after the fashion of the middle ages; an apothecary, a butcher, a sword-cutler, a capuchin monk, women, children, travelling handicraftsmen and your humble servant. The artisans, who were to pay little or nothing for their passage, bound themselves to stand to the helm two hours at a time in turns, but they were rather lazy about it. In the cool of morning and evening I gave them a hand, which made matters go on better, and at last even the women and girls took a share in this hard labour. A tailor had a dispensation, in consideration of sewing on the buttons to our coats and breeches and mending our linings and pockets; some of the girls washed our stockings and pocket-handkerchiefs.

This motley company was so gay and joyous that the six days flew like six hours. The boatmen had on board some of the best Bavarian beer; meat and bread and wine we could lay in fresh every morning; and in short we might have gone on in this way to Peterwardin and wanted for nothing. For my own particular, I was little tormented with custom-house plagues.

Zelter. (Briefwechsel mit Goethe.)

THE most perfect specimens of ordinary women have a very acute and distinct perception of all the boundary lines of every-day existence, and guard themselves conscientiously from overstepping them. Hence their well-known and remarkable uniformity. They cannot bear excess, even in refinement, delicacy, truth, virtue, passion. They delight in variety of the common and accustomed. No new ideas—but new clothes. Fundamental monotony — superficial excitement. They love dancing, on account of its light, vain and sensual character. The highest sort of wit is insufferable to them—as well as the beautiful, the great, the noble; middling, or even bad books, actors, pictures, and the like, delight them.

Novalis.

.....This Ranz des Vaches at once awaked his blooming childhood, and she arose out of the morning dew and out of her bower of rosebuds and slumbering flowers, and stepped before him in heavenly beauty, and smiled innocently and with her thousand hopes upon him, and said, "Look at me—how beautiful I am! We used to play together. I formerly gave thee many things—great riches, gay meadows, and bright gold, and a fair long paradise behind the mountains; but now thou hast nothing of all this left—and how pale thou art! Oh play with me again!"

Before which of us has not childhood been a thousand times called up by music? and to which of us has she not spoken, and asked—"Are the rosebuds which I gave thee not *yet* blown?" Alas! blown indeed they are—but they were pale, whit roses.

Jean Paul.

Shame is a feeling of profanation. Friendship, love and piety, ought to be handled with a sort of mysterious secrecy; they ought to be spoken of only in the rare moments of perfect confidence—to be mutually understood in silence. Many things are too delicate to be thought—many more, to be spoken.

Novalis.

Extract from a Discourse on the Advantage of Dialects in the Greek Language, spoken at Munich, October 12th, 1808.

THE land of ancient Greece has indeed utterly deserted those boundaries which formerly encircled its free and intelligent inhabitants. The life of the most vivacious and active of all people is extinct. Her cities, once the resort of high and unequalled virtues, the worthy abode of gods, the rich garden of every art, are sunk into melancholy villages, in which an ignorant and needy people heedlessly build their hovels on the ruins of antiquity, without any reverential sentiment—almost without any recollection of the heroic times of which those stones yet bear witness. The ancient streams, some of which still retain their former names, glide mournfully through a desert country; the gods who dwelt on their banks and in their grottos, have departed from them, and the wondrous songs which recounted the story of every fount and hill and grove, to the ears of a free and susceptible people, are all hushed.

Their strong and manly, their tender and graceful language survives only in a faint and melancholy dissonance. But what that ancient land and her degenerate inhabitants no longer afford, the memory of the days of her glory still affords in rich abundance. Still do the deeds of Grecian antiquity live in all hearts; still are the remains of her art the

joy of the world,—the possession of them the pride of the conqueror; still do the noblest minds drink from the exhaustless fountains of her science; still are congenial spirits enkindled at the flame of her genius: and as of yore her pious sons sought instruction and comfort at the sanctuary of her oracles, so does every noble mind, whose aspirations the present fails to satisfy, seek comfort and tranquillity in the calm asylum of Hellenic wisdom. Here does her language still bloom in the immortal charms of its youthful and manly beauty; and as the spirit of Grecian antiquity reigns over the whole domain of modern art and science, so does her language breathe over us an air of higher and more finished perfection. Wheresoever this vivifying breath has been felt, it has elevated all minds, has unfolded the blossoms of beauty and ennobled the tones of language.

Fr. Jacobs.

ROMAN ART.

As the whole collective history of civilized man (with the exception of India) was now concentred in Rome, so likewise was that of Art. But this was solely the result of the political supremacy of Rome, not of her artistical talent. The Romans, although intimately allied to the Greeks, were made of a sterner, harder and less finely-organized stuff. Their minds

were constantly turned toward those external relations of men by which their actions are generally regulated and determined (or, as we should say, to practical life); at first, more to those which regard the community (*i. e.* the political); afterwards, when freedom had perished, to those which concern individuals in their intercourse with each other, and especially to those grounded on the relation of men to worldly possessions. To maintain, to increase, to secure the *res familiaris*, was nowhere regarded so strongly in the light of a duty as here. The careless ease, the playful freedom of mind which, abandoning itself absolutely to internal impulses, gives birth to the arts, was a stranger to the Romans. Religion too, in Greece the mother of art, was, among the Romans, both in her earlier form of an emanation from Etruscan discipline, and in her later, when the deification of ethico-political ideas prevailed, systematically practical. This practical spirit was however connected in the Romans with a grandeur of mind which contemned everything petty and half-formed, which met all the necessities of life by vast and effective undertakings, and hence maintained the glory of at least one of the arts — Architecture.

Ottfried Müller. (*Handbuch der Archäologie.*)

.....I KNOW not whether deluding spirits haunt this spot, or if it be only my own warm and bright fancy that gives every thing around me the hue of paradise. Just before me is a fountain, to which I am spell-bound, like Melusina and her sisters. You go down a little hill and find yourself in front of an arch, to which you descend by about twenty steps, and there a spring of the most limpid water gushes out from between marble rocks. The low wall which forms its enclosure, the high trees that overshadow it, the coolness of the place,—all conspire to give it the captivation and the solemnity of enchanted ground. Not a day passes in which I do not sit there an hour. Thither come the maidens of the town to fetch water—the most innocent of occupations, and the most necessary—once the employment of kings' daughters. As I sit there, the images of patriarchal manners live and move before me. The venerable fathers of the race meet and converse, woo and give in marriage, and every fount and rill is the haunt of beneficent spirits.

He who cannot sympathize with me can never have known what it is to sit by the cool and gushing waters, after the toilsome wanderings of a summer's day.

Goethe. (*Leiden des jungen Werthers.*)

THE BLIND GIRL.

"The blind Agnes was sitting by a clear brook;—I can never forget that evening; the brook glittered along the winding valley, and the stars and the moon played in the pearly waves at the feet of the blind girl, and either bank was fringed with a thicket, the bowery home of the nightingales. As I came nearer —how was it, Hermione?"

"You heard, then, a friend reading to her by moonlight out of 'Thomson's Seasons.'"

"And sweetly she read, but soft and low. At my voice—physiognomy to the blind—the dark one knew me and presented her friend to me, who immediately lifted up her long veil. I had seen her once before; you must know where, reverend sir?"

"In a convent at..... which the emperor afterwards suppressed. The recommendation of an abbot, to whom I had introduced a priest who could read mass more rapidly than any other priest living, opened my path to the refectory, where, out of all the nuns, who were generally too fat, only one pleased me; and she was neither the one nor the other, for she was a novice—this very friend of the blind girl. I shall never forget that gentle, pale, serene face, with a wooden trencher on which were only lentils, set before it for mortification's sake."

"So strange are we men; I should much more

willingly see a lovely creature suffer, sigh and weep bitter tears from fruitless love of me, for two whole days, than endure that she should have to eat a miserable piece of ashen bread, or wear a garment of humiliation or a girdle of hair-cloth, or do penance by a walk of three miles on my account."

"Do you relate the rest, Hermione; you had it from me."

"You told me, further, that the good Agnes was more cheerful than the nun, and willingly alluded to her misfortune, which you would not have expected."

"Yes, for women speak, while we men are silent, about griefs; we always turn over the leaves of the romance of our lives, to get at the pleasantest pictures and the last chapter. But go on."

"The good girl hung a black gauze over her dea eyes, out of consideration for others. She always looked at you when you spoke, but it was only the voice she sought. You asked her what the British scene-painter of nature (that was your expression), or, indeed, what a fine evening, could be to her? She said she enjoyed a cheerful day as much as any one; that the air was purer and fresher, the song and call of the birds clearer, and the gurgling and rustling of the brook and leaves more pleasant; and when all this entered her watchful soul, she rejoiced to its inmost depths without knowing wherefore."

"Who, then, can help being, as I am, ashamed

and repentant at the murmurings in which we often pass a few cloudy days, when he thinks of the contented spirit which is blessed even through all its wholly benighted ones? But blindness, though a polar winter without day, in this resembles the night,—that it softens and stills; the blind is a a child whom its mother, Nature, has fashioned darkling for the deepest tranquillity. Like a man in a balloon, high above the clouds, the hermit-blind knows only voices and sounds; but the bewildering, gaudy shows of life, the low, hateful and hating forms, full of wounds and scars, are hidden under the thick cloud which enwraps him."

Jean Paul. (*Titan.*)

THE noble merchant character—the genuine spirit of commerce—existed only in the middle ages, especially in the German Hanse towns. The Medici, the Fugger, were merchants; our merchants, the greatest not excepted, are shop-keepers.

Novalis.

LETTER FROM JACOBI TO HEINSE.

"..... BUT what I most wish to tell you of, my kind-hearted Heinse, and can least find words to describe, is the infinite felicity I felt at being once again

in my own Pempelfort. When I drove into the court-yard, it was as if the gates of paradise opened to me. In a moment I saw Betty, and behind her Frank, Max and Clara, flying toward me. The two eldest, whom I brought home with me, threw open the carriage-doors on each side and sprang out to meet their mother. There was such a rush and confusion of kisses and embraces, as if we were all blind. In the midst of it however I could hear my children exclaiming to each other between their kisses, Do you know me? Do you? and you? Yes, you are such-an-one, and you such-an-one. My name is Clara,—I am Max. Meanwhile my brother and sister had joined us; and now the whole troop proceeded to greet the old grandfather, who was deeply moved and knew not how to support the joy.

"My delight increased every hour. For eleven weeks I had had neither peace nor rest; I had been —pardon my impudent comparison—like Orpheus torn in pieces by the Bacchanals. I had longed for freedom and quiet with the most intense, passionate longing. Here I find both—find them, surrounded with every charm. My distracted, exhausted mind is already, as if by a miracle, collected, refreshed, strengthened. Yes, my dearest friend, it was just as if I stood on the spot whither all the departed powers of my life had fled, and they thronged around me in a celestial dance. My cheerful dwelling, which ad-

mits every ray of sunshine—my favourite garden, crowded by the care of the sturdy Louis with all the late-blooming plants of the four quarters of the globe —all, all, enchants me, and the longer I am here the more I am delighted. I have been incessantly reviewing my possessions, and I could not measure them. The whole world was mine. Even the sun and moon in the high heavens shine with so peculiar a lustre on my own dear home, that it always seems to me as if they belonged to it—as if they were mine —like the ground—like the trees I planted,—and as if the rest of mankind borrowed light of me. Dear friend, and thus has it been with me every day since my return; and thus is it again today. Even when my flowers are withered and my trees stripped of their leaves,—when a gloomy mist clouds air and earth and robs me of half the already shortened day,—even then I am joyous and cheerful: I see in all these only the quick-revolving year, and the approaching spring which returns to me every time in increased beauty—yes, in increased beauty, dear Heinse:—you shall see it, if you will but come, and you shall find my heart warmer, more frank, more open, stronger, better. Oh! what a shout of joy, if I could but once more press you to it—once more have you and hold you!"

Jacobi.

It is alleged that English and German tragedies contain so many shocks to good taste. French tragedies are one single and entire shock. For what can be more repugnant to good taste than to write and to delineate what is completely out of nature?

A. W. v. Schlegel.

THE ARTIST TO HIS PUPIL.

My dear Emilius,

I am anxious before we part to speak with you once more, and to repeat to you in writing what I have such countless times sought to impress upon your heart still more urgently and distinctly by word of mouth. That you were my pupil, sufficed to inspire me with a feeling of duty as to your character and conduct generally; for I cannot separate the Art from the Man, who should learn to reverence the whole of an existence dedicated to her.

You know how I despise that so-called geniality which regards the life of an artist as a letter of license for every extravagance, for every offence against morality and against what is most venerable in civil society. There is no question but that the rejection of all restraint excites the fancy, or that the intentional and necessary abandonment of the mind to every gay dream but too easily comes to infect the

whole of practical life. It is but too sweet to float along unresisting with the stream. But here the true strength of the man must be proved; it must be seen whether *he* rules the spirits, and only permits them to display their power and activity within the circle he prescribes to them, or whether he is possessed by them, and whirled about in the frenzied mazes of an Indian fakeer.

The first and most potent spell by which to elevate their promptings into pure inspirations, is persevering industry. How foolish is it to imagine that the earnest study of means cripples the genius! It is only from a mastery of them that free creative power can emanate; it is only when familiar with all the paths which have already been trodden, and moving with ease in them, that the mind can discover new ones.

For more than two years I gave you instruction. All the experience that heaven had permitted me to acquire I have laid bare before you, with that joy with which one spares a friend the labour one has gone through oneself. Can I now part from you with the tranquillizing assurance that you have thoroughly possessed yourself of all this? Can I say, here stands one who has learnt his business, and who can answer all the demands that the world and circumstances may make upon his productive talent? Can I feel secure that the ground-work is firm?

Dear Emilius, you have so much acuteness, so much ambition, so much talent,—you will sin against God, your parents, art, yourself and me, if you give yourself up longer to this dreamy intoxication; if you do not learn to live for the world and in the world with stedfast perseverance in good, and with that order which alone gives warrant of a soul truly devoted to honour. Your uncertainty, your disregard of every promise and every engagement, is become proverbial among all your acquaintances. It is the grace and glory of a man to be the slave of his word. Delude not yourself with the notion that you may be untrue and uncertain in trifles, and in important things the contrary. Trifles make up existence, and give the observer the measure by which to try us; and the fearful power of habit, after a time, suffers not the best will to ripen into action.

My dear Emilius, whatever pain the repetition of all this may give you, it gives me much more. You are become a part of myself—you are so near to me; and must I again say *such things* to you?

But I commit you to Him who leads all to good. In every life there are critical turns which determine the colour of all the remainder. Let this be such an one. Impose on yourself wants which may call out your art; place your honour in being independent, and you will feel yourself richly indemnified and rewarded for every privation.

I embrace you from my heart, and give you my sincerest good wishes as companions of your way. May you give the lie to all my fears, and hereafter be able to reach out your hand to me from above me.

Heaven's best blessings be upon you.

Your faithful teacher and friend,

C. M. V. WEBER.

(*Hinterlassene Schriften.*)

ENTHUSIASM is always connected with the senses, whatever be the object that excites it. The true strength of virtue is *serenity of mind*, combined with a deliberate and stedfast determination to execute her laws. That is the healthful condition of the moral life; on the other hand, enthusiasm, even when excited by representations of goodness, is a brilliant but feverish glow which leaves only exhaustion and languor behind.

Kant. (*Tugendlehre.*)

EVERY thing that tends to emancipate us from external restraint, without adding to our own power of self-government, is mischievous.

Goethe.

.....Was then the migration of tribes and the consequent state of society in the middle ages, a necessary antecedent of our better times?

Asia can resolve us this question. Why did not free Greek states flourish in the track of Alexander's expeditions? Why do we see China, condemned to a melancholy stability, grow old in eternal childhood? Because Alexander conquered with humanity: because the small band of his Greeks were lost among the millions of the great king. Because the hordes of Mantchu were imperceptible in the huge territory of China. They subjected only men; laws and manners, religion and the constitution of the state, remained victorious. For countries despotically governed there is no salvation save in complete overthrow. Lenient conquerors only transplant fresh tribes among them, nourish the sickly body, and perpetuate its disease. That the infected land might not poison the healthful conqueror,—that the German in Gaul might not sink into a Roman, as the Greek in Babylon degenerated into a Persian, it was necessary that the form which might be dangerous to his imitative spirit should be shivered in pieces, and that he should remain in every respect the strongest, on the new theatre which he now trod.

Schiller.

.....In those days we had more remains of the old times before our eyes. The traveller found monasteries, ecclesiastical principalities, free imperial cities: many ancient buildings were not as yet pulled down or ruined; many works of elder German art not yet torn away; many customs handed down from the middle ages yet remaining: the popular festivals had more of character and joyousness; and at every few miles he found different manners, different buildings, a different form of society. To see, to feel all these varieties, and to bring them together into one picture, was formerly my project. To investigate what peculiar and characteristic remains of painting, sculpture, and architecture our country possesses; what are the manners and constitutions of each province and city; to correct the misrepresentations of our modern, trivial history-writers, to show what aspect of nature surrounds each race of men, fashions it, and is fashioned by it;—all this such a work ought to accomplish.

I would defend, against vulgar jeers and gibes, the noble race of Austrians, who, in their fruitful land and amid their enchanting hills, preserve unchanged their antique joyousness of heart; I would praise the warlike and pious Bavarians; paint the friendly, sensible, inventive Suabians, in the garden of their beau-

tiful country; the animated, gay Franconians, in the romantic, varied scenery of their province, of which Bamberg was formerly the German Rome; the intelligent dwellers along the banks of the lordly Rhine; the brave, honest Hessians; the handsome Thuringians, whose forest-clad mountains still wear the character and aspect of knightly times; the Low Germans, who resemble the true-hearted Hollander and the energetic Englishman:—at every remarkable spot of the land of our fathers would I recall ancient histories. And thus did I think to wander amid all the hills and valleys of our noble country, once so flourishing and so great, watered by the Rhine and the Danube, and the stream of old traditions; guarded by lofty mountains, frowning castles, and by the brave German heart; garlanded with green meadows, the abode of love and confidence and single-mindedness.

Truly he to whom it is given in such a manner to paint the country of his birth and his affections, out of his own most deep and immediate feelings, and wholly without affectation,—such an one will have conceived a work of the most enchanting poetry.

Tieck. (*Phantasus.*)

Modern poets put a great deal of water in their ink.

Goethe.

Not only is it very difficult to find truth, but when we have found, we are forced to deny it.

Rahel.

THE HARTZ MINERS.

Quiet and monotonous as the life of these people appears, it is nevertheless a true living life. The aged palsied woman who sat by the stove, over against the large cupboard, may have sat there a quarter of a century, and her thoughts and feelings have doubtless grown into every corner of this stove and into every rude carving of this cupboard. And the stove and the cupboard live, for a human being has infused into them a portion of its own soul.

It was this life of contemplation—of immediate perceptions—that gave birth to the German *Märchen**, the peculiarity of which consists in this,—that not only animals and plants, but also objects apparently destitute of all life, speak and act. To the thoughtful and simple people in the quiet, contented privacy of their lowly cottages on mountain or in forest, the inward life of such objects revealed itself; they ac-

* Popular story. We have not a corresponding word. Fairy tale is too exclusive, since in those here especially mentioned there are no fairies. Story or tale is, on the other hand, too general, for the marvellous is a necessary element of the Märchen.—Translator.

quired an indelible and consistent character, a charming mixture of fantastic humour and thoroughly human dispositions. And so we see them in the *Märchen*, in which the wildest wonders are told in the easy matter-of-course style of daily occurrences: needles and pins come out of the tailor's shed and lose themselves in the dark; straws and bits of charcoal try to cross the brook and are cast away; the shovel and the broom stand upon the step and quarrel and fight; the questioned looking-glass shows the face of the prettiest girl, and drops of blood begin to speak mysterious fearful words of anxious pity.

From the same cause is our life in childhood so infinitely significant; at that age every thing is of importance to us; we hear every thing, see every thing, and all our impressions are vivid; whereas at a later age we do every thing with design, and we lose in depth what we gain in extension of impressions. Now, we are grown up gentlemen and ladies; we frequently change our dwelling, the housemaid daily clears every thing away, and alters at her will the position of the furniture, which has little interest for us, as it is either new, or it belongs today to John, tomorrow to Peter; our very clothes are strangers; we hardly know how many buttons there are on the coat upon our back; we change our clothes as often as possible, so that not one of

them remains connected with our inward or outward history;—scarcely can we recollect the appearance of that brown waistcoat which once brought so much ridicule upon us, and upon whose broad stripes the dear hand of our beloved rested so kindly.

The old woman by the stove, over against the great cupboard, wore a flowered petticoat of faded stuff, the wedding garment of her mother. Her great grandson, a fair-haired, bright-eyed boy, dressed as a miner, sat at her feet and counted the flowers on her petticoat; and she has most likely told him many a grave and pretty story about this petticoat, which the boy will not soon forget, which will often float before his fancy when, as a full-grown man, he is at his dark and solitary work under ground, and which he will perhaps tell, when the dear old grandmother has been long dead, and he, a silver-haired, feeble old man, sits in the midst of his grandchildren, near the stove, over against the great cupboard.

Heinrich Heine. (*Reisebilder.*)

.... But man is higher than his dwelling-place; he looks up and unfolds the wings of his soul, and when the sixty minutes which we call sixty years have passed, he takes flight, kindling as he rises, and the ashes of his feathers fall back to earth, and

the unveiled soul, freed from its covering of clay, and pure as a tone, ascends on high. Even in the midst of the dim shadows of life, he sees the mountains of the future world gilded with the morning rays of a sun which rises not here below.

So the inhabitant of polar regions looks into the long night in which there is no sun-rise; but at midnight he sees a light like the first rosy rays of dawn, gleaming on the highest mountain tops,—and he thinks of his long summer in which it never sets.

Jean Paul.

.....WITHIN these few days the Vicar of Wakefield fell accidentally into my hands; I could not help reading the charming book again from beginning to end,—not a little affected by the lively recollection how much I had been indebted to the author seventy years ago. It is not to be described the effect which Goldsmith and Sterne had upon me, just at the critical moment of mental development. That lofty and benevolent irony—that fair and indulgent view of all errors—that meekness under all calamities—that equanimity under all changes and chances—and the whole train of kindred virtues, whatever names they bear, formed my best education; and, in the end, these are the thoughts and feelings which have reclaimed us from all the errors of life.

It is remarkable, by the bye, that Yorick inclines to the formless, while Goldsmith is all form; and accordingly I then gave myself up entirely to him, because the worthy Germans had persuaded themselves that the peculiar characteristic of true humour was formlessness.

* * * * *

But I must now lead you into opposite regions; for I must briefly report, that, in the whirlpool of the literature of the day, I have been dragged into the bottomless abyss of horrors of the recent French romance-literature. I will say in one word—*it is a literature of despair*. In order to produce a momentary effect, the very contrary of all that should be held up to man for his safety or his comfort is brought before the reader, who at last knows not whither to fly or how to save himself. To push the hideous, the revolting, the cruel, the base, in short, the whole brood of the vile and abandoned, to impossibility, is their Satanic task. One may, and must, say *task*; for there is at the bottom a profound study of old times, by-gone events and circumstances, remarkable and intricate plots, and incredible facts; so that it is impossible to call such a work either empty or bad. And this task even men of remarkable talents have undertaken;—clever, eminent men, men of middle age, who feel themselves damned henceforward to occupy themselves with these abominations.

* * * * *

Everything true—everything æsthetical, is gradually and necessarily excluded from this literature. Victor Hugo's ' Notre Dame de Paris ' strikes by the merit of industrious, well-applied study of old localities, manners, and events ; but in the acting figures there is not a single trace of natural life. They are lay-men and women, skilfully constructed after due proportions; but, under the skeleton of wood and steel, they are only stuffed dolls, which the author handles most unmercifully—twists and tortures them into the strangest postures—racks and flogs them—tears them, body and mind ;—it is true it is a lifeless, fleshless thing that he mangles so inhumanly. All this is done with extraordinary historical and rhetorical talent and an undeniable vivacity of imagination, without which, indeed, he could not produce such atrocities.

Goethe. (*Briefwechsel mit Zelter.*)

Those who completely sacrifice themselves are praised and admired; that is the sort of character men like to find in others.

Rahel; Madame de Varnhagen.

ASPECTS OF NATURE.

We stand in as many and as immeasurably different relations to nature as to man: and as to the child she shows herself childlike and bends benignly down to his infant heart, so to the god she shows herself godlike and attunes herself to his high spirit. We cannot say that there is *one* nature, without saying something excessive, exaggerated; and all attempts to arrive at truth by discussions and conversations about nature, do but remove us farther from the natural. Much is already gained, when the effort fully to understand nature ennobles itself into a longing—a tender and humble longing, which even the cold, reserved temper soon learns to delight in, if once it feels secure of a more intimate acquaintance with her. There is a secret attraction toward all points, diverging from an infinitely deep centre within us. As wondrous nature, sensible and insensible, lies round about us, we think every one of her features an exercise of this attractive power, a manifestation of the sympathy which exists between her and us; but behind those blue, distant mountains, one man seeks the home which they veil from his sight, the beloved of his youth, parents, brothers, sisters, old friends, dear recollections;—another thinks that, far on the other side, unknown glories await him; he believes that a future, full of life and beauty, lies

hidden there, and he stretches his hands wistfully toward that new world. Some few stand motionless and serene in the midst of the glorious spectacle; they seek to embrace it in its fulness and concatenation, but they forget not in the whole that radiant thread which runs through and enlinks its parts, and forms the holy crown of light; such spirits are blessed in the contemplation of this living and more than midnight depth of all-pervading beauty.

Thus arise manifold ways of viewing nature; and if, in some, sensibility to her beauty is a joyous sensation—a banquet, in others we see it transformed into the most reverential religion, giving direction, support and significancy to the whole of life. Even in the infancy of nations, such deep and earnest spirits have been found, to whom nature wore the countenance of Deity; while other gay and joyous hearts thought of her only as a host, at whose bounteous table they might freely seat themselves. To them, the free air was a cordial drink; the stars, lamps to illumine the nightly dance; plants and animals, costly and delicate viands: and thus did nature present herself to their minds, not as a still and awful temple, but as a plenteous kitchen and merry banqueting-hall.

In an intermediate class between these two were others, whose view of nature, though differing from the last, had yet reference to the senses alone. These saw in actual nature only a vast, but as yet wild and

unreclaimed park or pleasure-ground, and were busied, day and night, in creating patterns of a more refined and perfect nature. They divided themselves into companies for the accomplishment of the great work. Some sought to awaken mute and forgotten tones in air and wood; others stamped their conceptions and images of more beautiful forms on brass or stone; built up from the rock more stately piles for dwellings; brought to light hidden treasures from the clefts of the earth; tamed the wayward and lawless streams; peopled the inhospitable sea; carried plants of long-known and excellent virtue into desart zones; checked the wild overspread of forests and tended the nobler flowers and herbs; opened the earth to the life-giving motions of generative air and enkindling light; taught colours to blend and arrange themselves in beautiful pictures, and wood and meadow, fountain and rock, to unite in one lovely garden; breathed tones into the living members, unfolded their mysterious connexion, and taught them to move in livelier and more joyous vibrations; adopted the defenceless animals which were susceptible of some touch of human culture, and cleared the woods of those noxious beasts which seemed like the monstrous births of a distempered fancy.

Soon did nature assume a kindlier aspect: she was softer, and more refreshing, and willingly hearkened to all the wishes of man. By degrees, her heart be-

gan to have a human motion; her fancies were brighter; she became social, and freely replied to the friendly inquirer; and so the golden age appeared to be gradually returning, when she was the friend, the comforter, the priestess of men; when she lived among them, and her divine society and intercourse raised them into immortals.

Novalis.

.....How did he long after the learning and the teachers of whose existence he had a dim presentiment! But so much the better! It is only hunger that digests, it is only love that fertilizes; the sigh of longing is the *aura seminalis* which must quicken the Orpheus egg of knowledge. This you bethink not yourselves of, you expeditious teachers, who give your children drink before you give them thirst—who grant young souls no quiet hours—but, like unskilful vine-dressers, are ever busy about the young vines, trimming, manuring, and pruning them even in the season of their blossoming. And now, after having driven them untimely, and with unripe organs, into the great empire of truth and beauty, thus blunting them against lovely nature, can you in any way compensate to them for that Great Year which they would have lived, if they had grown up, like the new-created Adam, and looked around the magnificent intellectual world with open, thirsty mind? Hence

is it that your pupils are so like footpaths, which in spring are green the earliest, but afterwards are but a sere and yellow track through the blooming meadow.

Jean Paul.

THE fact is indisputable. Our popular schools are not only unsatisfactory, and wholly inadequate to the cultivation of those natural powers of which man, in a state of society, stands in need; they have, in many respects, been positive obstacles in the way of the purely psychological development of those powers. For even the faculties which have been regarded as the most important and valuable have been subjected to a training, in which knowledge is forced into the mind without any exercise of the powers of thought or feeling; the superficial acquirement of so-called truths has been preferred to the inculcation of principles, or the practice of the arts of life; and the true and real development of the innate faculties of man has been rendered subordinate to useless and showy accomplishments.

Pestalozzi.

NOTES to a poem are like anatomical lectures on a savoury joint.

A. W. v. Schlegel.

A CERTAIN degree of solitude seems necessary to the full growth and spread of the highest mind; and therefore must a very extensive intercourse with men stifle many a holy germ, and scare away the gods, who shun the restless tumult of noisy companies and the discussion of petty interests.

Novalis.

THE CHURCHYARD.

.....THEY went out. The heavens were unclouded. All the streets of the city of God, lighted with suns, stretched upwards from the narrow cross-ways of the town to that broad amphitheatre of night in which we breathe the blue æther and drink the night wind. Every social festival ought to be closed and consecrated by a visit to that wide, cool temple, on whose vaulted roof the star-mosaic forms the mighty and sacred image of the Most Holy.

They sauntered along, refreshed and elevated by the swift-winged, spring-like breezes which sweep the snow from the mountains. All nature gave the promise of a mild winter;—such a winter as leads the poor gently over the darkest quarter of the year without fuel; such a winter as the wealthy regret, because it furnishes no snow for their gay sledge-parties.

The two men fell into a discourse suited to the sublime aspect of the night. Lenette said nothing. "How near and how small," exclaimed Firmian, "do those pitiful oyster-beds, the villages, lie together! yet when we travel from one to the other, the way appears to us as long as to a mite which creeps from one name to another on a map; perhaps to higher spirits our globe is but as a ball for children, which their tutor turns about and explains."

"There may however," said Stiefel, "be still smaller worlds than ours; and indeed ours must be of some importance, since Christ died for it."

This remark flowed like warm life-blood into Lenette's heart. Firmian only replied, "For the earth and for them that dwell upon it, more than one redeemer has died; and I am persuaded that Christ takes many a pious man by the hand, and says, 'Thou too hast suffered under Pilate!' Nay, many a seeming Pilate is, in truth, a Messias."

Lenette secretly feared that her husband was an atheist, or at least a philosopher. He led them both through winding ways to the church-yard; but all at once his eyes were moistened, as if he had passed through a heavy dew. He sought to give vent to his melancholy in philosophical musings, and in this vein he said, "Men and clocks stop if they are wound up too forcibly. It seems to me that the dim intervals by which sleep and death

distribute and sever our existence, prevent the too strongly increasing brightness of one idea, the burning of never-cooled wishes, and the vehement conflux of thoughts; as the planetary systems are divided by wide tracts of dim space, and the solar systems by yet wider. The human mind cannot catch the endless stream of knowledge, which sweeps on through all perpetuity, except it drink in the pauses and breaks of the current. Those midsummer-nights which we sometimes call sleep, sometimes death, divide that eternal day which would blind our mental eye, into portions of day, and enclose its noontide between morning and evening."

He opened the small, creaking, rattling wicket-gate, inscribed with the pious verse and the memento of the brief span of life. They reached the more considerable graves which lay round the church —the dyke around this fortress. Here stood many an upright stone above the still, motionless body beneath; farther off lay only the trap-doors which had closed over prostrate men. He brought a naked skull into their company, and raised up this last case of a many-housed spirit in both his hands, and looked in at the empty casements of the ruined palace, and said, "At midnight, one ought to ascend the pulpit there within, and lay this scalped mask of conscious identity on the desk, instead of the bible and hour-glass, and preach from it to the other heads which

are as yet cased in their skins. If they have a mind, they may cut off mine when I am dead, and hang it in the church to the capital of a pillar, like the angels' heads round a font; so that foolish mortals may look, some from above and some from beneath, and see how we float between heaven and the grave. In our heads, my friends, the grub is still at work, but out of this he has taken his flight, winged and transformed; for, look! here are the two holes, and the kernel crumbled to dust*!"

Lenette was frightened at this irreverend jesting in the neighbourhood and domain of ghosts:—it was, in reality, only a disguised exaltation of spirit. Suddenly she whispered, "See, something is looking at us over the roof of the charnel-house and raising itself up!" It was only a cloud which the evening wind had driven upwards, and which had rested on the roof in the form of a bier; and out of it a hand stretched forth, and close above it a star stood in its brightness over the likeness of a body lying on the bier—just at the heart;—like a white flower stuck in the breast of a bride.

Jean Paul.

* Two holes in a hazel-nut are said to show that the fly, which in its grub state had eaten away the kernel, has assumed its new form, and taken flight.

As it is in himself alone that man can find true and enduring happiness, so in himself alone can he find true and efficient consolation in misfortune.

Babo.

If common-place men, hurried by vulgar perplexities into a display of passionate fear, extort from us a pitying smile; on the other hand, we regard with awe a spirit in which the seed of a great destiny is sown;—which can accelerate neither the good nor the evil, neither the happiness nor the unhappiness, that will spring up from it.

Goethe.

PAUPERISM.

I have known a great deal of the indigent. Some wanted only a plank over which to cross the pool and land on dry ground; others had for ever done with this life, and sought for nothing more in it but a momentary resting-place for the sickness and feebleness of age. But by far the greater number were rogues and thieves, who instead of reaching the pockets of their neighbours by means of force or fraud, took the far less dangerous way of stealing into their hearts.

Undoubtedly it is of great importance to assist upright industrious men who have a sense of honour and independence, wherever it is evident that they are tottering under the blows of fortune; to save them

from breaking down, and from falling into despair and moral destruction. But I doubt whether this be the vocation of the authorities of a country. It is difficult, from the point of view taken by a man in public life, to have an accurate insight into the condition and relations of individuals. Involuntarily, (I confess it with regard to myself) individuals assume the aspect of masses, abstractions, numbers, calculations. I am therefore inclined to conclude that the relations between man and man, between family and family, must, as a general rule, be left to themselves; and certainly, if the facts were known, millions of the needy and suffering whose sighs and complaints are the less likely to reach the ears of those in power, the more quiet and modest they are (and therefore the more deserving of respect), are helped through momentary difficulties by those almost imperceptible and transient succours of kinsfolk, friends, or neighbours, which leave no permanent traces. But the state has nothing to do with the weak and the failing; they come within the minus quantity in the calculation of the common weal; for which reason, I can perfectly explain how in some countries men have fallen into the extreme of putting them entirely out of the way, though, on the other hand, I do not blame individuals,—even rulers, in so far as they act as individuals,—for contributing whatever they see fit to the rescue of those who are ready to perish.

On the other hand, the third, and by far most numerous class of the indigent—the many-headed monster of vagabonds, rogues and idlers of all kinds—requires the utmost vigilance and activity of the government. Whoever has entered this corporation becomes a fit object of the preventive vigilance of the police, and the inflexible severity of the magistrate. But as the superfluous interference of the government in the former cases thwarts the salutary operation of individual benevolence, so in these, the mistaken benevolence of individuals thwarts the wise measures of the government. Those who dwell in lonely places give from fear, the inhabitants of towns and villages from weariness or soft-heartedness; and in this manner sources of subsistence open themselves on every side to the vagabond, which make him disregard the hostilities of the police, and render his lot in many respects truly enviable.

Rumohr. (*Deutsche Denkwürdigkeiten.*)

Not alone to know, but to act according to thy knowledge, is thy destination—proclaims the voice in my inmost soul. Not for indolent contemplation and study of thyself, nor for brooding over emotions of piety—no, for action was existence given thee; thy actions, and thy actions alone, determine thy worth.

Fichte. (*Bestimmung des Menschen.*)

THE true priest of the Highest is he who brings it nearer to those whose minds seldom reach above the finite and the low; who sets heavenly and eternal things before them as a source of enjoyment and a bond of union,—as the only exhaustless spring of that to which all their efforts are directed. Thus he strives to waken the sleeping germ of a better humanity, to enkindle the love for the lofty, to transform the meaner into a nobler life, to reconcile the children of earth to the heaven which is theirs, and to hold the balance against the stupid devotion of the age to mere material good. This is that higher priesthood which reveals the depths of all spiritual mysteries, and whose voice comes down from the kingdom of God; this is the source of all visions and prophecyings, of all holy works and inspired words which are scattered about, as if at random, that the apt spirit may receive them, and may bring forth fruit.

Oh that the day might come when this function of mediator might cease, and the priesthood of humanity receive a fairer destination! That the day might come, described by ancient prophecy, "when none shall need that any should teach him, for all shall be taught of God!" If the sacred fire were everywhere burning, there would be no need of fervent prayer to draw it down from heaven, but only of the calm watching of holy virgins to tend it; nor would it then break out into those flames which now often

strike terror, but the hidden fire would glow with equal warmth in all hearts. Every man would then silently enlighten himself and others, and the communication of holy thoughts and feelings would consist only in the easy task of combining or dividing the different rays of this light; now diffusing it, then again concentrating it on one object. Then would the slightest word be understood, whereas now the clearest expressions do not escape misunderstanding. Then would men press together into the penetralia of the sanctuary, whereas now they are occupied with the preparations of the outer court.

Schleiermacher. (*Ueber die Religion.*)

The year is dying away like the sound of bells. The wind passes over the stubble and finds nothing to move. Only the red berries of that slender tree seem as if they would fain remind us of something cheerful; and the measured beat of the thresher's flail calls up the thought, that in the dry and fallen ear lies so much of nourishment and life.

Goethe. (*Wahlverwandschaften.*)

He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it.

Von Knebel.

We celebrate nobler obsequies to those we love by drying the tears of others, than by shedding our own; and the fairest funeral wreath we can hang on their tomb, is not so fair as a fruit-offering of good deeds.

Jean Paul.

NAPLES.

It is impossible to witness the singular and universal gaiety and joyousness of the people of Naples without the greatest sympathy and delight. The many-coloured, brilliant flowers and fruits with which nature decks herself, appear to invite man to adorn his person and all that surrounds him with the brightest possible tints. Silken handkerchiefs and ribbons, and flowers on the hat, are seen on every one who has any means of procuring them. Even in the smallest houses the chairs and sofas are painted with gay flowers on a gold ground; the one-horse calèches are striped with bright red, the carved work is gilded, the horses are decorated with artificial flowers, scarlet fringes and tassels and gold tinsel. Many wear on their heads plumes of feathers, others little flags, which flutter in every breeze as they move swiftly along. We usually call the love of gaudy colours barbaric and tasteless; in some cases it may be so; but under a perfectly clear and blue sky nothing is gaudy, for nothing can outshine the splendour of the sun and of its reflection on the sea. The

most brilliant colour is deadened by the intense light; and as all hues, the greens of trees and plants, and the yellow, brown and red earthy tints, crowd upon the eye in their fullest beauty, gay flowers and dresses blend in a universal harmony. The scarlet bodices and petticoats, trimmed with broad bands of gold and silver, of the women of Nettuno, the other national costumes, the gaily-painted boats,—every object seems to strive to become visible under the dazzling splendour of sea and sky.

And as they live, so do they bury their dead. No long sable train there disturbs the harmony of the joyous world.

I saw a child borne to the grave. A large red velvet pall, richly embroidered with gold, covered a broad bier, on which stood a carved chest, highly decorated with gold and silver. In this lay the dead, clad in white garments, adorned with rose-coloured ribbons. At the four corners of the chest were four angels, each holding a large bunch of flowers over the body. As they were only fastened at the feet by wires, they moved with the motion of the bier, and appeared to scatter odours over the dead child. This tremulous motion of the angels was increased by the rapidity with which the procession hastened through the streets,—for the priests and taper-bearers rather ran than walked.

Goethe. (*Italiänische Reise.*)

.....One sweet evening of August, he was in a mood of gentler melancholy than usual; over his countenance floated that bright serenity of resignation, that tearless emotion, that smiling gentleness, which we sometimes see when sorrow is rather exhausted than elevated,—as the soft reflection of the rainbow falls back upon the blue heaven. He determined to take a lonely farewell of his beloved scenes.

Over the light landscape hung (to his mind, not to his eye,) a thin undulating mist, like the fine aërial veil thrown over the pictures of Berghem and Wouvermans. He visited, he touched, he gazed upon—as if to bid farewell—every bushy shrub, under whose shadow he had been wont to read; every small dark whirlpool which foamed and gurgled amid the gnarled and bare-washed roots; every fragrant mossy rock; every step in the ascent of hill above hill, on which he had artificially multiplied the rising or the setting of the sun; every spot where the great creation had drawn tears of enthusiasm from his too happy heart. But amidst the high and full-eared harvest,—amidst the manifold stores of creation,—in the life-teeming nest of brooding nature,—in the seed-ground of the rich boundless garden,—a hollow long-drawn voice was heard through the trumpet tones of this festival of nature, asking, "What dead thing wanders amid my universal life, and defiles my fair flowers?" But the gloomy vision vanished; and he

thought, It is not the green bark which sustains the Dryad—the *spiritus rector*,—but, on the contrary, receives from it life and vigour. The life of the body is as dependent on the spirit as that is subject to corporeal influences. Life and power throng around; the grave—the decaying body—is a world, full of active power: we change our part, but we never quit the stage.

Jean Paul. (*Siebenkäs.*)

At the termination of a war and the signing of a treaty of peace, it might not be unbefitting that the proclamation of a day of thanksgiving should be immediately followed by one of fast and penitence, wherein to implore pardon of Heaven for the grievous sin which the race of man is continually committing; inasmuch as no nation will submit to any legal restraint or agreement in relation to other nations, but, proud of its independence, chooses rather to resort to the barbarian expedient of war (by which that which is sought,—viz. the right of each nation —can never in any case be ascertained).

The thanksgivings and rejoicings on occasion of a victory, the hymns which (in a genuine judaical spirit) are sung to the Lord of Hosts, stand in the strongest contrast to the moral conception of the Father of Men; since they not only show a total indifference to the nature of the means by which na-

tions seek to establish their right respectively (which is melancholy enough), but display a positive joy at having destroyed the lives, or ruined the happiness, of multitudes of human beings.

Kant. (*Zum ewigen Frieden.*)

THE institutions of a country depend in great measure on the nature of its soil and situation. Many of the wants of man are awakened or supplied by these circumstances. To these wants, manners, laws, and religion must shape and accommodate themselves. The division of land and the rights attached to it alter with the soil; the laws relating to its produce, with its fertility. The manners of its inhabitants are in various ways modified by its position. The religion of a miner is not the same as the faith of a shepherd, nor is the character of the ploughman so warlike as that of the hunter. The observant legislator follows the direction of all these various circumstances. The knowledge of the natural advantages or defects of a country thus form an essential part of political science and history.

Justus Möser. (*Osnabrückische Geschichte.*)

CHARACTER is a perfectly educated Will.

Novalis.

WHAT is there in man so worthy of honour and reverence as this,—that he is capable of contemplating something higher than his own reason,—more sublime than the whole universe; that Spirit which alone is self-subsistent,—from which all truth proceeds—without which is no truth?

F. H. Jacobi.

MASTER Jacobus Polychorus, who lived in Strasburg in the 16th century, says, in a little book he wrote,—"The German people is more especially a trustworthy, veracious, constant, bold, and manly people; likewise liberal, mild, hospitable, undaunted, laborious, temperate, honest, cheerful-minded, and covetous of a good name; one that in all things seeketh to lead the wits of men, and to be beforehand in all knowledge. And thus Germany yieldeth to no land in all arts, and knowledge of tongues and new inventions. From her have we printing, and the use of fire-arms, and many other arts. And likewise is Germany a right blessed and favoured country, lying under a temperate sky, abounding in all manner of grain, and in all the riches of water or wood; having sufficiency of various wines, metals, and all materials for useful works. And the Germans are kind-hearted and generous to strangers, gentle and placable to supplicants, prompt and forward in war; neither on foot nor on horse yielding to any."

HANDEL'S MESSIAH.

HERDER has somewhere or other called Handel's Messiah a Christian Epos, — and this is a perfect description of it in one word; for this work, in its fragmentary compilation, really expresses the entire cycle of Christianity with as much of truth as of intelligence and poetry.

I have always thought that the whole, considered as an *opus*, arose accidentally; nor can I depart from that opinion.

The great festivals of the Christian church afforded the composer in Handel's time an opportunity of setting to music verses from the bible, out of which the finest peculiarities of effect must arise. Handel, who had taste and heart enough to reject the vile versions then in use, collected together the verses which relate to the passion, got some clever man to put the hooks and links which are wanted to connect them (if he did not do it himself), and thus has arisen a cyclical work which I distribute into four or five parts.

Part 1. The annunciation of the Messiah from above, through the mouths of the prophets; the work or end of redemption; mysterious, yet like the dawn of morning—'Comfort ye,' etc.—breathing a spring freshness.

Part 2. The Nativity; first known to shepherds.

The introduction (Siciliano), a delightful pastoral, ought to precede the chorus 'For unto us a child is born.' In Mozart's score the chorus, very improperly, is put first. The chorus is playful, undulating, child-like—nay childish—at the beginning; at length, at the words, 'And the government shall be upon his shoulders,' it towers in all its colossal grandeur.

Pastoral character of life and doctrine: 'He shall feed his flock.' 'Come unto me, ye that are weary,' etc.

Part 3. Suffering and death: denial, mockery, evil intreatment; 'Behold the Lamb of God;' 'Surely he hath borne our griefs;' 'All we like sheep have gone astray;' 'He trusted in God that he would deliver him;' 'Thy rebuke hath broken his heart;' 'Behold and see,' etc. The suffering is ended by death; and in this death is the victory. The redemption is accomplished.

Now the consequences:

Part 4. Resurrection and eternal life: back to the heavenly—the infinite. Prophecy again proclaims, 'Open the gates, that the King of Glory may come in;' 'The Lord gave the word;' 'Why do the heathen;' 'Let us break our bonds asunder;' 'Hallelujah;' 'I know that my Redeemer liveth;' 'And as through man came death.'

Part 5. Apotheosis: 'Worthy is the Lamb;' 'Glory and honour;' 'Amen.'

The expression of such a work is to be taken as a whole, though good, nay exquisite workmanship be not wanting in the individual parts.

The overture belongs to the piece only in so far as it is a foreground—a title-page to the volume, showing the clear blue heaven of prophecy: 'The glory of God, the Lord, shall be revealed.' Clearness, power, truth, pervade the whole first part.

In the second part, warm, bright night;—one feels the starlight. Pastoral, sweet, pure, serene.

In the third part, suffering and death: brief, yet not too condensed; grand, calm, touching; no torments, no crucifixion or physical horrors. The suffering of the righteous at the degradation of the good and the beautiful, is the ground, the deepest depth, over which flows a crystal stream; 'Behold and see if there be any sorrow,' etc.

With this the whole passion is silently concluded, and the work of atonement accomplished.

Would you like to procure yourself a singular pictorial enjoyment? Look at the chorus, 'For unto us a child is born.' After the shepherds have, as they kept watch by night in the fields, heard the word of the angels, and have recovered from their alarm, one part begins, 'For unto us a child is born, and plays with the thought; then follows another in the same manner; then the third, and the fourth; till at length, at the words 'Wonderful, Counsellor,'

etc. all join; the flocks and herds on the fields, the starry host through all the heavens,—every thing awakes, and stirs itself with gladness and strength of heart.

Now, ye muses, enough,—if not too much. If you have heard the Messiah, I should be glad to know something about it from you. I always learn, when you report any thing of the kind. The worthy Rochlitz deserves many thanks, but his history of the rise and progress of the Messiah, *à priori*, looks to me very like all histories by profession. The history of a work of art (and every work of art has its individual history) is not to be told on the fingers, since nature requires thousands of years to make an artist—whose existence is itself an accident.

Zelter. (*Briefwechsel mit Goethe.*)

Last among the characteristics of woman, is that sweet motherly love with which Nature has gifted her; it is almost independent of cold reason, and wholly removed from all selfish hope of reward. Not because it is lovely, does the mother love her child, but because it is a living part of herself—the child of her heart, a fraction of her own nature. Therefore do her entrails yearn over his wailings; her heart beats quicker at his joy; her blood flows

more softly through her veins, when the breast at which he drinks knits him to her. In every uncorrupted nation of the earth, this feeling is the same. Climate, which changes every thing else, changes not that. It is only the most corrupting forms of society which have power gradually to make luxurious vice sweeter than the tender cares and toils of maternal love. In Greenland, where the climate affords no food fit for infants, the mother nourishes her child up to the third or fourth year of his life. She endures from him all the nascent indications of the rude and domineering spirit of manhood, with indulgent, all-forgiving patience. The negress is armed with more than manly strength when her child is attacked by savage beasts. We read with astonished admiration the examples of her matchless courage and contempt of danger. But if death robs that tender mother, whom we are pleased to call a savage, of her best comfort—the charm and the care of her existence—where is the heart of man that can conceive her sorrow? Read the lament of the Nadowessee woman, on the loss of her husband and her infant son. The feeling which it breathes is beyond all expression.

Herder.

FORMERLY, it was the fashion to preach the Natural, now it is the Ideal. People too often

forget that these things are profoundly compatible; that, in a beautiful work of imagination, the Natural should be ideal, and the Ideal, natural.

A. W. v. Schlegel.

THERE is a fable of former ages which is grave and solemn, and may to some appear awful and terrible. They figured to themselves their forefathers sitting on thrones in a circle around large subterranean halls, mutely discoursing. When a new inhabitant entered, if he were worthy, they all arose from their seats and bowed their heads to him in welcome.

Yesterday, as I sat in the chapel and fixed my eyes on several other carved chairs over against the one on which I was sitting, this thought seemed to me most cheerful and agreeable. "Why canst *thou* not remain thus seated?" I asked myself, "Why not calm, motionless, and wholly withdrawn within thyself, remain seated, long, long,—until at length the friends should come, at whose entrance thou wouldst stand up and motion them to their places with a friendly sign?

The many-coloured casements turn the day into a dim and solemn twilight, and each must tend an eternal lamp, that the night may not be utterly dark.

Goethe. (Wahlverwandschaften.)

Hypotheses are nets,—only he who throws them out will catch any thing. Was not the discovery of America the result of an hypothesis?

The sceptic has contributed just us little (that is, absolutely nothing) as the vulgar empiric, to the enlargement of the field of knowledge. At the most, the sceptic only shakes the very ground on which the individual hypothesis stands:—a strange way of making progress—a very indirect service at the best. The true builder of hypotheses is no other than the inventor, before whose eyes the unknown country often dimly floats before its discovery; who carries this faint image into every observation and every experiment, and at length, by means of bold comparison, of repeated contact and collision of his thoughts with experiment, arrives at the Idea which stood in a negative relation to positive experience. Both are then eternally connected, and a new and celestial light surrounds the power which is born into the world.

Novalis.

NORWEGIAN LEGEND.

Two little boys were playing by the side of a river, and they saw the Strömkarl or water-spirit sitting on the shore and playing on his harp. Then the children called out to him, and said, "Strömkarl,

why do you sit here playing? There is no salvation for you." Thereupon the Strömkarl fell to weeping bitterly, threw his harp away, and sank in the deep waters. When the boys returned home they related to their father, who was a godly man, what had befallen them. The father said, "You have sinned against the Strömkarl,—go back and comfort him, and tell him that he too shall be saved." When they went back to the river, the Strömkarl sat on the shore weeping and lamenting. And the children said, "Weep not so, Strömkarl, our father says that thy Redeemer also liveth." Then the Strömkarl joyfully took his harp and played sweetly till sunset *.

Jacob Grimm. (*Deutsche Mythologie.*)

A MAN may write very good verses, but in spite of that he must not versify the people's stories if he

* Although the sacrifices offered to water-spirits were forbidden by Christianity, and these old objects of faith were represented as diabolical, the people retained a certain awe and reverence for them, and have not, even now, lost all belief in their power and influence; they think of them as unblessed beings who will however in time become partakers of salvation. To this belief we may trace the touching legend that the Strömkarl or Neck requites those who promise him redemption with his enchanting music.

I do not know that any legend contains so striking an expression of the need of Christianity to the heathen, or of the mild aspect under which it ought to approach them.

has not the true ballad-singer's eye, which sees nothing in the wide world but adventures, executions, love, murder, and deeds of violence. We want the naïve joy and the naïve lamentations of the men and women of the days of knights and fairies—men and women whose souls were a canvas for the reception of pictures; who lived with their bodies, thought with their eyes, and argued with their fists.

Goethe. (*Recensionen.*)

MEN find it more easy to flatter than to praise.

Jean Paul.

..... "It was well," said Ernest, "for even in our emotion we were glad. I understand not the joy of most men: it seems as if they must keep at a distance all remembrance of real life, in order with toil and travail, to find in blind dissipation what they call amusement and gaiety. The fulness of life—a healthful, powerful feeling of existence,—stands in need of a certain melancholy to deepen the sense of pleasure; as this same sound and vigorous state of mind first gave birth to tragedy, and is still necessary to the enjoyment of it. The more feeble man becomes—the more weary of life, the less can he find joy in anything but laughter, or the frivolous comedy

of modern times. Shun him who has lost all power and relish for aught but laughter, for with earnestness and a lofty melancholy, all the inward stores of his life have vanished; he is bad, if he is capable of being anything more than a fool. The more our sense of existence is quickened and exalted by pleasure and by love, the louder our inward shout of triumph in those few and rare moments which a niggard fate deals scantily out to us, the more rich and bounteous ought we in those moments to feel.

Wherefore then, in these most bright and beautiful passages of our lives, should we drive our departed friends and their love away from us? Has death made them our enemies? Or is their state, to our apprehension, so utterly afflicting that their image must needs trouble our joy? In such felicity of mind I would fain exclaim, let them come to us, let them come into our arms, into our hearts, that our riches may be made richer! But if you can endure the belief that they are forlorn and helpless, driven out into the wide and weary desart, oh! let some drops from the overflowings of your joy fall on them.

But no, beloved, departed one! in such moments I feel myself transported into thy peace and thy joy; and thou art more mine than in this earthly life thou ever wast; for together with all my love, my highest and deepest sorrow now belongs to thee,—that nameless and incomprehensible, anxious wrestling with

the fearful doubt of having lost thee for ever; then was my love first compelled to call up and to understand all its strength; then did I first win thee in triumph from death,—never more to lose thee; and from that time thou art mine—mine without change, without sickness, without misunderstanding; and thou smilest in every smile, and swimmest in every tear of mine.

Tieck. (*Phantasus.*)

THE less tenderness a man has in his nature, the more he requires from others.

Rahel.

THE illusion of a past golden age is one of the greatest hindrances to the approach of the golden age that should come. If the golden age is past, it was not genuine. Gold cannot rust nor decay: it comes out of all admixtures and all decompositions pure and indestructible. If the golden age will not endure it had better never arise, for it can produce nothing but elegies on its loss.

A. W. v. Schlegel.

IN youth we think we shall be able to build palaces for men, but when it comes to the point we have our hands full with the business of clearing

away their dirt and rubbish. This disgusting work requires great resignation; but it must be done.

Goethe. (*Briefe an Lavater.*)

THERE are ideal trains of events which run parallel with the real ones. Seldom do they coincide. Men and accidents commonly modify every ideal event, or train of events, so that it appears imperfect, and its consequences are equally imperfect. Thus it was with the Reformation—instead of Protestantism, arose Lutheranism.

Novalis.

FREDERIC THE GREAT ON LAW REFORM.

Extracted from *Prüfung der Gutachten der Königl: Preuss.: Immediat Justiz-Commission.* By Grävell.

MY DEAR GRAND CHANCELLOR VON CARMER,

IT cannot be unknown to you, that so early as the year 1746, and even earlier, I had laboured to remedy the obvious disorders and defects in the administration of justice in my kingdom and states, and that I especially ordered;

1. That the courts of justice should be placed upon a better footing, and provided with skilful and honourable men.

2. That the procedure should be cleared of use-

less formalities, the possibility of terminating suits within a year secured; and

3. That the hitherto scattered, vague, and ambiguous laws should be defined, and collected with the greatest possible precision and clearness.

With regard to the first article, I have no doubt that, by the introduction of better subordination into the courts; by more certain and regular order in all branches of business; and especially by the instructions, according to which the candidates for judicial offices are first subjected to the strictest examinations, then by acting as referendaries in the court for several years, familiarized with all kinds of judicial labour, and their sentiments and conduct submitted to thorough investigation, sufficient competency may be secured. But these regulations, however well adapted to the case, will be fruitless unless the presidents of each court are strictly held to the most exact and thorough execution of my commands.

It is, then, your business to see to this, in order that my intentions may be in every particular exactly fulfilled; and to this end you must require from the presidents of the courts of justice a list of the names of all the members and subalterns of such courts, with an authentic, impartial, and full report of the conduct of each individual, and must desire that the most exact inquiries on these points be made

by them at every visitation. For it is not enough that a servant of justice guard himself from gross corruption; in every exercise of his office he must act without the slightest passion, and avoid every appearance of partiality.

A man of profligate habits and loose morals is easily led to forget his duties: such people must by no means be suffered to have anything to do with the administration of justice. Neither must you be restrained from the dismissal of such unworthy persons by any regard to their talents, their family connexions, or any other considerations whatever.

If I can thus make sure of the purity and integrity of my ministers of justice, I, on my part, will leave them the free and unobstructed exercise of their own just and honest authority, and will honour and reward each of them according to his worth. On the other hand, I know no punishment too severe to be inflicted on men who are capable of so far disregarding their duty, as to convert an office destined to the protection of innocence and the maintenance of justice, into an instrument for the oppression of the one and the destruction of the other.

Secondly, as to what regards procedure, I am fully disposed to believe that the abuses which formerly existed have been removed; nevertheless, the present system of procedure is still, as you must admit, at bottom, the ill-contrived tissue of the canon

law, of which all Germany has for centuries complained.

It is contrary to reason that the parties who have complaints and grievances to allege should not be heard by the judge himself, but must make their wants known through hired advocates. These advocates have the strongest interest in the multiplication and prolongation of suits, since upon them depend their gains and their whole prosperity. For if the pleadings, with the evidence taken in the course of them, do not find their way into the hands of the judge until the advocates have in writing wire-drawn, obscured, or mutilated the facts at their own pleasure, it is natural enough that he should lose the right point of view, decide on inadequate evidence, and, as he is compelled to follow in their tortuous and delusive track (often against his own conviction), be at length necessitated to pronounce a sentence manifestly unjust. I can hardly believe that any of the plain, judicious lawgivers of old times devised so unnatural a system of procedure. I am much more inclined to suspect that the barbarism of later times, and the convenience and ease of judges, gave birth to this monstrous production. I find nothing in the Roman law which leads me to any opposite conclusion. The Roman judges were obliged first to investigate the facts of the case themselves, before the advocates appointed by the parties could be heard, or judgment pronounced; and if it is true, that even the Papal law

expressly ordains that the judge shall inquire into the facts, and the advocates shall only speak to questions of law, my conjecture will be converted into a certainty.

Be that, however, as it may—it is my decided and express will;

That in future the judge himself hear the parties —their complaints and answers; that he weigh their statements, and the proofs therewith adduced, one against the other, and thus extract the true concatenation of the affair which gives occasion to the suit; and that, after having so done, he lay before them proposals of accommodation consistent with fairness and justice. I feel assured that merely by this arrangement, which will secure that the parties are completely instructed as to the true state and posture of the case, by far the greater number of suits will be settled by compromise. Even in those cases which cannot be disposed of by compromise, that elaborate mode of extracting evidence which has hitherto been the principal source of complexity and delay, will be rendered unnecessary.

I do not mean by this that parties in a legal proceeding are to be refused legal assistance; on the contrary, it appears to me necessary both for the plaintiff and defendant, even during the investigation of the facts, to engage an advocate; in order that if the judge, from negligence, want of penetration, or partiality, do not conduct the investigation satisfac-

torily, the advocate may remind him of his duty, exercise a general control over him, ascertain upon what the rights of the parties are respectively founded, and use every possible care and precaution for the security of his client.

In order, however, that this new sort of advocates be not again seduced into the old tortuous path, the matter must be so arranged that they have no interest in the delay and complication of suits, but must look to a totally different source of prosperity and success. The referendaries must therefore, according to my new system, be more especially employed in the investigation of matters of fact, and be called upon to act as assessors to the counsel therein. Those referendaries who show the greatest ability and penetration on these occasions, shall be kept in view for further advancement; and out of these shall be chosen the advocates, or as they might be more aptly called, assistant-counsellors; out of these again, in course of time, the principal counsel of the courts of justice. The assistant-counsel, as well as the chief counsel of the courts, must be paid by fixed salaries; and to that end, the fees which they receive for their functions as advocates must be formed into a common fee-fund. It is possible that very few of the present advocates will qualify themselves to become counsel under the new system, and will thus be left without the means of subsistence. I would,

however, make arrangements, that whatever useful and honourable men are found among them should be employed by preference as magistrates, justiciaries, and the like. Men of no merit whatever deserve no attention.

Lastly, as to the laws. It appears to me perfectly irrational and absurd that they should be for the most part written in a language which is not understood by those to whom they ought to serve as a guide and rule. It is not less absurd, that, in a country in which there exists an undisputed legislative power, laws should be endured, which, by their obscurity and ambiguity, give continual occasion to the tedious disputations of lawyers; or that lengthy suits should arise upon the question, whether or not such a law or custom has ever existed, or has acquired legal validity. You must therefore take especial care that all laws for our states and subjects be drawn up in their own language; that they be perfectly precise and determinate, and collected into one complete and compact body.

But as almost every one of my provinces has its peculiar constitution, statutes and customs, which differ widely from each other, a code or compilation of laws proper to each must be framed, whereby the laws and privileges of each province may be distinguished from those of every other. But since such provincial statutes and customs are generally

limited to certain topics, and contain no universal or complete rules of law; and since the *Corpus Juris* of the Emperor Justinian has for many centuries been used as the subsidiary code of almost all European states, and has been so received among us, it cannot be left out of account in the measures now projected. It is, however, well known that this Roman code is, for the most part, merely a collection of the opinions and decisions of lawyers in particular cases; that it chiefly refers to ancient Roman institutions and formalities, now no longer applicable, and that it contains numerous contradictions. It will be necessary, therefore, to abstract from it only such parts as are consistent with the law of nature, and with the present form of government and society; to reject the useless; to insert my own national laws in the proper places; and thus will be produced a subsidiary code to which the judge can recur in all cases for which the provincial law contains no provision.

I must here remark that, as it appears to me, the Roman legislators, who were not sparing in their decisions on contested questions of law, did not sufficiently keep in view whatever might serve to obviate doubts in legal cases, and to prevent suits.

It is, for instance, well known what an infinite number of suits concerning transactions and contracts relating to immoveables (real property), arise out of

the haste with which people conclude them, and the want of distinctness and precision in their expressions. Such suits would be entirely avoided, if all contracts relating to immoveables were made in the presence of the judge, whose business it would be to see that neither party overreached the other, or took unfair advantages: the contract itself, for the greater authentication of its contents, should be signed by the judge. For as law-suits must ever be reckoned among the evils of society—as subtracting from the well-being of the citizens—that is incontestably the best law which contains within itself the prevention of litigation.

If, which is not to be doubted, I attain my end in the amelioration of the laws and the procedure, it is clear that a vast many lawyers will lose the consideration and authority which they derive from the mystery in which it is now involved, by the simplification of their business: their subtilty-shop will be ruined, and the whole corps of advocates of the old school be rendered useless. But, on the other hand, I shall free my faithful subjects from no light burthen, and may therefore expect to have more skilful and industrious merchants, manufacturers, and artisans, from whom the state will receive much better and more useful service.

Now, as the execution of such a project is not the work of a single man, you must seek out the ablest

and honestest men whom you can possibly find; divide the several sorts of labour among them; form them into a commission, and make all your regulations after common deliberation and agreement. Similar law commissions must in future sit permanently, in order that all defects, ambiguities, or vices of the laws may, as they present themselves, be supplied, interpreted, or corrected in a fundamental manner.

On the other hand, I will not allow that any judges, courts of justice, or ministers of state whatsoever, take upon themselves to stretch or contract the laws, much less to make new ones; but if, in course of time, doubts or deficiencies in the laws or the procedure arise, notice of the same must be given to the appropriate law commission; the case, having regard to the signification and intention of the existing laws, must then be laid before you to be fully weighed, and if a positive change or addition be found necessary, a well-considered report must be presented to me.

I leave it to you then, to think further on the matter, and to devise the means requisite for its execution; and in return I promise to protect you most vigorously against all cabals and all opposition, as your well-affectioned king,

FREDERIC.

Potsdam, April 14, 1780.

To the Grand Chancellor von Carmer.

FINNISH LEGEND.

THERE was once a giantess who had a daughter, and the child saw a husbandman ploughing in the field. Then she ran and picked him up with her finger and thumb, and put him and his plough and his oxen into her apron, and carried them to her mother, and said, "Mother, what sort of beetle is this, that I found wriggling in the ground?" But the mother said, "Put it away, my child, we must be gone out of this land, for these people will dwell in it."

[The giant race was doomed to retire before the tiller of the ground. Agriculture was odious to them as well as to the dwarfs. The rude innocence of the giant child, to whom man appeared a tiny insect, a beetle grovelling in the earth, and the secret alarm which this small being struck into the mother, cannot be more happily depicted than in these few touches.]

Grimm. (*Deutsche Mythologie.*)

Florence, September 4, 1816.

I HAVE seen a great many works of art. My preference for the old masters, down to the time of Rafael, is strongly confirmed. Giovanni Bellini, who was my favourite eight years ago, became so once more at Venice. And at Bologna we saw works of Francia's which amazed us. Masaccio, Mantegna, Vivarini, and Carpaccio can only be known in Italy. I have already seen innumerable

things by Giotto, and I now perfectly understand the history of Italian art. What I saw in Nuremberg and Munich threw great light on what I have seen here. In the fourteenth century, Giotto formed himself after the antique; then again his school took another direction. Masaccio soars at once to the higher regions. Then art sinks again, and during the first sixty years of the fifteenth century, the Germans are far superior to the Italians. Then the other scale rises. After the time of Rafael and Dürer, the *spirit* is extinct on both sides the Alps;—the only difference is, that in Italy, *art* (*i. e.* technical art) survived. In architecture the Italians of the middle ages are not be compared to the Germans. In sculpture they surpass them.

B. G. Niebuhr. (*Lebensnachrichten.*)

His portfolio contained, indeed, scarcely anything but outlines, but, as they were traced through on the pictures themselves, they had perfectly preserved their antique character; and how touching was that! On every figure and countenance rested the spirit of simple, calm existence. It was impossible not to feel certain that all, if not great and noble, were gentle and good. A cheerful spirit of union, a willing acknowledgment of an object of reverence above us, a calm surrender of the soul to love and faith, sat on every face and breathed in every ges-

ture. The old bald-headed man, the rich-locked boy, the high-spirited youth, the sedate and earnest man, the glorified saint, the hovering angel, all appeared blessed in innocent contentment, in pious acquiescence. The homeliest figure bore traces of a heavenly life, and the service and worship of God seemed the occupation fitted to every nature.

Goethe. (*Wahlverwandschaften.*)

DARWIN remarks that we are less dazzled by the light at waking, if we have been dreaming of visible objects. Happy are those who have here dreamt of a higher vision! They will the sooner be able to endure the glories of the world to come.

Novalis.

THERE are so many tender and holy emotions flying about in our inward world, which, like angels, can never assume the body of an outward act; so many rich and lovely flowers spring up which bear no seed, that it is a happiness poetry was invented, which receives into its limbus all these incorporeal spirits, and the perfume of all these flowers.

Jean Paul.

DINNER, A DRAMATIC POEM.

THE party passed through the large folding-doors into the dining-room, which looked imme-

diately on the garden. Before them lay the opposite hills, with their thickets of varied green, and beautiful clumps of wood; in the foreground was the lawn, belted and perfumed round with beds of the loveliest flowers, while, like the crystal coronet of the green plain, a fountain sparkled and gushed in the middle, and invited equally to silence or to conversation by its sweet and silvery tones.

All seated themselves at table. Flowers of all hues arranged in beautiful vases, and fresh, ruddy cherries in pretty baskets, sparkled over the snowy linen. "Why is it," said Emilia, after a pause of some minutes, "that every dinner party begins in silence? People are thoughtful, and look down; nobody even expects an animated conversation; for it seems that the soup brings with it a certain serious and tranquil tone of feeling, which usually contrasts strongly with the conclusion of the dinner and the dessert."

"The hunger which is generally excited by the proximity of eatables, will explain a good deal," said Wilibald, "especially when dinner is served at a later hour than was fixed."

* * * * * * *

"To return to the soup, which we have now dispatched," said Lothair; "I do not think the taciturnity which accompanies it depends so much on our material wants. It seems to me that every meal

or feast is a drama,—when at its best, a Shaksperian comedy,—and has its rules and necessities, by which it is in most cases unconsciously governed."

"How can any reasonable man think otherwise?" said Wilibald, laughing. "How often is the comic poet unconsciously the richest subject for comedy!"

"Let him speak," said Manfred; "*you* may afterwards compare a dinner to a battle, or to the history of the world, if you will. At table, there ought to be the most unqualified freedom of thought and eating."

"That the changing courses and dishes may most aptly be compared to acts and scenes," continued Lothair, "must strike every body; nor is it less obvious to the reflecting and refined eater (I ignore those lower natures who doubt of every thing they cannot understand, and in their gross and material stupidity adhere to the belief that eating is nothing more than an expedient for allaying hunger), that a certain pervading sentiment should be expressed, with which nothing in the whole composition of the table should be incongruous or discordant—whether it be the dishes, the wines, or the conversation. For out of all these parts should arise a romantic composition, which should at once amuse, satisfy and delight; free from all vehement excitement of the curiosity or the sympathy, from all illusion, and from all bitter recollections. Epigrammatic dishes,

for instance, which have frequently been employed to cheat and delude, are to be condemned as repugnant to all good taste."

"In the north of Germany," said Ernest, "I once saw a sweetmeat representing a heap of turf, which appeared to give extreme delight to the guests."

"I have read in Vasari of most romantic feasts," said Clara, "given by the Florentine painters to one another. They would have only terrified me, for they pushed these strange distortions of fancy to the very utmost. Not only did they construct and demolish palaces and temples of various meats, but even hell, with all its awful shades, was pressed into the service of their poetical extravagance. Toads and serpents enclosed the choicest dainties, and the dessert consisted of ghosts and skeletons in confectionary."

"I should have liked much to be present at these wild, fantastic entertainments," said Manfred. "I never could read the description of them without the greatest pleasure. Why should not fear, horror, surprise, be brought into action in our most immediate and every-day life? All, even the strangest and the wildest, has its time."

"But, dear Lothair," said Theodore, "go on with your comparison of a dinner with a drama."

"To satisfy your curiosity," replied Lothair, "I must begin by pointing out how weighty a part of

a play is the introduction. This may be conceived in three different and principal ways: either, that the situation of affairs be made known in the simplest and most natural manner, by means of a calm narration, as in 'The Comedy of Errors;' or that the poet plunge us into tumult and confusion, out of which light and distinctness are gradually evolved, as in 'Romeo and Juliet,' which begins with broils; or, thirdly, that he lead us at once into the midst of the action, but with calmness and deliberation, as in 'Twelfth Night.' It is unquestionable that the last method is to be preferred for a dinner; and that therefore all civilized nations, and people who do not strive to live and to eat after a strange and fantastic manner, open their repast with a strong, but mild, calmly-digested soup. As all men have an innate propensity to the drama, and the perception that all is drama sleeps darkly within them, they take care, with reason, not to be too witty, too clever, or too talkative, as long as the soup is before them."

Emilia laughed and nodded assent, and Lothair continued. "As, in the last-mentioned comedy, after the almost elegiac introduction, those pleasant personages Sir Toby, Maria and Sir Andrew Ague-cheek enter as a gay and stimulating episode; so, the solid viands are preceded by anchovies, caviar, or something highly flavoured, which does not im-

mediately allay hunger. And thus, not to be too diffuse, satisfaction and excitement succeed each other in agreeable alternations up to the time of the dessert, which must be entirely humorous, poetical and unrestrained; as the comedy in question closes with that most delightfully childish, but significant song of the most delightful of all fools;—or, as 'Much Ado About Nothing,' and 'As You Like It,' end with a dance, or 'The Winter's Tale' with the living statue."

"I see clearly," said Clara, "that we ought to learn eating at school, just as much as any other science."

"Certainly," said Lothair; "nothing is so unbecoming an accomplished man as to eat in an injudicious, unscientific and tasteless manner; for as food is a want of our nature, either the utmost simplicity should reign at our meals, or elegance and mirth should enter into them, and diffuse ease and cheerfulness."

"In truth," said Ernest, "nothing troubles one's enjoyment so much as a vacillating mixture of frugality and unpleasurable profusion;—as sometimes one is inundated with excellent wine to wash down meagre and ill-cooked viands,—or condemned to gulp down wretched wine with excessively dainty high-flavoured dishes, served on splendid china. These are the true tragi-comedies, such as every

well-regulated and accurate mind which aims at harmony and consistency, will utterly condemn and eschew."

"Under the same class," said Antony, "may be ranged immoderate drinking from ambition; or when some host, with all the animation of semi-drunkenness, forcibly obliges you to drink, assuring you with ever-increasing loudness and vehemence, that the wine deserves to be drunk—that this cost so much a bottle, and this so much, but that he does not grudge it to good friends, and that he can stand it, if they should drink twice as much. Such a man, in his pride of purse, does not only reckon the cost of the feast, and the consumption of each guest, but he has no rest till you know the price of every table and chair in his house. If he happen to possess any works of art, or curiosities, he is wholly intolerable. His highest enjoyment is, in all friendliness, to make his guests feel that compared to him they are poor and bankrupt."

"It must also be observed," continued Lothair, "that as there ought to be a certain keeping and harmony between the viands and the vessels in which they are served, so the former must not be neglected or injured by an over-proportion of conversation. The introductory soup should, as has already been said, be accompanied by quiet union and attention: after this, a little gentle politics, or short anecdotes,

or light philosophical remarks, are allowable; if a company is not very sure of its wit and facetiousness, let it not expend them too early, for at the entrance of the sweets and fruits and fine wines, all seriousness must utterly vanish: that which a quarter of an hour sooner was unseemly and irregular, is now perfectly admissible; even ladies take courage to laugh out; love reveals itself more undisguisedly; jealousy betrays itself by more open sallies—everybody throws himself off his guard, and does not shrink from exposing himself to the hitting jokes of his friend; even some pungent and rather severe stories may now circulate. Great lords formerly had their fools and jesters enter with the sweetmeats, that at the close of their meal they might feel themselves men,—gay, merry, and unconstrained."

"Now," said Theodore, "that is the time selected for bringing in all the little children; if, indeed, they have not been seated, rank and file, at table."

"Yes," said Manfred, "and the conversation rises to the affecting, on the high ideal virtues of the sweet little creatures and their unutterable love for their parents, and that of the parents for them."

"And when it takes a very lofty flight," said Theodore, "tears are shed, as the last and most precious liquor which is to be produced; and thus the dinner closes amidst the deepest commotion of heart."

"It is not enough," resumed Lothair, "that we

avoid such absurdity and ill-breeding; every dinner-conversation should be a work of art, a suitable accompaniment to the meal, adapted to it according to the rules of thorough bass. I do not make any mention of those frightfully large parties which are now, alas! become almost an universal fashion in our country; where acquaintances and strangers, friends and foes, men of talent and fools, young girls and old dowagers, are seated at random at a long table: those dinners for which the hostess has thought and bustled, and of which she has dreamt, for a week; where she has arranged everything with great splendour, and still greater bad taste, only that she may at length be quit of an entertainment long expected from her, in return for the dozen or more similar feasts which she has undergone. In addition to these legal claimants, she invites everybody to whom she thinks she owes any civility, and eagerly catches about a dozen travellers in her net, that she may remain discharged of all after-claims to hospitality from them. No! I do not allude to those tables at which no one speaks, or all talk at once; at which chaos reigns, and only in few and rare moments some solitary, private pleasantry can struggle into being; where every conversation comes into the world still-born, or must expire in a moment, like a fish on dry land; those feasts at which the host must set himself on the rack in order to play the host well,

to watch every part of the table, to drink wine with everybody, and to whisper frosty jests into the ears of silly, simpering ladies;—let us pass over in silence these barbarisms of our times, this death of all social pleasure and of all hospitality, which, like so many other barbarous customs, has been imported and found a place amongst us."

"The sickly caricature of these great entertainments," added Wilibald, "are the still larger tea-parties and cold suppers, in which the pleasure is heightened by the universal bustle and uproar;—where, in the general confusion of tongues, servants, called and uncalled, balancing trays of all possible refreshments, dance in between the talkers; each sweeps with his load through every room, to seek he knows not what; and a lover of order is fain to take up a position by the stove or the window, to escape being run down in the universal flight, or seized and carried along in the stream of some migratory horde."

"This," said Manfred, "is the true high style of our social life; Michael Angelo's Last Judgment to the miniature picture of old hospitality and intimate friendship; the final decree of art, the end of the imagination, the fulfilment of time, of which all the prophets have spoken."

Tieck. (*Phantasus.*)

Duclos remarks that few distinguished works have been produced by any but authors by profession. In France, this class has long been held in respect. With us, a man used to be esteemed as less than nothing if he were only an author. This prejudice still shows itself here and there, but the force of honoured examples must in time crush it. Authorship is, according to the spirit in which it is pursued, an infamy, a pastime, a day-labour, a handicraft, an art, a science, a virtue.

A. W. v. Schlegel.

As to the manner in which history should be studied, the following observations may suffice.

It must, as a whole, be regarded in the light of an epos, which has no definite beginning nor end. The student must select that point which he regards as the most important or the most interesting, and taking his stand on that, must continue to build and to extend in every direction.

He must avoid those so-called universal histories, which teach nothing; at present there are no others. A true universal history must be conceived in the epic style,—that is, in the spirit perceptible in Herodotus. What are now so called are compendiums, from which everything extraordinary or important is effaced: let even the reader who does not mean

to addict himself to history as his peculiar department, recur as much as possible to original sources and particular histories, which will afford him far more instruction. For modern history, let him learn to relish the naïve simplicity of chronicles, which make no pretension to elaborate delineations of character, nor to a psychological analysis of motives.

He who wishes to cultivate and pursue history as an art, must adhere exclusively to the ancients, who, since the decline of that community and publicity which distinguished the life of Greece and Rome, can never again be equalled. Putting aside Gibbon, whose work has the advantage of a vast range of subject, and of the whole force of the transition from ancient to modern civilization (although even he is a rhetor and not a historian), there exist only national historians; and among these posterity will mention none but Macchiavelli and Johannes v. Müller. The letters of the latter, written when a young man, will partly enable the aspirant after eminence in this high walk of literature to calculate the steps he has to climb. It may be generally affirmed, that all that science and art —all that a life rich in experience and versed in public affairs can give,—must combine to form the historian.

The first archetypes of the historical style are the

epos in its primitive form, and the tragedy: for if universal history—whose rise, like the sources of the Nile, baffles discovery—loves the epic form and fulness, particular history, on the other hand, requires to be arranged concentrically around one common point; not to mention that, for the historian, tragedy is the true source of those grand conceptions and of that elevated mode of thinking to which he ought to form himself.

Schelling.

(*Vorlesungen über die Methode des academischen Studiums.*)

THERE are two ways of writing history, one for the learned, the other for the unlearned. In the first case, the writer assumes that the reader is thoroughly conversant with the particular facts. His sole purpose is by apt suggestions and instructive comparisons to remind the reader of what he already knows, and thus, in the place of his own desultory knowledge of facts, to present him with a grand whole, or at least to impress it more vividly on his mind.

In the other case, the writer, even while adhering to the same unity of design, is compelled to narrate all the particular facts.

Goethe. (*Recensionen.*)

THE writer, or even the student, of history, ought, if possible, to know all nations in their own tongue. Languages have one inscrutable origin—as have all national peculiarities—, and he has but an imperfect knowledge of a people who does not know their language.

B. G. Niebuhr. (*Lebensnachrichten.*)

I HATE all people who want to found sects. It is not error, but sectarian error—nay, and even sectarian truth,—which causes the unhappiness of mankind.

Lessing.

LOVE one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dewdrop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills.

Jean Paul.

THE DROWNED CHILD.

.....SHE sprang into the boat, grasped the oar, and pushed off. The boat did not move; she was compelled to use all her strength, and to repeat the effort. The boat rocked, and floated a little from the shore. On her left arm was the child, in her left hand the book, in her right the oar;—she tottered with the motion and fell. The oar dragged

her towards one side of the boat, and, as she tried to recover herself, the child and the book towards the other; they fell into the water.

She grasped the child's clothes, but her own position rendered it impossible for her to rise. Her right hand, now disengaged, was not sufficient to enable her to turn or to stand up; at length she accomplished it; she drew the child out of the water, but his eyes were closed—he had ceased to breathe.

At this moment her whole recollection returned, but the greater was her anguish. The boat had drifted almost into the middle of the lake, the oar had floated far away, she saw no one on the shore—and what would it have availed her if she had? Cut off from every thing, she floated on the faithless, pathless element.

She sought help from herself. She had often heard the means described of restoring those apparently drowned, and had even witnessed their efficacy. She stripped the child, and dried it with her muslin robe. She tore open her bosom, and for the first time laid it bare to the heavens; for the first time she pressed a living creature to her pure, naked breast. Alas! it was not living!

The cold limbs of the unhappy babe struck a chill to her inmost heart. Streams of tears gushed from her eyes, and gave to the surface of the life-

less body an appearance of warmth and life. She would not give over. She wrapped it round and round in her shawl; she chafed, pressed and breathed on it, and thus, and by tears and kisses, she felt as if she in some measure compensated for the want of those succours which, in her desolate situation, were denied her.

All in vain! Motionless lay the child upon her arm,—motionless lay the boat on the surface of the water. But even now her sweet spirit left her not utterly helpless. She turned to the Helper above. She sank on her knees in the boat, and raised the lifeless babe with both arms across her innocent breast—as white, and, alas! as cold, as marble. With tearful eyes she looked upward, and called for help from thence, where a tender heart hopes to find it in the greatest abundance when its need is the greatest.

And not in vain did she turn to the heavens, whence already the stars began to look forth. A soft breeze arose, and wafted the boat close to the landing-place at the plane trees.

Goethe. (*Wahlverwandtschaften.*)

Concerning nothing do we come to more false conclusions and make more false steps, than concerning woman's cheerfulness. Ah! how many of these

affectionate creatures are there who pine unknown, despond smiling, and wither jesting; who with bright, joyous eyes, flee into a corner, as if behind a fan, that there they may right gladly break out into the tears which oppressed them; who pay for the day of smiles by a night of tears—just as an unusually transparent, clear and mistless day surely foretells rain!

Jean Paul. (*Campaner-Thal.*)

THE poet must have the power of bringing before himself the thoughts of others; likewise thoughts in every kind of series, and in every variety of expression.

Novalis.

LETTER FROM AN OLD MARRIED WOMAN TO A SENSITIVE YOUNG LADY.

YOU do your husband injustice, dear child, if you think he loves you less than formerly. He is a man of an ardent, active temper, who loves labour and exertion, and finds his pleasure in them; and as long as his love for you furnished him with labour and exertion he was completely absorbed in it. But this has, of course, ceased; your reciprocal position—but by no means his love, as you imagine—has changed.

A love which seeks to conquer, and a love which

has conquered, are two totally different passions. The one puts on the stretch all the virtues of the hero; it excites in him fear, hope, desire; it leads him from triumph to triumph, and makes him think every foot of ground that he gains, a kingdom. Hence it keeps alive and fosters all the active powers of the man who abandons himself to it. The happy husband cannot appear like the lover; he has not like him to fear, to hope, and to desire; he has no longer that charming toil, with all its triumphs, which he had before, nor can that which he has already won be again a conquest.

You have only, my dear child, to attend to this most natural and inevitable difference, and you will see in the whole conduct of your husband, who now finds more pleasure in business than in your smiles, nothing to offend you. You wish—do you not?—that he would still sit with you alone on the mossy bank in front of the grotto, as he used to do, look in your blue eyes, and kneel to kiss your pretty hand. You wish that he would paint to you in livelier colours than ever those delights of love which lovers know how to describe with so much art and passion; that he would lead your imagination from one rapture to another. My wishes, at least for the first year after I married my husband, went to nothing short of this. But it will not do;—the best husband is also the most useful and active member of society; and when

love no longer demands toil and trouble—when every triumph is a mere repetition of the last—when success has lost something of its value along with its novelty—the taste for activity no longer finds its appropriate food, and turns to fresh objects of pursuit. The necessity for occupation and for progress is of the very essence of our souls; and if our husbands are guided by reason in the choice of occupation, we ought not to pout because they do not sit with us so often as formerly by the silver brook or under the beech tree. At first I too found it hard to endure the change. But my husband talked to me about it with perfect frankness and sincerity. "The joy with which you receive me," said he, "does not conceal your vexation, and your saddened eye tries in vain to assume a cheerful look; I see what you want—that I would sit as I used to do on the mossy bank, hang on all your steps, and live on your breath; but this is impossible. I would bring you down from the top of the church steeple on a rope-ladder, at the peril of my life, if I could obtain you in no other way; but now, as I have you fast in my arms, as all dangers are passed and all obstacles overcome, my passion can no longer find satisfaction in that way. What has once been sacrificed to my self-love, ceases to be a sacrifice. The spirit of invention, discovery and conquest, inherent in man, demands a new career. Before I obtained you I

used all the virtues I possessed as steps by which to reach you; but now, as I have you, I place you at the top of them, and you are the highest step from which I now hope to ascend higher."

Little as I relished the notion of the church tower, or the honour of serving as the highest step under my husband's feet, time and reflection on the course of human affairs convinced me that the thing could not be otherwise. I therefore turned my active mind, which would perhaps in time have been tired of the mossy bank, to the domestic business which came within my department; and when we had both been busy and bustling in our several ways, and could tell each other in the evening what we had been doing, he in the fields, and I in the house or the garden, we were often more happy and contented than the most loving couple in the world.

And, what is best of all, this pleasure has not left us after thirty years of marriage. We talk with as much animation as ever of our domestic affairs; I have learned to know all my husband's tastes, and I relate to him whatever I think likely to please him out of journals, whether political or literary; I recommend books to him, and lay them before him; I carry on the correspondence with our married children, and often delight him with good news of them and our little grandchildren. As to his accounts, I understand them as well as he, and make them easier to him by

having mine of all the yearly outlay which passes through my hands, ready and in order; if necessary, I can send in a statement to the treasury chamber, and my hand makes as good a figure in our cash-book as his; we are accustomed to the same order, we know the spirit of all our affairs and duties, and we have one aim and one rule in all our undertakings.

This would never have been the case if we had played the part of tender lovers after marriage as well as before, and had exhausted our energies in asseverations of mutual love. We should perhaps have regarded each other with ennui, and have soon found the grotto too damp, the evening air too cool, the noontide too hot, the morning fatiguing. We should have longed for visitors, who when they came would not have been amused, and would have impatiently awaited the hour of departure, or, if we went to them, would have wished us away. Spoiled by effeminate trifling, we should have wanted to continue to trifle, and to share in pleasures we could not enjoy; or have been compelled to find refuge at the card-table—the last place at which the old can figure with the young.

Do you wish not to fall into this state, my dear child? Follow my example, and do not torment yourself and your excellent husband with unreasonable exactions. Don't think, however, that I have

entirely renounced the pleasure of seeing mine at my feet. Opportunities for this present themselves far more frequently to those who do not seek, but seem to avoid them, than to those who allow themselves to be found on the mossy bank at all times, and as often as it pleases their lord and master.

I still sometimes sing to my little grandchildren, when they come to see me, a song which, in the days when his love had still to contend with all sorts of obstacles, used to throw him into raptures; and when the little ones cry, "Ancora! ancora! grandmamma," his eyes fill with tears of joy. I asked him once whether he would not now think it too dangerous to bring me down a rope-ladder from the top of the church steeple, upon which he called out as vehemently as the children, "Oh, ancora! grandmamma, ancora!"

P.S.—One thing, my dear child, I forgot. It seems to me that you trust too entirely to your good cause and your good heart, (perhaps, too, a little to your blue eyes,) and do not deign to try to attract your husband anew. I fancy you are at home, just as you were a week ago in society at our excellent G—'s, where I found you all as stiff and silent as if you had met only to tire each other to death. Did you not observe how soon I set the whole company in motion? This was merely by a few words addressed to each, on the subject I

thought most agreeable or most flattering to him. After a time the others began to feel more happy and at their ease, and we parted in high spirits and good humour.

What I did there, I do daily at home. I try to make myself and all around me agreeable. It will not do to leave a man to himself till he comes to you, to take no pains to attract him, or to appear before him with a long face. But it is not so difficult as you think, dear child, to behave to a husband so that he shall remain for ever in some measure a lover. I am an old woman, but you can still do what you like; a word from you at the right time will not fail of its effect. What need have you to play the suffering virtue? The tear of a loving girl, says an old book, is like a dewdrop on the rose; but that on the cheek of a wife is a drop of poison to her husband. Try to appear cheerful and contented, and your husband will be so; and when you have made him happy you will become so, not in appearance, but in reality.

The skill required is not so great. Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife; he is always proud of himself as the source of it. As soon as you are cheerful, you will be lively and alert, and every moment will afford you an opportunity of letting fall an agreeable word. Your education, which gives you an immense advantage, will

greatly assist you; and your sensibility will become the noblest gift that nature has bestowed on you, when it shows itself in affectionate assiduity, and stamps on every action a soft, kind and tender character, instead of wasting itself in secret repinings.

Justus Möser. (*Patriotische Fantasien.*)

THERE are in certain heads a kind of established errors against which reason has no weapons. There are more of these mere assertions current than one would believe. Men are very fond of proving their steadfast adherence to nonsense.

Von Knebel.

INNOCENCE and ignorance are sisters. But there are noble and vulgar sisters. Vulgar innocence and ignorance are mortal, they have pretty faces, but wholly without expression, and of a transient beauty; the noble sisters are immortal, their lofty forms are unchangeable, and their countenances are still radiant with the light of paradise. They dwell in heaven, and visit only the noblest and most severely tried of mankind.

Novalis.

Both love of mankind and respect for their rights are duties; the former however only a conditional, the latter an unconditional, purely imperative duty, which he must be perfectly certain not to have transgressed, who would give himself up to the sweet emotions arising from beneficence.

Kant. (*Zum ewigen Frieden.*)

As no censor can found his prohibitions on the exclusive possession and protection of truth, he must maintain his right to a dominion over inquiry on some other ground than the worth or worthlessness of its results. This other ground is, *their influence on the people.* The poor people! Everywhere are they invited into the court of the palace when the heaviest burthens of war or of peace are to be carried away; everywhere are they driven out of it when the greatest treasures are to be distributed, *e. g.* light, art, pleasure, etc.

With what right does any one class demand the exclusive possession of light?—unless indeed it means also to claim exclusive possession of the iniquitous power of ruling more absolutely from its own light over others' darkness.

Can a state permit the development of the faculties of human nature only to certain individuals, as it grants titles and orders? On the contrary, the claim

on a state for the means of culture is the stronger, the smaller its actual amount; the demand for the primary and simplest education, more urgent than for the highest.

But upon this matter the old arguments—the hoary satellites of despotism—still exist; namely, that the people, like horses and birds in the mill or the fowling-floor, serve both their own interests and the interests of the state much better when blinded.

But these decrepit servants of tyranny knavishly assume that the same sunlight which is useful on mountains, is mischievous in valleys; and that want of education, though it will not protect the high against error and corruption, will the low; that truth misunderstood can never become truth misused, except among the people.

Jean Paul.

.... Such are the desponding conclusions as to human affairs to which we are inevitably driven if we do not cherish a firm conviction that the pure abstract principles of right have an objective reality—*i. e.* are susceptible of execution; and that the transactions either of the people of a state, or of states with one another, must be in accordance with those principles, let empirical policy oppose to them what it may. True policy can therefore take no step without first doing homage to morality; and although

policy is certainly in itself a difficult art, yet its union with morality is no art at all; since, wherever they are opposed, the latter cuts the knot which the former cannot untie. Justice must be held sacred by men, let the sacrifices it may cost the sovereign power be what they may. There can be no acting by halves, nor contriving that intermediate thing between justice and expediency,—a justice subject to conditions of narrow and partial utility; but all policy, to have any permanent strength, must bow the knee to justice.

Kant. (*Zum ewigen Frieden.*)

RELIGION AND ART.

THE Greeks were in a certain sense fortunate, that long before art had a visible existence, the genius of the people had prepared the way for the artist and had prefigured the whole world of art. That mystical element which is so essential a part of religion, —in which we dimly conceive and feel the divine nature as infinite and absolutely different from the human—as incapable of all representation and the subject only of faint and imperfect suggestions,—this element was not wholly excluded indeed—for that is impossible—but thrown into the back-ground, especially by poetry. The ancient legends which describe the secret influences of the universal powers

of nature, had, even as early as the Homeric age, nearly lost all meaning to the Greeks; the festal rites which sprang from this root continued to be observed as venerable and traditional ceremonies; but poetry followed her inevitable course—to fashion everything after the analogy of human life; and with this a simple piety, which conceived the Deity as a human protector and counsellor, a father and friend in every time of need, was perfectly consistent. The bards, who were themselves only the organs of the universal sentiment, gradually rendered their descriptions more individual and precise; as we see that Homer did not attain to the same degree of sensible distinctness which characterized the poets of the most flourishing age of plastic art. When, however, plastic art had succeeded in representing the outward forms of life in all their truth and significancy, there remained only for her to give substance to the ideal images which the imagination had already individualized. And although this could never be done without an entirely original conception, without inspiration, and an exertion of genius on the part of the artist, yet the general conception of the god entertained by the whole nation was there, and served as a criterion of the accuracy of the representation. If the established and distinct conception of the god, and the exquisite sense of the Greeks for the character of forms,

were completely satisfied, a normal image arose, to which all succeeding artists conformed, though with the living freedom of genius; evincing that peculiar taste and judgment of the Hellenic nations, equally removed from oriental stiffness and servility, and from the modern rage for originality, which is the mere offspring of vanity. Statues of gods and heroes were produced, which possessed not less internal truth and distinctness than if the gods and heroes had actually set to the artists. This state of things the world has beheld but once, because it was only in Greece that art was the business of the nation.

The foregoing remarks are illustrated chiefly by the statues of those gods who were in the highest degree individualized: *i. e.* whose nature was the least susceptible of being reduced to an elemental idea. It is not as significant symbols, but as actual existences, that we consider them; which arises not from their having been the objects of outward perception, but from their ideal character having lived through the whole history of the Greek races by which they were worshiped, and received a thousand impressions from it. Hence they are in the highest degree corporeal,—they possess the most intense personality.

They are, the gods of Olympus; the supreme Zeus, with his children and kindred.

Ottfried Müller.

BERLIN SINGING-SCHOOL.

My main reason for wishing for you now, is purely ideal. Our chorus is now nothing less than a vast *organon*, which I can set a-playing or stop, with a movement of my hand ; and can make it, like a telegraph, denote and express great thoughts.

An organ, every pipe of which is a rational, voluntary agent, may realize our highest conceptions, but then it demands the highest mind to govern it. Here are the most promising youth of a large and not wholly corrupted capital, gathered together, eagerly receiving every good suggestion, and quietly following it out ;—a school, whose end is wisdom, whose means, poetry, harmony and song.

Zelter.

It is as if women made everything with their hands, and men with tools.

A. W. v. Schlegel.

.....God preserve us the use of our senses, and send every beginner a competent master! But as these are not always and everywhere to be had, we wish that every artist or lover of art would give us a περὶ ἑαυτοῦ of his attempts; of the difficulties which he found it the hardest to overcome; of the

powers by which he surmounted those difficulties; of the accidents which helped him; of the inspiration that in certain moments came over him and enlightened him as to his own being, till at length, gradually advancing in strength, he gained possession of the mighty empire, and compelled the neighbouring arts—nay, universal nature—to pay tribute to him as king and conqueror.

Thus—proceeding from the mechanical to the intellectual, from the grinding of colours and the stretching of strings to the true influence of the arts on heart and mind—we might collect a living theory, which might delight and encourage the lover of art, and perhaps afford no inconsiderable help to genius.

Goethe. (*Recensionen.*)

True hope is based on energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit too rests upon itself; it is not confined to partial views, or to one particular object. And if at last all should be lost, it has saved itself—its own integrity and worth.

Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of all evils; it is the abandonment of good,—the giving up of the battle of life with dead nothingness.

He who can implant courage in the human soul is its best physician.

To seek to govern men by their fears and their wants is an unworthy purpose; the desire to rule by means of cowardice is itself cowardice. Love inspires courage and hope, and thus is doubly the giver and the preserver of life.

Whatever teaches us boldly to combat the manifold doubts and assaults of life, enables us to win the crown of victory. Special care ought therefore to be taken in education to teach what true courage is—as well in social and domestic, as in public affairs—and by what means it may best be sustained.

Von Knebel.

LETTER TO GOETHE.

March 5th, 1808.

FRANKFORT is wet, cold, odious. If it were not for your mother, winter here would be intolerable—so utterly without consistency—nothing but eternally melting snow.

I have a rival in her good graces, a squirrel which a handsome French soldier left here in quarters. She lets it do whatever it likes. She calls it Jack (Hänschen), and Jack may gnaw the chairs and tables,—nay, he has even had the audacity to sit upon her state cap, and bite the feathers and flowers.

A day or two ago I called in the evening, and the maid let me in, saying that she was out, but would soon return. The room was dark,—I sat down by the window and looked out. Suddenly it seemed to me as if something rustled. I listened, and thought I heard breathing; I was half afraid; I heard something move again, and asked, willing to put it on the squirrel, "Jack, are you there?" "It 's not Jack, it 's John," answered a sonorous bass voice in the background, to my great surprise and consternation, and thereupon the *ubique malus spiritus* cleared his throat. Awestruck, I did not venture from my place; the spirit gave no other indications of his presence than his breathing and an occasional sneeze. I now heard your mother; she entered with Miss Lieschen behind her, bearing the scarcely lighted candles. "Are you there?" said she, taking off her cap, which she deposited on its nocturnal stand—a green wine bottle; "Yes," exclaimed both of us at once, and a bestarred gentleman advanced out of the corner, and said, "Frau Rath*, will you let me eat a ham salad and some pancakes (Eierkuchen) with you tonight?" Hereupon I concluded that John was no other than a prince of Mecklenburg; for who has not heard your mother tell the pretty story, how, at the emperor's coronation, the present Queen of Prussia, then a little princess, and her bro-

* Mrs. Councillor—the title by which Goethe's mother was universally known, and peculiar to her.—TRANSLATOR.

ther saw the Frau Rath going to eat this identical supper, and how their appetite was so inflamed by the sight that they ate it all up to the last leaf?

She now related the whole history over again with great glee, and many others besides; *e. g.* how she procured for the princesses the pleasure of pumping water till they were tired, at the pump in her yard; how she tried by every possible argument to prevent the governess from calling them away, and at last, finding she could not prevail, used force, and locked her up in a room. "For," said your mother, "I had rather have got into the most serious scrape, than that the dear children should have been disturbed in their innocent enjoyment, which they would never have been allowed anywhere but in my house; and indeed they told me when they took leave, that they should never forget how happy and merry they had been."

I could write you sheets full of such reminiscences.

Bettina. (*Frau v. Arnim.*)
Briefwechsel Goethes mit einem Kinde.

THE censor of political and religious books should remember the Cayba spider Don Antonio de Ulloa talks of, which gives out a mortal poison if seized and crushed, but is perfectly innoxious when blown off the skin.

Jean Paul.

PESTALOZZI.

PESTALOZZI places himself before us in his own writings with the most genuine and touching frankness. I might cite him, like Luther, as exhibiting the distinctive features of the German heart, and might draw the cheering inference, that this heart, with all its wonder-working powers, still beats within the wide circle where the German tongue is spoken. Pestalozzi, too, lived a whole life of toil, struggling with every possible obstacle; internally, with his own obstinate confusion and awkwardness of mind, and his very slender stock of the ordinary appliances furnished by a learned education; externally, with unceasing misapprehensions; he struggled forward towards a dim and shadowy object, of which he had no distinct knowledge whatever, yet was sustained and borne along by an unconquerable and all-powerful impulse—love for the poor, destitute, neglected people. This all-powerful love made him, like Luther, (only in another manner, and one more suited to his age) its instrument; it was the life of his life; it was, unconsciously to himself, the strong and unbroken clue which guided his whole course through all the clouds that surrounded it, and which crowned its evening—for it was impossible that such a love should depart from earth unrequited—with a triumph of what may be truly called his intellectual

discovery, far beyond his most daring hopes. He had wished only to help the people; but his discovery, taken in its widest extension, abolishes *the people*—abolishes the distinction between them and the educated classes; gives, instead of popular education (which was the object of his efforts), national education, and may in time become the instrument of raising the masses, and the whole human race, out of the depths of that misery in which he found them.

Fichte. (*Reden an die deutsche Nation.*)

.....Siebenkäs pored over a fatal iron-mould—a pock-mark or wart in his wife's heart: he could never raise her to a lyrical enthusiasm of love, in which she might forget heaven and earth and all things. She could count the strokes of the clock between his kisses,—and listen to the pot boiling over and run to take it off, with the big tears, which he had drawn forth by a beautiful story or a discourse from the outpourings of his heart, yet standing in her eyes. She sat in the adjoining room and sang to herself quavering psalms, and in the middle of a verse she interpolated the prosaic question, "What shall I cook this evening?" And he could never get it out of his head, that once, in the midst of the most moved attention to a closet-sermon of his on death and eternity, she looked thoughtfully downwards,

and at length said, "Don't put on your left stocking tomorrow morning; I must first mend a hole in it."

The author of this history hereby asserts that he has often gone nearly out of his mind in consequence of such-like feminine interludes. It is in truth to be wished that the said author, in case he enter into the estate of matrimony, may find a woman to whom he can read the most essential principles and *dictata* of metaphysics and astronomy, and who will not, in his most towering flights, cast up his stockings at him. He will however be satisfied if one fall to his lot who has humbler merits, but who is capable of soaring with him to a certain height:—one on whose opened eyes and heart the flowery earth and beaming heavens strike not in infinitesimals, but in large and towering masses; for whom the great Whole is something more than a nursery or a ball-room; one who, with a feeling at once tender and discriminating, and with a heart at once pious and large, for ever improves the man whom she has wedded. This it is, and no more, to which the author of this history limits his wishes.

Jean Paul. (*Siebenkäs.*)

To have freedom, is only to have that which is absolutely necessary to enable us to be what we ought to be, and to possess what we ought to possess.

This is clear, if we ask ourselves what are the grounds and objects of our aspirations and wishes, and reflect what are the obstacles to their fulfilment. This inquiry leads us to the root of all lying. The first privation of freedom consists in this—that we must not say what we wish, nor what we think. In the secrecy of prayer we say it to our heavenly Father, indeed he knows it without our confessions; but in the world we lie and conceal. Yet he alone is worthy to be called a friend, to whom we dare to show ourselves as we are. If lies are told us, we must look to ourselves as the cause; we must not only deserve confidence by our integrity, but inspire and invite it by our kindness and indulgence. To repose such confidence is the profoundest of all social wants; the end and the foundation of speech.

Rahel.

....MANY among you may think it inexpedient to speak frequently, or indeed ever, except on occasions of great solemnity, of religion,—and to this I shall not attempt to reply. But the world cannot forbid you to manifest the spirit of religion in a holy life. You may therefore show forth its essence in every act and deed; even the most ordinary and trivial affairs and relations of life need not be devoid of the expression of a pious heart. Let the deep and sacred feeling which inspires and governs all your actions, show that even in those trifles

over which a profane mind passes with levity, the music of a lofty sentiment echoes in your heart; let the majestic serenity with which you estimate the great and the small, prove that you refer everything to the Immutable—that you perceive the Godhead alike in everything; let the bright cheerfulness with which you encounter every proof of our transitory nature, reveal to all men that you live above time and above the world; let your easy and graceful self-denial prove how many of the bonds of egotism you have already broken; and let the ever quick and open spirit from which neither what is rarest nor most ordinary escapes, show with what unwearied ardour you seek for every trace of the Godhead—with what eagerness you watch for its slightest manifestation. If your whole life, and every movement of your outward and inward being, is thus guided by religion, perhaps the hearts of many will be touched by this mute language, and will open to the reception of that spirit which dwells within you.

Schleiermacher. (*Ueber die Religion.*)

As to the value of conversions, God alone can judge. God alone can know how wide are the steps which the soul has to take before it can approach to a community with Him, to the dwelling of the perfect, or to the intercourse and friendship of higher natures.

Goethe. (*Recensionen.*)

PROGRESS AND PERMANENCY.

Breslau, Dec. 23, 1805.

YOUR letter of the 20th, which I have just read a second time, contains something which I cannot for a moment leave unanswered; for I cannot bear to be misunderstood by a man like you on so important a point.

That "I hate intellectual progress," I never said, or at least never meant. How could I do myself such injustice? What I meant is nearly as follows:—

Two principles govern the moral and intellectual world. One is perpetual progress, the other, the necessary limitations to that progress. If the former alone prevailed, there would be nothing steadfast and durable on earth, and the whole of social life would be the sport of winds and waves. If the latter had exclusive sway, or even if it obtained a mischievous preponderancy, everything would petrify or rot. The best ages of the world are always those in which these two principles are the most equally balanced. In such ages every enlightened man ought to adopt both principles into his whole mind and conduct, and with one hand develope what he *can*, with the other restrain and uphold what he *ought*.

But in wild and stormy times, when this balance is destroyed by attacks on the conservative principle; or in dark and barbarous times, when the prin-

ciple of progress is unduly checked, it appears to me that every individual should take a part, and should become to a certain extent one-sided, in order to form a sort of counterpoise to the disorder that reigns around him. When fear of truth, persecution for opinions, and stupid persistency weigh down the human mind, the best men of their age must strive, even unto martyrdom, for progress. When, on the other hand,—as in our times,—destruction of every kind is become the ruling and preponderant tendency, all distinguished men must attach themselves obstinately to old opinions and institutions.

Thus alone did I understand the question. And even now, even in these times of dissolution, very many must of course labour at the mental culture of the human race; but some must devote themselves to the more difficult, the more thankless, the more dangerous task of struggling against the excessive tendency to change. That these men must, above all things, be highly cultivated, I assume as indispensable.

* * * * *

I am as little inclined to extremes as you. The difference between us lies mainly in this: you have the principle of progress, as aim, constantly before your eyes; but too great and too wise to rush blindly forward, you have learned and have admirably taught others, how necessary it is to hold the

rein even while you urge forward. I have chosen the conservative principle as my polar star; but I never forget that we must urge onward, even while we keep a steady rein.

In tranquil times we should stand precisely on the same line; even in the storms of these tremendous days we are in a state of perpetual approximation; both extremely near to the centre, though starting from a different point of the periphery.

Genz. (*Briefe an Johannes v. Müller.*)

They came, saw, and conquered—all who were at table expecting them. Heavens! they were enlightened, eighteenth-century men. They stood up stoutly for moderate freedom, and good amusing reading, and moderate deism, and moderate philosophy. They delivered themselves most clearly against the apparition of spirits,—against all illusions and all extremes. They liked very well to read their poets—as models of style to be advantageously used in business, and as relaxations from solid affairs; they relished nightingales—roasted; and liked myrtles, as Spanish bakers do—to heat their ovens with; they had killed the great sphynx, who sets us the riddle of life, and carried off the stuffed hide, and they held it for a wonder that any-

body else would now submit to be puzzled. Genius, said they, we would certainly not throw away; we would keep it for sale. And their icy souls burn but for one object—for the body; this is solid and real; this is the true state, and religion, and art.

Jean Paul. (*Titan.*)

THE HARTZ.

.....THE mountains were here steeper, the pine forests waved beneath like a deep green sea, and white clouds floated across the blue heavens. The wildness of the scene was, as it were, tamed by its unity and simplicity. Nature, like a good poet, loves no abrupt transitions. The clouds, however fantastic be their forms, have a pure and tender colouring which harmonizes with the blue sky and the green earth, so that all the hues of a region melt into each other like soft music, and nature, under each of her aspects, has a tranquillizing and soothing influence.

Like a great poet too, nature can produce the greatest effects with the fewest means. There are only a sun, trees, flowers, water—and love. It is true, if this is wanting in the heart of the spectator, the whole may present but a poor uninteresting spectacle; and the sun is then only so many miles in diameter, and the trees are good for firewood, and

the flowers are classified according to the number of their stamina, and the water is wet.

* * * * * * *

A little boy, who was gathering brushwood in the forest for his sick uncle, pointed out to me the village of Leerbach. He seemed to be upon a footing of the greatest intimacy with the trees; he greeted them as old acquaintances, and they rustled their greetings in reply. He whistled like a linnet, and the other birds all around answered him; and before I was well aware, he had disappeared in the thicket with his naked feet and his bundle of brushwood.

Children, thought I, are younger than we, and can still remember the time when they were trees or birds, and can therefore understand and speak their language; but we are grown old, and have too many cares, and too much jurisprudence and bad poetry in our heads.

Heinrich Heine. (*Reisebilder.*)

It is indifferent in what condition we are, if we are not in that we wish for.

Rahel.

How rarely do men accurately weigh what they have to sacrifice against what they have to gain! How hard is it to will the end, and not to turn with

repugnance from the means! Many transpose them, and delight themselves in the means, while they lose sight of the end. They seek to cure every disease topically on the spot where it first shows itself, and take no care to discover the point where it really has its origin, and whence it acts. Hence is it so difficult to profit by advice,—especially for the many, who are intelligent enough about their every-day affairs, but seldom see beyond the morrow. Thus it happens, that when, in any popular institution or scheme, one man loses and another gains, it is impossible to come at a fair comparison of the respective portions of good and evil. All truly common good must be the result of an act of the uncontrolled sovereign will.

Goethe.

LIANE stood in the moonlight behind the plashy water. Albano tore asunder the branches which obstructed his view, and looked, uncovered and breathless, on the holy beauty of the vision. With the unearthly station and look of a Grecian god, Liane stood resplendent in the moonbeams, and the entranced youth beheld the young, open, serene Madonna brow, on which none of the world's sorrows and disturbances had traced a furrow or thrown a shade—and the small delicate, scarcely-arched eyebrow—and the face like a perfect pearl, oval and

white—and the loosened locks lying on the lilies of the valley at her heart—and the slender graceful form, which, with her white garments, gave a diviner air to her beauty—and the ideal stillness of her whole being, as she stood laying only her fingers, and not her arm, on the balcony, as if the Psyche only hovered over the lily-bell of her body, and shook or bowed it never—and the large blue eyes which, while her head sank a little, unclosed with inexpressible beauty, and seemed to lose themselves in dreams, and in distant plains glowing in the evening red.

Thrice happy man! The only visible goddess, Beauty, appears to thee suddenly in all her might and majesty, and accompanied by all her heavens.

Jean Paul. (*Titan.*)

LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA, TO HER FATHER, THE DUKE OF MECKLENBURG STRELITZ.

Memel, June 17th, 1807.

With the deepest emotion and tears of the tenderest gratitude, I have read your letter of April last. How can I thank you, best and kindest of fathers, for all the proofs I have received of your love, your favour, your indescribable goodness to me? What a consolation, what a support are they to me in my afflictions! The object of such love cannot be utterly unhappy.

Another enormous calamity has overtaken us, and we are now on the point of leaving the kingdom. You may think what is my state—what are my feelings. Yet in the name of God I conjure you, do not misunderstand your daughter! Believe not that any pusillanimous sorrow bows down my head. There are two main sources of courage that raise me above all that fate can do: the first is the thought that we are no sport of a blind chance, but that we abide in God's hand, and under the guidance of his providence; the second, that we fall with honour. The king has proved—to the whole world he has proved—that he prefers honour to a shameful submission. Prussia will not wear the chains of a voluntary slavery. Nor is there a single point on which the king could have acted otherwise, without being false to his own character, and a traitor to his people. What strength the consciousness of this gives, he alone can know through whose whole being the feeling of honour flows like life-blood.

But to the point.

By the disastrous battle of Friedland, Königsberg has fallen into the hands of the French. The enemy presses hard upon us, and if this danger approaches but a little nearer, I shall be compelled to leave Memel with my children. The king will rejoin the emperor. I go, as soon as the peril becomes imminent, to Riga:—God will help me to endure the

moment when I must pass the frontier of Prussia. There I shall stand in need of strength; but I look up to Heaven, whence come both good and evil, and my fast faith is that it sends not more than we can bear! Once more, best of fathers, we fall with honour, respected by other nations, and we shall never cease to have friends, because we deserve them. How tranquillizing this thought is, it is impossible to say. I bear all with a calmness and composure which only a peaceful conscience and pure intentions can give.

Be assured therefore, dearest father, that we can never be completely unhappy, and that many who are loaded with crowns and successes are not so cheerful as we. God send every virtuous man peace in his own breast, and he will ever find cause of rejoicing. Yet one thing more for your consolation—nothing will ever be done on our side that is not consistent with the strictest honour, and with fidelity to the common cause. Think not of the possibility of any pitiful concessions for our own peculiar interest. This will be a comfort to you, I know, and to all who belong to me.

I am ever your true, dutiful and most loving daughter, and, God be thanked, I can say—since your gracious kindness permits me—

Your Friend,

Louisa.

Extracts from Niebuhr's letters, during the retreat of the Prussian Court before the French.

Stettin, Oct. 20, 1806.

I HOPE, my dearest parents, you received the letter in which I informed you of our arrival here. This will have tranquillized you as to our personal safety. Concerning our future destiny you must not be uneasy. We regard it without dismay; and for this I have, in these awful times, to thank the education which you gave me, my dearest father, and the principles which I have ever followed out in my subsequent life. I shall always be able to gain a subsistence. If, as is probable, all those brilliant prospects which lately seemed to open before us have for ever vanished*, I shall be able to make my way as a man of letters or a merchant, and if I cannot succeed in one country, I shall not fail to do so in another. A place of refuge and bread we shall always find; and I entreat you to be persuaded that the thought that the horrible calamities which overwhelm the country have also ruined our own flattering prospects, does not for one moment mingle with our profound affliction for the fate of Prussia and of Europe. My social position would, in happier times, have become very fortunate. I might, under a most excellent minister†, have been able to introduce and to ex-

* Niebuhr's career under the Prussian government.

† Von Stein.

ecute many beneficial measures. I should have worked with satisfaction and pleasure, and might have reckoned on all those honours and advantages which are the rewards of a life devoted to public business. All this is over; but even for all this I should not lament.

We set out tomorrow for Danzig. As the French have entered Berlin, and will probably soon proceed hither, we can no longer postpone our departure. It is a long way to Danzig, and the season is far advanced. In Lower Pomerania we shall be wretchedly off for the accommodations or even the necessaries of life. For me this is nothing; may God only preserve my Amelia's health!

Whether Danzig will be the end of our flight, or whether we shall have to go yet further to the north-east, time will show. I endeavour not to think of it; but we will bear whatever comes with fortitude. Do not fear that we should be in want of money; we are abundantly provided.

You will probably have a tolerably correct idea from the Hamburg papers of the frightful condition of our army. A light now begins to break upon us, and gradually to illumine the dreadful chaos; it exhibits a picture which I must summon courage to contemplate.

Adieu! best of parents! I say it with a heavy heart.

Perhaps even our correspondence will be interrupted. Farewell—once more farewell, dearest parents, dear sister, kind aunt!

Barthold G. Niebuhr.

Oct. 22nd, 1806.

.....If you knew this people, you would find them worthy of your love. I never expected in our days to find so much vigour, earnestness, truth and kindliness combined. Led by a great spirit, they would have remained unconquerable by the whole world; and even now, though the torrent overspread the land with the rapidity of a whirlwind, yet such a spirit might drive it back again.

But where is it—that great spirit?

* * * * * * *

Königsberg, Nov. 12th.

.....Our life here is a cheerless one, from the time of year, the impassable roads, and the general confusion. We are almost prisoners—without tidings of you, of our other friends, or of threatened Denmark.

Farewell! Perhaps a long farewell. We will neglect no opportunity of writing. An interchange of thoughts and feelings will subsist between us, even should all means of embodying them in words be denied us.

* * * * * * *

Bartenstein, May 5th, 1807.

.....Our journey from Königsberg hither was very interesting, but the most melancholy of my life. Even close to Königsberg you see some ruined and deserted houses; in the villages more than half are uninhabited; there are no cattle in the fields—here and there, but very rarely, a scanty flock of sheep or swine; scarcely any people to be seen;—everything bespeaks misery and fear.

* * * * *

Landsberg an der Warthe, Dec. 13, 1807.

.....My worst fears could not have pictured to me a more melancholy and painful journey, accompanied with all the distressing anxieties caused by the season and the circumstances.. . . . . .

.....Late at night of the 28th we reached Braunsberg, and could not get post-horses till the following day at noon. We now reached a part of the country which has suffered the most grievously from devastation and disease. The country from Braunsberg to beyond the Prussian march is for ten miles (German) magnificent, stretching away in hills of considerable height; a very fruitful soil, inhabited, before these disastrous times, by opulent peasants in pretty villages, scarcely exceeded by those of the finest parts of Holstein. But the roads are in the most deplorable state, from the passage of troops and the transport of artillery, since which it has been impossible to

mend them. For there are scarcely any men, and still less horses, to be found in the country. The land all lies fallow, and bears, as our hostess sadly said, only flowers.

Barthold Georg Niebuhr. (*Lebensnachrichten.*)

THE plays of natural lively children are the infancy of art. Children live in the world of imagination and feeling. They invest the most insignificant object with any form they please, and see in it whatever they wish to see.

Oehlenschläger.

I WOULD fain know what music is; I seek it as man seeks eternal wisdom. Yesterday evening I walked late in the moonlight in the beautiful avenue of lime-trees on the banks of the Rhine, and I heard a tapping noise and soft singing. At the door of a cottage, under the blossoming lime-tree, sat a mother with her twin babes; the one lay at her breast, the other in a cradle, which she rocked with her foot, keeping time to her singing.

In the very germ then, when the first trace of life scarce begins to stir, music is the nurse of the soul; it murmurs in the ear, and the child sleeps; the tones are the companions of his dreams,—they are the world

in which he lives. He has nothing; the babe, although cradled in his mother's arms, is alone in the spirit; but tones find entrance into this half-conscious soul, and nourish it as the earth nourishes the life of plants.

Bettina. (*Briefwechsel Goethes mit einem Kinde.*)

Sebastian Bach is esteemed the greatest of harmonists, and with justice. That he is a poet of the highest order, one can scarcely venture to assert; and yet he belongs to those who, like your Shakspeare, are elevated far above childish clap-traps. As a servant of the church, he wrote for the church alone, and yet not in what is commonly called a church style. His style, like all that is his, is *Bachish.* That he used the common signs and names, sonata, concerto, etc., is no more than that a man is called Joseph or Christopher. Bach's native and prime element is solitude; and this you instinctively felt, when you said, "I lie down in my bed and get our organist from Berka to play *Sebastiana.*" Such is he; he will be hearkened to with silent watchfulness. * * * But he ought to be followed on the organ. This is the living soul, into which he breathes the immediate breath of life. His theme is the new-born thought or feeling which,

like the spark from the flint, springs out of the first accidental pressure of the pedal; by degrees he works himself into it, till he abstracts himself from the whole world, and then an exhaustless stream flows onward to the infinite ocean. His great organ compositions leave off, but they are not done; in them is no end.

Zelter.

(ANSWER.)

WELL do I remember the good organist of Berka; for then, for the first time,—in perfect tranquillity of mind and free from outward interruptions, I gained an idea of your great master, Sebastian Bach. I expressed it to myself thus;—that it was as if the Eternal Harmony held converse with itself, as it might be imagined to have done in the bosom of the Deity just before creation. Thus, too, it moved in my inmost being; and it seemed to me as if I had no ears, still less eyes; and that I neither had, nor wanted, any outward sense.

Goethe. (*Briefwechsel.*)

FRIENDSHIP requires actions: love requires not so much proofs, as expressions, of love. Love demands little else than the power to feel and to requite love.

Jean Paul. (*Palingenesien.*)

THE style of writing required in the great world is distinguished by a free and daring grace, a careless security, a fine and sharp polish, a delicate and perfect taste; while that fitted for the people is characterized by a vigorous natural fulness, a profound depth of feeling, and an engaging naïveté. We do not now speak of a still higher region—that of genius—for which there exist no boundaries of high and low; which embraces the most polished cosmopolitanism and the homeliest nationality.

Goethe.

ARABIA.

ARABIA, the land of the West, was so called by the Chaldeans because its higher deserts lie to the west, while the Syrians called its inhabitants Saracens—easterns. The name Barbar, son of the desert, was of native origin, and a title of honour; they looked with disdain on the dwellers in cities.

Two deep gulfs define the peninsula of Arabia; the desert stretches from the ancient empire of Persia to that of Rome. The whole country is said to contain fifty-five thousand square miles. Nature in the desert seems dead. The sun glares fiercely in an ever dry and cloudless sky; the naked hills appear flayed and seared by the winds, and disclose

boundless plains where no shadow refreshes the wanderer, where no object affords a resting-place for his eye. Between him and all living creatures lies a space across which the sight cannot travel; at far intervals a spring rises under the shade of a solitary cluster of palms, and soon is lost again in the sand. The Arab alone knows these resting-places; he dwells alone in their shades; free, and possessed of more than enough to satisfy his few and simple wants, hither he bears the slaves and treasures, the spoil of caravans which had imprudently entered into conflict with the followers of the Great Emir of the desert.

These islands in the sandy ocean are connected only by the camel. Like the inhabitants, this animal learns from his earliest days to bear thirst, hunger, and watching; he traverses three or four hundred leagues without drinking more than once in eight or ten days—without eating more than a few thistles, roots of wormwood and nettles; he carries a burthen of twelve or thirteen hundred pounds for a week together without ever being unloaded; in him is the Arab's safety, wealth, and most faithful companion; a nod directs his steps, and a song renews his vigour.

Johannes v. Müller.

.....I HAVE been very industrious during the last few weeks, and have studied much. You may think of me at my writing-table during the greater part of the day. I know not by what train of circumstances a great thirst for knowledge suddenly, and as if afresh, has been awakened within me, but it is very long since I have felt it in an equal degree. I abandon myself to this inclination so much the more readily, as I have no heart, so long as I am away from you, to produce anything of value. And my views and purposes are generally too firmly established for me to fear that I should fall into the vague and desultory reading for which I have a peculiar contempt. Everything that I set about has a definite purpose, and I never quit it without drawing from the materials I have collected the results answerable to that purpose. With this condition, I can scarcely resist my desire to endeavour to see, to know, to examine as much as is possible.

Man appears to me to be here in order that he may make all that surrounds him his own—the property of his understanding;—and life is short. I would fain, when I must depart hence, leave behind me as little as possible which I have not brought into contact with my own mind. This desire has always been part of my nature, and has, alas! often led me astray, so as to defeat its own ends. In knowledge, as well as in life, I have ever suffered

for too wide a dispersion of myself. I have grasped at everything, and have forgotten that, while steady application to one object leaves permanent results, attention to many consumes the mental vigour and faculties in vain.

With life, I have arrived at greater tranquillity; and with knowledge, the conflict is, God be praised, less perilous.

Wilhelm v. Humboldt. (*Briefwechsel mit Schiller.*)

JUSTINIAN'S ATTEMPT TO PREVENT COMMENTS ON HIS COMPILATIONS.

THE means resorted to by Justinian with a view to put an end to all the difficulties and controversies arising on the application of scientific law, were as new as they were arbitrary. He caused all that was necessary to a complete view of the existing law, and especially to the administration of the law, to be extracted from the whole mass of jurisprudential literature, without reference to the limits prescribed by Valentinian III. The matter so extracted was collected in a book and promulgated as law, while all the rest was abrogated. But he entirely forbade the rise of a new jurisprudential literature for the future. Only Greek translations of the Latin text, and (by way of mechanical aid) short sketches of the contents of the title, were to be allowed; if any book

properly so called, any commentary on these laws, were written, it was to be destroyed, and the author subjected to the punishment inflicted on forgery.

The only means for ensuring the maintenance and propagation of legal knowledge, was therefore oral teaching in the schools of law, which were consequently provided with a new plan of instruction. If, however, we consider this plan in conjunction with the above-mentioned prohibition, the design of it cannot be doubtful. It was unquestionably not intended as a means of subjecting those books to the free investigation and discussion of the teacher, which would have excited a kindred activity of mind in the learner, and thus have perpetuated a science of law independent of the matter they contained; for such a proceeding would have been obviously at variance with the purpose of the prohibition. The instruction must, on the contrary, have consisted in a mechanical learning by rote, and the functions of the teacher must have been restricted to helping the learner over those difficulties which are inherent in new matter of such enormous extent. One thought, therefore, lay at the bottom of all these edicts; viz. that this selection from the legal science and wisdom of former ages was adequate to all the wants of society, and could only be impaired by any new work.

To many, such a thought, thus literally expressed,

may appear extravagant, and they may therefore seek to give it a figurative or a milder interpretation ;— erroneously, as I think.

When Justinian came to the throne, he probably heard as loud complaints of the disastrous confusion of the law, and the urgent need for a thorough reform, as Frederic II. of Prussia, in the year 1740. A happy accident surrounded him with jurists of such perspicacity as had not appeared for more than a century, nor was he himself deficient either in legal knowledge, or in energy and desire of fame. He endeavoured, therefore, to apply a remedy to the evil which was felt to be the most pressing,—the unmanageable mass of jurisprudential literature and the numerous contradictions it contained. There was no example of any undertaking of a similar nature by which to measure that now contemplated, and hence the opinion might honestly be entertained at the imperial court, that an admirable state of the law might thus be produced, and that there was no other way of effectually preventing a relapse into the old evil, but by legal prohibition. Nor was there the smallest ground for fearing that any existing intellectual activity would be crushed by this prohibition (as was the case when Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius entertained a similar project); for the degree of vigour and intelligence which the present time had to offer were obvious to every one, and were manifestly little sus-

ceptible of deterioration. The threat of criminal punishment, and even the prohibition to write books, is indeed wholly alien from our manners; and, since the invention of printing, and the active intercourse of the several states of Europe, all such schemes would be absurd and extravagant. But if we pass over this despotical manner of executing the project, as merely accidental, the fundamental idea which prompted it is, in fact, the same self-delusion which, deeply rooted in human nature, is continually recurring in every part of the domain of opinion, and especially in the religious part: *i. e.* we believe ourselves permitted to impose on others, as exclusively right and authoritative, that particular formula of thought which we have constructed by the honest and conscientious exertion of our own powers, thus (as we think) for ever banishing error; —and with it, it is true, freedom of thought.

Justinian established this sort of jurisprudential concordat, and no one was to dare to disturb the peace which it was intended to secure. Shall we judge him severely for this? Our mental horizon is extended by the experience of nearly two thousand years, and yet the essence of this idea of Justinian's still dwells in those who entertain visionary hopes from the construction of new codes; though they are without the power, and indeed without the will,

to execute their project by the stern compulsion resorted to by Justinian.

Von Savigny. (*System des heutigen römischen Rechts.*)

THERE are days in which we are in a most felicitous vein for the conception of new images and projects, but can neither communicate nor mature any of them. These are not thoughts, they are only the ghosts of thoughts.

A. W. v. Schlegel.

MANY men live better with past or with future ages than with the present.

Novalis.

IN the bloom of youth and beauty, on the pinnacle of victory, of strength and of pleasure, man is often seized by a profound feeling of the fleeting nothingness of this state, which he calls his life.

Fred. Schlegel.

AND so he stayed—as he would—as he must. But the delight of being with her, near her, was like no other delight. And in her, also, this same feeling remained unchangeable; she too could not withdraw herself from the dominion of this sweet necessity.

After the resolution which for ever divided them, no less than before it, an indescribable, almost magical power of attraction, exerted itself in each towards the other. If they were in the same room, it was not long ere they stood, they sat, near each other. Nothing but the nearest nearness could tranquillize them—and this tranquillized them fully. It was enough that they were near: not a look—not a word —not a gesture—not a movement was needed; nothing—but to be together. For they were not two human beings; they were one—one, lapped in an unconscious, absolute delight, satisfied with itself and with the world. Nay, had one of them been forcibly detained at a remote part of the house, the other would have followed, step by step, without plan or premeditation. To them, life was a riddle, whose solution they could only find when they were together.

Goethe. (*Wahlverwandschaften.*)

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE YEAR.

In a sort of mental death, Firmian seated himself in the old chair, and covered his eyes with his hands. The mist was now withdrawn from the future, and discovered a long arid tract covered with the traces and ashes of burnt-out fires; full of sear and withered bushes, and scattered with bones

whitening in the sand. He saw that the chasm which divided his heart from hers would become wider and wider;—he saw it distinctly and desolately; his old, beautiful love would never return. Lenette would never lay aside her obstinacy, her sullenness, her habits; the narrow inclosures of her heart and of her head would remain impenetrably shut; she could as little learn to understand him as to love him. On the other hand, the absence of his friend aggravated the bitterness of her coldness; he looked mournfully along the dreary vista of long silent days, full of stifled sighs and mute accusations.

Lenette sat silently at work in the chamber, for her wounded heart shrank from words and looks as from chill and cutting winds. It was already very dark—but she wanted no light.

All at once a wandering ballad-singer with a harp, and her little boy with a flute, began to play under the window.

It was with our friends as if their swollen and tightened hearts received a thousand punctures, and then gently collapsed. As nightingales sing sweetest where there is an echo, so do our hearts speak most audibly where music is around them. Oh! as the many-stringed tones brought back to him his old hopes—hopes, the very aspect of which he could scarcely recognize; as he looked down into the Arcadia now lying deep, deep beneath the stream

of years, and saw himself there with his young fresh wishes, his long-lost joys, his glad eyes which gazed around full of confidence, and his expanding heart which husbanded and fostered all its love and truth for some future loving one; and as he now cried in a deep inward discord, "And such an one have I *not* found, and all is over;" and as the sounds passed like the shifting pictures of gay meadows, flowery thickets and loving groups in a camera obscura, before this lonely one who had nothing—not one soul in this land that loved him;—his firm spirit fell prostrate within him, and laid itself down upon the earth as if to its eternal rest—and now nothing had power to heal or to soothe it but its own sorrows.

Suddenly the tones, wandering on the night-wind, died away, and the pauses, like a burial in silence and darkness, struck deeper into the heart. In this melodious stillness he went into the chamber, and said to Lenette, "Take this trifle down to them." But he could only falter out the last words, for in the light reflected from the opposite house, he saw her flushed face covered with streaming unregarded tears: at his entrance she had affected to be busied in wiping off the mist which her warm breath had left upon the window-pane.

He said, in a still softer tone, "Lenette, take it directly, or they will be gone." She took it; her

heavy eyes turned away as they met his, no less tear-swollen than her own, yet they met dry and tearless,—so severed, so estranged were their souls already. They had reached that wretched state in which the hour of common emotion no longer reconciles or warms. His whole breast swelled with a torrent of love, but hers no longer belonged to him; he was oppressed at the same moment by the wish and the impossibility of loving her—by the certainty of the barrenness and coldness of her nature. He seated himself in a window recess, and leaned down his head and touched, by chance, the pocket handkerchief she had left. The afflicted creature, after the long constraint of a whole day, had refreshed herself by this gentle overflowing—as a hurt by pressure is relieved by opening a vein.

At the touch of the handkerchief a cold shudder ran through his frame, like a sting of conscience. And now the voice and the flute without the harp were heard again, and flowed on together in a slow, mournful ditty, every verse of which ended, "Gone is gone, dead is dead!"* Grief clasped him round like the mantle-fish in its dark stifling shroud. He pressed Lenette's tear-steeped handkerchief hard upon his eyeballs, and in darkness he felt, "Gone is gone, dead is dead!" Then suddenly his whole

* See Bürger's Leonore.

spirit melted within him at the thought that his throbbing heart would perhaps be at rest before the entrance of any other year than that which was to break upon him on the morrow; and he fancied himself departing, and the cold handkerchief lay steeped in double tears on his burning face; and the notes marked every point of time, like the beats of a clock, and he felt, sensibly, the passage and motion of time, and he saw himself at length sleeping in the quiet grave.

The music ceased. He heard Lenette go into the room and light a candle. He went to her and gave her the handkerchief. But his inner man was so bruised and bleeding that he felt as if he longed to embrace any outward being—be it what it would. He felt as if he must press, if not his present, yet his former—if not his loving, yet his suffering Lenette to his fainting, famished heart. But he neither wished nor tried to utter the word love. Slowly, and without bending down, he folded his arms around her, and drew her to his heart; but she turned her head coldly and abruptly from his offered kiss. This pained him acutely, and he said, "Am I happier than thou?" and he laid his face down on her averted head, and pressed her once more to him, and then released her. And as the vain embrace was over, his whole heart exclaimed, "Gone is gone, dead is dead!"

As he laid himself down to rest, he thought, the old year closes, as if for ever, in sleep; out of sleep the new one arises, like the beginning of existence, and I slumber over a fearful, formless, thickly-shrouded future. Thus do we go to sleep at the very gateway of imprisoned dreams, and we know not, although our dreams lie but at the distance of a few minutes, a few steps from the gate, whether when they issue forth, they will surround us in the likeness of crouching, glaring beasts of prey, or of fair children, smiling and sporting in their little sinless night;—whether we ought to strangle or to embrace the compacted air.

Jean Paul. (*Siebenkäs.*)

Those extraordinary and violent measures which, when put in execution, so easily become atrocious, whether they spring from the principle of liberty or from the principle of absolutism, are invariably characterized by the impossibility of arresting their progress:—crime once established and active, assumes the character of an independent power; it no longer depends on the will of the tyrant, whether he shall be a tyrant or not; an invisible force, like an inexorable destiny, hurries him forward.

F. Schlegel.

"In this secluded situation," said the mistress, "I have been obliged to dispense entirely with the instruction of masters."

"Perhaps," thought I, "because they sometimes insinuate themselves into the good graces of their unsuspecting pupils."

But the Domina, who read this suspicion in my eyes, had totally other reasons in her mind.

"No," said she, "that excessive anxiety to keep young girls from the flatteries of men is far more dangerous than the most reprehensible heedlessness. It is as if one were to rear in a hothouse, plants which are afterwards to be exposed to the open air. As the vigorous plant can resist the assaults of the weather, so a sound judgment, and feelings not pampered into mawkish sensibility, can offer a steady resistance to the suggestions of folly or vice."

It was, therefore, not any moral timorousness which determined her to dispense with the lessons of masters, but the superficiality of their teaching, and the entire uselessness of most of the so-called accomplishments, the only tendency of which is to rob young women of valuable time, and to inspire them with ludicrous and tiresome pretensions.

"The formation of the moral character," she continued, "is the main thing in female education, and

I have therefore to object to so-called accomplishments, that they afford dangerous food to vanity and egotism. But my chief objection to masters is their superficiality. If one finds in the world a half-honest teacher who has something like a profound and accurate knowledge of language and science, he will not devote himself to the instruction of women;—or, if he wishes to do so, people will not have him. The pride of men regards our sex as unworthy of serious and profound studies. But how does this determination to condemn us to indistinctness of ideas and frivolity of mind, avenge itself on them! Have you ever happened to be a witness of domestic brawls?—of genuine feminine altercations? Where do you hear a single argument? Where is a particle of reason evinced in the replies? Senseless contradiction, endless repetitions, are, to the despair of all belonging to them, the arguments of obstinate and shrewish women. Whence is this, if it does not arise from the superficiality of their education? Believe me, if women were taught to think, reason would not be so entirely thrown away upon them.

"This tyrannical denial of solid instruction recoils, however, in various ways on men, with whom it originates. For the nature of the lot they draw when they marry, depends not on the principles of their wives, but solely on their temperament, which

it is very difficult to ascertain beforehand. Now a man educates even his domestic animals; he will have his dog intelligent, his horse docile, his ox steady;—how can it then be a matter of such indifference to him, whether his wife, in the conduct of her household, in the early education of his children, in the intimate conversation of domestic life, displays reason, reflection, and clearness of mind? Married people want to talk with each other in a reasonable manner on various subjects, and of these, many can only be brought to any conclusion by inferences clearly deduced from principles. Now talk of principles with women, as they are generally educated!

"And then domestic life—what resources of happiness might it afford if women were capable of furnishing more food to the conversation of instructed men! Is it not melancholy to see that each sex has its own separate society? Really, as I have a taste for whatever is decided, I should prefer the harem of the Turks to these assemblies of both sexes, in which the women talk scandal in one corner and the men politics in another;—as if there could be no community of interests or pleasures between them.

"These things would arrange themselves naturally if the groundwork were put upon a good footing. In order to accomplish this, I have devised a new

system, in which the reason is constantly exercised. You will not deny, that without grammar there is no such thing as logic. Now let any one try to teach the grammar of the modern tongues without the help of the ancient. My young pupils certainly learned the most colloquial phrases of French, they tortured German after the fashion of our part of the country; but in all this there was no precision, clearness nor coherence, any more than in the books which we are forced to use in education. But as I perceived the meaning of what learned men have more than once explained to me, as to the causes of the want of all distinctness and accuracy in women's language, I esteemed myself fortunate in the discovery that my excellent assistant is a schoolmaster's daughter and a good Latin scholar. To avoid frightening my young girls with learning, or exciting the derision of men, I gave out that the Latin was only subsidiary to music,—for this too we study fundamentally or not at all, and therefore we sing the old Corali with the Latin text. This pretext answers very well; and, to give my young ladies courage, I put my own hand to the work, and learned my *musa, musæ* like the least of them.

"But you are going to ask what I mean to do as to Latin books, to most of which I believe some objections may justly be urged.

"I answer, that the important matter for us women

is not so much to read Latin books, as to learn a language which possesses so many forms, so much certainty and precision."

Rumohr. (*Deutsche Denkwürdigkeiten.*)

WHAT is the best government? That which teaches us to govern ourselves.

Goethe.

WILHELM V. HUMBOLDT AND SCHILLER.

Rome, October 22nd, 1803.

.....FROM one passage in your letter, my dear friend, it appears to me that you imagine my situation different from what it really is. You seem to think that it has withdrawn me from my former accustomed pursuits. This is not the case; the nature of my post here gives me little to do with politics. If I have hitherto worked but little, it is because Rome is itself a long and singular study.

I do not despair therefore,—nay, I confidently hope to be as industrious in my scientific pursuits here as elsewhere, and at least, my dear friend, be persuaded that my tastes, my inclinations, can never change. The standard of things within me remains firm and unaltered; the highest subjects of contemplation and of interest are and must ever be—

ideas. For these I have hitherto lived, to these I will now and ever remain true; and had I a sphere of action as vast as that of him who now virtually rules over Europe, I should always regard it as subordinate to that higher sphere. I will not, however, deny that a man who accepts a post of public business sacrifices something. But I did so not without deliberation. For some years I had not been in a felicitous state of mind for production; I had acquired a vast variety of knowledge, I knew many things better than most men, and yet all this did not combine firmly to form any result, and I could by no means be satisfied with the active part of my existence. It appeared to me, therefore, better to give to my activity a determinate, even though an ordinary course, and I only sought for one which might lead me to some interesting place of abode. And I think I have not miscalculated. Rome has already had an awakening, animating effect on me, and I feel greater fertility of mind than before I came.

These are confessions, dear friend, which I am always ready to make to you, yet which I should not have made but for a passage in your letter. For even to the most intimate friend I do not willingly speak of myself, since it is so much easier to judge obliquely of oneself than of another. Continue, kind and dear friend, to be to me what you are; and be assured, that whatever distance may separate us,

my interest is ever near you, and that the slightest pursuit of yours is more important in my eyes than all that I shall ever have power to attempt.

For—I must close as I began—you are the happiest of men; you have grasped the highest, and you have strength to hold it fast. It is become your region; and not only has ordinary life no power to trouble you in it, but you bring down from that empyrean a kindness, a gentleness, a clearness and a warmth into this lower world, which renders it impossible to mistake your descent. For you, one has nothing to pray for but life. Strength and youth are yours beyond the power of change.

Wilhelm v. Humboldt.

(ANSWER.)

Weimar, April 2nd, 1805.

.....In spite of the time which has passed since I sent you even a line, it seems to me as if our spirits had always been together, and it rejoices me to think that I can throw myself on your heart with the same confidence after this long silence as I did when we lived together. For our union there is no time and no space. Your sphere of action cannot so distract you, and mine cannot render me so one-sided and narrow, that we should cease to meet in the region of the noble and the true. And, come what

may, we are both of us idealists, and should be ashamed to allow it to be said of us, that circumstances formed us, and not we circumstances.

You know that, during the long period of interruption to our correspondence, I have been busy after my fashion. I wish to hear from yourself how you like my Tell—a justifiable wish, for whatever I do, I think how it will please you. You are still, to my thoughts, the counsellor and the judge you so often were; and whenever I endeavour to get out of my subject, and put myself in the place of a critic of my own works, it is in your person and in your spirit that I wish to do so.

In my poetical labours I hope I have not gone back,—sidewards, perhaps I have,—for I may perhaps have conceded something to the material demands of the world and the age. The dramatic poet is more readily hurried along by the stream of the time than any other. He comes, even against his will, into contact in various ways with the mass, and then it is impossible to escape some contamination. At first it gratifies one to play the ruler of spirits; but what ruler does not find himself compelled to become the servant of his servants, in order to preserve his sovereignty? And so it may easily have happened, that while I filled the German stage with the noise of my tragedies, I have caught something from that stage in return.

I embrace you a thousand times, my dear friend, and wish that this letter may bring me before you exactly such as you knew me formerly.

Schiller. (*Briefwechsel.*)

ORIGEN says that his contemporaries believed warm springs to be fed by the hot tears of fallen angels.

Goethe.

WHEN the heart of man is serene and tranquil, he wants to enjoy nothing but himself; every movement—even corporeal movement—shakes the brimming nectar-cup too rudely.

Jean Paul. (*Titan.*)

THERE were once some birds who lived in a spacious aviary. A bullfinch said to his neighbour the goldfinch, who was gaily fluttering from bush to bush, "Do you know, friend, that we are shut up in a cage?" "What do you talk of a cage?" said the goldfinch; "see how we fly about! That is a cage indeed in which neighbour canary is sitting." "But I tell you we are in a cage too. Don't you see there, the wire grating?" "Yes, I see one there, certainly; but look, as far as I can see on every side there is none." "You cannot see to all sides."

"No more can you." "But consider then," continued the bullfinch, "does not our master bring us water every morning, and put it in our trough, and strew seed on the ground? Would he do that if he did not know that we are shut up and cannot fly where we will?" "But," said the goldfinch, "I tell you I can fly where I will."

Thus they disputed for a long time, till at length the canary called out from his corner, "Children, if you cannot settle it whether you are in a cage or not, it's just as good as if you were not in one."

Goethe.

The system of freewill satisfies, the contrary deadens and annihilates my heart. To stand by, cold and dead, a mere spectator of the change of events, an idle mirror of the forms which fleet across its surface—such an existence is intolerable to me. I despise and loathe it. I will love, I will lose myself in sympathy, I will rejoice and be sad. The highest object of this sympathy to me, is myself, and the only means by which I can perpetually satisfy it are my actions. I will do my best in all things. I will rejoice when I have acted aright; I will lament over myself when I have done wrong; and even this sorrow shall be sweet to me, for it is sympathy with myself, and a pledge of future amendment.

Fichte. (*Bestimmung des Menschen.*)

To regard a whole people and a whole country only as a source of amusement for oneself,—to see nothing in the world and nature but a vast and varying scenery and decoration for the drama of one's own miserable life,—to look on all intellectual and moral greatness, on all that speaks to the heart, with the polished indifference of a mere spectator, or, when it is crushed and overpowered by folly and baseness, to make merry with the ludicrous side which these present—to me this is revolting;—perhaps more so to me individually than I can expect it to be to others; but the spirit which it betrays I can tolerate in no man. I know very well that I go into the other extreme; that my politico-historical taste is satisfied with what would have no interest for the merely curious observer; and that not only in the divine Tyrol, but on moor or heath, I could live happy, and feel no want of the arts, among a free peasantry who had a history. But the truth, though it certainly lies between two extremes, does not always lie in the middle.

.....I maintain too that there can be no such thing as a genuine and unerring sentiment for art without that for history,—for the arts have no separate existence; that the feeling for historical truth will reveal itself where it really exists, without any erudition—as, for example, in our painter Cornelius; that even Carlo Maratta—nay more, even Mengs—is

not without relative beauties which correspond to the times in which they lived—only that those times are utterly worthless, and the works they produced belong to an absolutely bad whole.

Were I but "qualis Præneste sub alta," I would write much more at length on this subject.

B. G. Niebuhr. (*Lebensnachrichten.*)

....."DREAM out your lovely dream," said Antony; "intoxicate yourself with your happiness, for you belong not now to the earth: hereafter we shall find each other again; for, sooner or later, poor man must awake and become sober."

"No, my dear, timorous-hearted friend," exclaimed Frederic, with sudden animation, "suffer not yourself to be persuaded by the prate of this shallow pretended wisdom, for it is despair itself. Can that love die which now shines in the deepest depth of my existence, and enlightens the darkest chambers and all the strange treasures of my heart? It is not the beauty alone of my beloved that transports me; it is not alone her gentle engaging character, but, above all, her love; and this *my* love, which goes forth to meet her, is my most holy and imperishable will,—my soul itself, which in this feeling breaks loose from the bonds of darkening matter. In this love, I see and feel faith and immortality, nay, even the Nameless

himself and all the wonders of his manifestation, in the very centre of my being. Beauty may fade and vanish; it only goes before us, thither where we shall find it again; but faith abides with us. Oh! my brother, Isalda and Syguna are, as men say, long since dead: you smile,—well, they never existed;—but the race of man lives on; and every spring, and every love, kindles anew the celestial fire; and therefore in all ages have the holiest tears been shed for the most beautiful, which in appearance only has withdrawn itself from us, and still looks forth and smiles upon us (calling up some dim and secret recollections) out of the eyes of children, out of the lips of young virgins, out of the flowers and brooks; and therefore is that poetical fiction undying. In this holy state did I first find *myself*; and I must lose myself again, I must be annihilated, if this rapture can, at any time, die.

Tieck. (*Phantasus.*)

We may try to fancy ourselves as we will; we think of ourselves always as seeing. I think we dream only that we may not cease to see. Is it not possible that the inward light may in time break forth, so that we should no longer stand in need of the outer?

Goethe. (*Wahlverwandschaften.*)

ANCIENT FORM OF HOMAGE IN CARINTHIA.

When a new lord of Austria comes to reign, the Carinthians have the following customs.

There is a block of marble set up in the toll-field not far from the town of St. Veit; upon this stands a peasant, one of the race called the Edlinger, or noble, to whom belongs the office of hereditary right, and around him stand the people and the whole peasantry.

And then comes the prince towards him with all his nobles; these are richly clad, and carry a banner on which are the prince's arms. But the count of Görtz goes foremost between two small banners, and the rest of the nobles follow after, richly and bravely adorned—only the prince comes in the fashion of a peasant, with a peasant's coat, shoes and hat, and a shepherd's staff in his hand, and with him come an ox and a plough-horse. And as soon as the peasant on the marble seat sees the prince, he calls out in the Wendish language and says, "Who is he that comes hither with such high and stately bearing?" Then answer the people around, "The prince of the land comes." Then says the peasant, "Is he an upright judge, and a lover of the welfare of our land, and of our free customs? Is he also a defender of the Christian faith?" Then they answer, "Yes, such he is and will be!" Then must the prince pro-

mise him these two things by his faith and honour; that he will maintain justice, and for that cause, if need be, become so poor that he must support himself by means of these cattle, the ox and the plough-horse. Thereupon asks the peasant again, "How, and by what right, will he move me from this seat?" Then answers the lord of Görtz, "He will buy thee away from thence with sixty pfennigs; the two chief among cattle, the ox and the horse, shall be thine, and thou shalt take the prince's garment, and thy house shall be free and untaxed."

Upon that the peasant gives the prince a light pat on the cheek, and bids him that he be an upright judge. Therewith he arises and drives his cattle away with him, and the prince steps up on the stone with a naked sword, turns himself round, and promises the people good and equal justice. After this the prince goes to St. Peter's church, which stands hard by upon a hill, and, after God's worship, he takes off his peasant's clothing, puts on the princely raiment and ornaments, holds a feast with his nobles and knights, and then rides back into the field, seats himself in a chair of judgment, and allows each and every one of the people to come to him, that he may hear and allow claims, grant fiefs, and the like. The lord of Görtz seats himself behind the prince as hereditary count palatine of Carinthia, and also makes such grants as lie within his competence and juris-

diction. The lord marshal takes the duke's horse, the lord high butler the golden cup, and the lord high sewer the silver dish. And as long as the prince sits on the chair of state and hears petitions, the Gradnecker have from old times the right and power to take possession of as much hay as they can mow within the time, and this the owners must redeem from them as they can.

These privileges and customs were maintained by king Ottocar of Bohemia, by count Meinhard of Tyrol, by all his sons, and by duke Ernest of Austria, emperor Frederic's father, in 1423. Emperor Frederic would not take his seat or give audience on the chair of state, by reason of his being emperor; but he gave a writing, sealed with his own seal, to the country, that their privileges and usages should not thereby suffer any detriment. Emperor Henry the Holy was he who established these ceremonies.

Münster's Kosmographie.

VIENNA.

SATURDAY, immediately after my arrival, I went to the theatre at the Kärnther Thor (Carinthian gate); the opera was Rossini's 'Otello',—new, brilliant music, which I now heard well got up and executed for the first time. The composer did not trouble himself about Shakspere, but has set to music a poem

which one can manage to connect together by means of that music. He is unquestionably a man of genius, and knows how to use the means he has at hand, without, like Gluck, first setting to work to invent instruments to play his music. Rossini has *crescendos* that reach even to grandeur; he gives himself the rein, and at last the thought comes out with great success. He plays with sounds, and sounds play with him.

Sunday, in the Marinelli theatre: there were three pieces—first, '*Die Werber*;' second, '*Die Damenhüte im Theater*;' and third, a pantomime, '*Schulmeister Beystrich, oder das Donnerwetter.*' My sides are still sore with laughing. The pieces were somewhat of the vulgar sort; the actors and the people together are what constitute the performance. The slightest success finds loud applause, and what won't succeed is scrambled over. The players are in continual motion and enjoy as much as the audience, and more. Such a gipsy frolic is not to be described; the children begin to screech and clap, and all join in and screech and clap too. After the piece, everybody that has a leg to stand on is called for; meanwhile a fresh piece begins; the players make their obeisances and thanks while they go on with their parts, and openly appear in their individual, proper persons. The theatre is always full; if not at first, certainly toward the end, when everybody leaves the Prater.

The first comic actor is called Signor Schuster—a man made expressly for his art, from head to heel. In this fellow there is not a word that does not tell; a voice as broad as a plank, as sharp as vinegar, and as smooth as an eel.

It is easily seen here why these people are not political; what they want is, to live every minute and to enjoy every minute,—and that they do. Politics begin in ennui, and in ennui they end. From the theatre they go to supper—next morning to mass—then to work, every man his own way—then out of one play into another. Wiser they will never be, and never were.

* * * * *

The Prater is a pleasure-garden;—indeed, this whole land is a pleasure-garden: they tell me it is not what it was—and what was it then? A foreigner brings with him no senses nor understanding for such views of things, and I am glad when I can shake off the Berliner. * * *

Monday, July 26th.—Yesterday I saw the Prater in its Sunday glory. Four rows of the finest chestnut trees form three avenues, which begin from the Leopold-stadt and lead along the side of the Danube a league and a half. The middle one, for carriages, is forty-five feet wide; the two sides, for walkers, are twenty-four feet. You see several hundred equipages, some of them extremely splendid, and fiacres,

all in motion in the centre; and at the sides groups, couples, or solitary walkers in such pretty confusion, that it is a pleasure to see so many handsome, well-dressed men and women, with the greatest variety of character and countenance, flitting by you like coloured shadows. At the sides are coffee-houses and seats under the shade of the most beautiful clumps of trees, all exquisitely neat and clean. You sit down. Out of the thicket behind you comes the sound of music. You are now at the opera—now at a ball—now on the parade. Coffee comes, and cakes with it. A child presents flowers; a pretty girl offers crystal water; an old woman toothpicks: all these are fee'd with copper kreuzers, which you are glad to get rid of in so pleasant a way, for they are as heavy as a bad conscience, and weigh your pockets down to your heels.

But these avenues by no means constitute the whole Prater. A second and a third of the same kind extend like a fan, from the Leopold-stadt to the Danube (it is properly an arm of the Danube). Here is the other pole of the planet;—here is the real genuine *people.* The spaces between the trees grow wider as they approach the river, and are filled with places of refreshment, where beer, wine, eatables and (except coffee) drinkables of all sorts, ice, &c. may be had. (The three coffee-houses, *par excellence,* in the grand avenue have the exclusive privilege of selling coffee.)

These places of refreshment are in such number and so near together, that you cannot distinguish the customers of one host from those of another, and you run a risk of eating what your neighbour has paid for.

This, then, is the true Vienna. Here, in the midst of all this serving, and sitting, and pouring, and smoking, and carousing, and fiddling, the universal stream and movement flow gaily and comfortably on. People go or stay, come, speak to one another,—it is unbroken quiet and ceaseless motion at the same time. No inclosures, no impediments; for though the houses are the property of the inhabitants, the ground is the emperor's and nobody may inclose it. The impression made by this moving scene,—tumult I can't call it,—is an easy, gentle forgetfulness. I could not recollect what I had thought or observed; and though I write all this, I can hardly affirm, so it is—so it was. What makes the thing a real sunshine, is the multitude of happy faces of every kind, which, today reconciled with their Maker, see the world as they wish to see it.

Zelter. (*Briefwechsel mit Goethe.*)

WHEN princes weep, their people bleed. Rulers should remember that tears are more easily staunched than wounds.

Jean Paul.

THE affections and the will know nothing of a future; the mind—the judgement—calls it up and gives it the force and life of the present. The mind alone is free, self-acting, and directed toward the unknown; the heart is bound to what is before it.

Rahel.

IN busy, troublous times, amid the eagerness of pursuit and the storm of conflicting passions, the bright stars of supermundane hopes are veiled from sight—as the starry firmament is hidden from us by the glare of day. It is in peace and in silence alone that Religion, that gentle divinity, opens her lips and her heart. This comforter and guardian angel of the unhappy must now herself seek refuge with the unhappy.

To thy heart, which she has so often refreshed and soothed, thou patient sex! does she now lie closely pressed; and as the drawn swords, and glaring eyes, and blood-stained hands of men, and the whole long storm of the times, sweep by before thy solitude, thy immortal guest weeps and condoles with thee, and ye cling more closely to each other.

Jean Paul. (*Palingenesien.*)

"How can you women," continued Manfred with great vehemence, "endure to have your maternal affection, your love, your tender devotedness, your conjugal virtues, your chastity, stuck up or hawked about like bad pictures? For that is the plain truth, however these gentlemen may affect to exalt and glorify your 'vocation.' And look at the novels!

"I will suffer no 'Book for Mothers,' or 'Book for Wives,' or 'Whole Duties of Woman,' or any trash of that kind, engendered by the absurdity of our views, and nurtured by the vanity of the age, to come into my house. And the very people who write and praise this really immoral stuff, are those who want to take from the working man his Siegfried, his Octavian, and his Eulenspiegel, that the morals of the lower classes may not be corrupted! Can there be anything sillier or more preposterous?"

Tieck. (*Phantasus.*)

ARCHITECTURE.

I AM extremely struck with what you say of architecture. It appears to me, however, that this art, unlike all others, contains something in its nature which prevents it from being, properly speaking, Art,—or anything more than decoration in the highest sense

of the word. Architecture alone, of all the arts, has no subject furnished by nature. To what end the most beautiful building, if it were not for use? In whatever way you consider it, the idea of utility, in the most extensive sense, is inseparable from this art; yet this is an idea utterly at variance with art.

On the other hand, buildings give a pleasure which we should seek elsewhere in vain. As colossal works of man, the enormous mass of which is invested with a beautiful and intelligible form, they stand midway between the productions of nature—mountains, rocks, etc., and the mere offspring of the human fancy—statues, and combine the advantages of both. Even the idea of utility, which instantly attracts men, perhaps conspires to produce this result. So mixed, it appears to me, is the *common* impression which a building makes. The *artistical* impression is, indeed, very different; but even this cannot be perfectly pure; and the question remains, whether architecture is to be treated as a perfectly pure art, and utility to be sacrificed. Hardly, I think. The utmost it can attain to is, as it seems to me, the æsthetic treatment of a subject belonging to a totally different domain. This however applies only to ornamental architecture.

Wilhelm v. Humboldt. (*Briefwechsel mit Schiller.*)

Palermo, Monday, April 2, 1787.

At length, with great exertion, at three o'clock in the afternoon, we got into the harbour, where the most lovely and enchanting view met our eyes. The city lying to the north, at the foot of a high mountain, beneath a sun just past its meridian lustre; the side of the buildings opposite to us in shadow, clearly defined and illumined by the reflected lights. On the right, Monte Pellegrino, with its graceful forms, in the most intense light; on the left, the wide, outstretched shore, with its bays, promontories and headlands. What farther gave the most delicious character to the scene, was the young green of the graceful trees, whose tops, lit up from behind, waved to and fro, sparkling over a background of dark grey buildings, like large clusters of vegetable glow-worms. A transparent atmosphere gave a blue tone to all the shadows.

Instead of hastening impatiently on shore, we remained on deck till we were driven from it: where could we have found such a point of view? when could we have hoped again for so favourable a moment?

We were conducted into the city through its wonderful gates, supported by two enormous door-posts, which are left open at the top, to let the tower-like

car of Santa Rosalia pass through on the day of her celebrated festival. We were then conducted to the inn, which lay on our left. The host, a hearty, cheerful old man, accustomed to see strangers of all nations, led us into a large room, from the balcony of which we looked over the sea, the strait, the mountain of Santa Rosalia, and the shore: we could distinguish our vessel, and judge of the position from which we first beheld Palermo.

We were so delighted with the situation of our room that we scarcely remarked a raised alcove, concealed by curtains, at one end of it. In it stood a most spacious bed, decorated with a splendid silken canopy, with which the remains of a somewhat antiquated, but magnificent furniture, fully corresponded. The sight of such a state-chamber rather startled us, and we thought it desirable to make some preliminary conditions. The old man replied that no conditions were necessary—that he only wished we might be satisfied with our reception; and that we might also have the use of the anti-room. This was a cool, airy room, enlivened by several balconies, and immediately adjoining our apartment.

We enioyed the infinitely varied prospect, and sought to sever and dissect it into parts suited to the draughtsman or the painter; for we saw before us a boundless harvest for every variety of art. In the evening the bright moonlight allured us out again

to the straits, and after our return, still detained us for a long while lingering on the balcony. The light was most extraordinary—the repose most profound and delicious.

Palermo, April 3, 1787.

A few more words, after reflection and an attempt to collect these scattered images.....

We sailed on the 29th of March, at sunset, from Naples, and landed at three o'clock on the 2nd of April at Palermo. I never felt such tranquillity when travelling—even in my narrow bed, to which I was confined by violent sickness. Now my thoughts wander silently back to you. If anything was ever eventful, decisive in my life, it is this journey.

A man who has never looked out upon an unbroken horizon of sea, has no conception of the world, and of his own connection with the world. As a landscape painter, this vast, simple line awakened in me a completely new train of thoughts.

In this short voyage we have had many vicissitudes, and have experienced the fate of sailors on a small scale.

No words can express the aërial brilliancy which floated around the coasts, as, on the loveliest afternoon, we approached Palermo. The clearness of *contour*, the softness of the whole, the tender blending of tones, the harmony of heaven, earth and sea—he who has once seen it possesses it for life. Now

I understand Claude Lorraine, and have some hope, even in my northern home, of being able to bring before my mind some faint shadowy images of this delicious abode. Were but everything mean effaced from it as completely as the meanness of our thatch-roofed hovels from my pictorial conceptions! We shall see what this queen of islands will do.

How she received us no words can express; with fresh-budding mulberry-trees, ever-green oleanders, hedges of orange and lemon, etc. In a public garden there are wide beds of ranunculuses and anemones. The air is soft, warm, and fragrant; the wind tepid and balmy. To add to the enchantment, the moon stood at her full, behind a headland, and threw her bright reflection in the sea; and all this after rocking four days and nights on the waves. Forgive me for scrawling to you with a stump of a pen out of a shell of indian ink, with which my companion is tracing his outline. Receive it as a mere lisping, till I can prepare some better memorial of these happy hours for all who love me. What it will be I shall not say, nor can I say when you will receive it.

* * * * *

When I seek to write words, pictures crowd before my eyes;—the fruitful land, the expanded sea, the fragrant, balmy islands, the smoking mountain:—and I want the organ necessary to bring all these before you.

Goethe. (*Italiänische Reise.*)

Armidoro.—.....I THINK, Eulalia, you have taken great pains in your writings to defend your sex from the reproach of love of power.

Eulalia.—In so far as that *is* a reproach, I had rather that my sex would answer it by their conduct; but, in so far as we have a right to power, I would not willingly renounce it. We desire power only inasmuch as we are human beings; for what is power, in the sense in which it is so often applied to women, but the liberty to employ one's faculties in one's own way unobstructed,—the liberty to make the best of one's existence? Of this power every uncivilized man demands the arbitrary, every civilized, the regulated exercise; and perhaps the struggle for it in women appears the more vehement, because nature, law and custom seem to oppress us as much as they favour men. What they possess, we must acquire; and one contends more strenuously for what one has laboured for, than for what one has inherited.

Seyton.—And yet women now-a-days cannot complain, for they inherit as much or more than men; and I maintain that it is far more difficult to become an accomplished man than an accomplished woman. The expression, "He shall be thy master," is the formula of a barbarous age, which is long past. Men could not make any great advance in civilization without conceding the same right to women; from the

time women were educated, the balance stood even; and since they are more susceptible of education than men, the balance has, as experience shows, inclined in their favour.

Armidoro.—There is no question that in all civilized nations the women must on the whole gain the ascendency; for the effect of the mutual influence of the sexes is to render the man more effeminate, and then he loses,—since his pre-eminency consists, not in diminished, but in compressed force; on the contrary, if the woman borrows something from the man, she gains; for when her other gifts and graces are exalted by energy, a being is formed than which it is impossible to conceive one more perfect.

Seyton.—I have not gone into such profound speculations; it is, however, I think, well known that women rule and must rule; when, therefore, I make the acquaintance of one, I only observe *where* she rules;—somewhere, I assume beforehand.

Amelia.—And do you find what you seek?

Seyton.—Why not? Experiments in physical science are not much more easy to make. I find, universally, that the active woman, formed to acquire and to uphold, is master in the house; the beauty, with her light and superficial graces and talents, master in large circles; the more profoundly instructed, in small ones.

Amelia.—So we are divided into three classes.

Sinclair.—Which are all, I think, honourable

enough ; but they do not exhaust the subject. There is a fourth, of which we had better not speak, that you may not reproach us with ending our praise with blame.

Henrietta.—Our first three classes contain influence in the house, in large, and in small circles. What room remains for the exercise of our activity ?

Sinclair.—Abundance. But I have the contrary in my head.

Henrietta.—Inactivity ? And how ? An inactive woman rule ?

Sinclair.—Why not ?

Henrietta.—But how ?

Sinclair.—By passive resistance. Any one who, either from temper or from system, stubbornly maintains an attitude of negation, has a greater power than people think.

Amelia.—I am afraid we are falling into the usual tone in which men speak of women.

Henrietta.—Let him alone, Amelia ; nothing is more innocuous than such opinions, and one always gains by hearing what others think of one. Well then—the negationers—what of them ?

Sinclair.—I may speak here without reserve. In our dear Fatherland there are few ; in France, none ; and precisely because, both with us and our gallant neighbours, women enjoy a rational freedom ; but in countries where they are greatly constrained, where external proprieties are anxiously and timorously

observed and public recreations rare, they are more common.

.....The sort of woman I mean is mistress of the art of completely embittering the life of the person on whom she depends, by mere indifference, coldness and reserve, which are often clothed with an air of languor and illness.

Goethe. (*Die guten Weiber.*)

A SKY resplendent with stars hung over the landscape. The gushing of the fountains, the rustling of the woods, resounded in the calm solitude of the garden, in which Theodore sauntered up and down, and admired the effects which the light of the stars and the last golden streaks of the western horizon produced in the dancing waters. And now Manfred's bugle was heard from the window of his chamber, and its melancholy penetrating tones came trembling back from the distant mountains, as Ernest, who came down from the hills behind the garden, opened the gate and joined the solitary Theodore.

"How beautifully," he began, "does this serene and brilliant night close the enjoyments of the day! The sun and our sweet friends are gone to rest; the woods and waters rustle and gush in the night-breeze; the earth dreams; and Manfred pours forth an affectionate farewell to slumbering nature.

"See, my dear friend, how the lamps of those frail,

fleeting beings flicker in the balmy air! how they sparkle like diamonds through the deep green of the bushes, and now in quivering clouds, now in solitary brilliancy, awaken such feelings in us as soft tones excite.—And then above us, the splendour of the everlasting firmament! Does not the sky hang over the dusky earth like a friend from whose eyes beam love and confidence?—whom one would trust with one's whole heart in all the dangers and vicissitudes of life?

"This sacred, sober calm awakens all our slumbering sorrows, and turns them to serene, sedate joys. And even thus grand, thus mild, does the noble Novalis seem now to look upon me with his mortal glance; and he recalls to me that night in which, after a gay festival, I wandered over the mountains with him in the loveliest scenery, and we, little anticipating so near a separation, discoursed of all that is beautiful in nature and godlike in friendship. Perhaps even now, while I think of him with such deep and intense remembrance, his heart hangs over me lovingly like that starry heaven. Sleep sweetly. I will lay me down to rest that I may meet him in my dreams."

Tieck. (*Phantasus.*)

EXALTED and living Will, whom no name can express and no idea embrace, I yet may raise my

heart to thee! for thou and I are not divided. Thy voice is audible within me. In thee, the Incomprehensible, my own nature and the whole world become intelligible to me; every riddle of my existence is solved, and perfect harmony reigns in my soul. I veil my face before thee, and lay my hand upon my lips. Such as thou really art—such as thou appearest unto thyself—I can no more behold thee than I can become like thee. After thousands of thousands of lives such as superior spirits live, I should be as little able to understand thee as in this house of clay. What I understand is, from my very understanding it, finite, and by no progression can ever be transformed into the infinite. Thou differest from the finite, not in degree, but in kind. I will not attempt that which my finite nature forbids. I will not seek to know the nature and essence of thy being. But thy relations to myself and to all that is finite lie open before my eyes. Thou createdst in me the consciousness of my duty —of my destination in the series of rational beings; how, I know not, nor need I to know. Thou knowest my thoughts and acceptest my intentions. In the contemplation of this thy relation to my finite nature, I will be tranquil and happy. Of myself I know not what I ought to do. I will do it simply, joyfully, and without cavil, for it is thy voice that commands me, and the strength with which I per-

form my duty is thy strength. I am tranquil under every event of the world, for it is thy world. Whatever happens forms part of the plan of the eternal world and of thy goodness. What in this plan is positive good, and what only means of removing existing evil, I know not. In thy world all will end in good,—this is enough for me, and in this faith I stand fast; but what in thy world is mere germ, what blossom, and what the perfect fruit, I know not. The only thing which is important to me, is the progress of reason and of morality through all the ranks of rational beings.

When my heart is closed to all earthly desires, the universe appears to my eye in a glorified aspect. The dead cumbrous masses which served only to fill space, disappear, and in their place the eternal stream of life and strength and action flows on from its source—primeval life; from *thy* life, thou Everlasting One!

Fichte. (*Bestimmung des Menschen.*)

OLD ITALIAN ART.

These old severe masters are succeeded by some whose pictures bloom on the canvas like flowers on their stalk. They are radiant with the glory of a transparent, golden, blessed world—with an unearthly expression of love and brightness and felicity. But one must see the pictures of Giovanni da Fie-

sole, and Gentile da Fabriano, to understand what I mean; now-a-days we have no conception of such painting—which is nothing else than a soul rendered outwardly visible—for the very simple reason that we have no conception of such souls, whose hope was never clouded by despondency, whose faith never troubled by doubt. I can never help smiling when I look at Fiesole's pictures—as a child smiles in its sleep at the splendour of its dreams. Fra Giovanni was a Dominican monk in the monastery of St. Mark, Florence. Even during his life he was called Angelico, and after his death Beato. He painted incessantly, and never for money; painting was with him but another form of prayer. He commonly painted on a gold ground, and ornamented the walls and carpets of his pictures with graceful arabesques, which have a charming effect on the bright colours he so loved. His heads are like miniatures for delicacy; they have not much variety,—for of passion he knew nothing, and even sorrow lost its sting by the consoling foresight of the blessedness to come. Into the anxieties of life, into the restless troubles of the world, into the longing of infinite unappeased desires, he had never even looked, far less ventured; he knew heaven, but not earth; hence his pictures are monotonous, and he succeeds best in those of paradise, of the coronation of the Virgin, and the like. There is a

'Paradise' in the Academy, glowing in a rosy light, like the dawn, in which float countless beautiful little angels. He painted the whole history of Christ on four small panels. But where any violent movement of mind or body is required,—as, for instance, in the wrathful Christ in the last judgment, passing sentence on the wicked—it is a frightful mask; he understood only the benign Christ.

Gräfin Ida Hahn-Hahn. (*Jenseits der Berge.*)

COUNT BERNSTORF.

BERNSTORF did not please at the first moment; his eye was clouded with care, and deep thought sat upon his brow; but as soon as you approached him, you saw the soul which beamed through every feature, the philanthropy which glowed in his eye, and the cordial affability which played around his mouth. You perceived that he was a good, and, as soon as he began to speak, a great and a brilliant man. His eloquence flowed like a soft stream, and won its way through rocks—the expression was always exactly fitted to the end, the word to the thing; his whole presence beamed with truth, and stood before you in the visible colours of nature.

He spoke with peculiar force on affairs of government, on revolutions in the history of mankind, on the future effects of causes as yet scarcely in ex-

istence, and on the expectations to be formed from various political systems. He painted men and states to the life, and drew from history with light but distinct sketches, whose resemblance struck, and whose arrangement, light and shadow showed, the creative hand of a master. Examples of virtue animated him; every noble action, every thought of benevolence or of patriotism, struck a kindred chord in his heart.

A man who to brilliant endowments unites power and influence, generally predominates over silent and obsequious crowds; they listen and admire, and the charm of conversation vanishes with its equality. But Bernstorf did not humble or oppress by his intellectual superiority; he invited to reply by his affability, and knew how to choose his subject according to the talents and acquirements of his company. He understood the art of asking a welcome question, of giving an encouraging answer. He had a word, a look, a mark of respect ready for all, so that even the timid were inspired with courage. Every man found the fit opportunity to display his peculiar talent, the arena on which he could appear to advantage. In this alone consists true courtesy, which is never successful when it is accompanied by a visible consciousness of the gracious condescension with which the great man waives his claims to superiority.

Bernstorf was master even of his natural dispositions. He was of a warm temper, and so peculiarly sensible to the ridiculous, that satire often rose to his lip and sparkled in his eye, but he gave it no utterance. He was too kind to be sarcastic.

The last hour of evening was the most agreeable time of his day. He spent it amidst his family and intimate friends, and a few men of letters. Here he unfolded all the treasures of his heart and mind; the veil of dignity fell, and his soul beamed forth in all its native beauty; we never left him without feeling a warmer love of virtue, without being instructed, improved.

Seldom does a man who has taken a share in important public affairs wish to live over again his whole life without the omission of a single period or event; but Bernstorf often acknowledged with gratitude that he would receive back from the hands of Providence all his past days, without exception or condition, were he not travelling toward a better futurity.

.....His life was illustrated by every sort of fame. When at the helm of state, he was successful, and beloved by all virtuous men; when stripped of power, he was still the object of their reverence.

Helfrich Peter Sturz.

(*Erinnerungen des Grafen J. H. E. von Bernstorf.*)

ON THE SUPERSTITIONS OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

So much is said about the superstitions of our forefathers, and so many inferences unfavourable to the strength of their understandings are drawn from them, that I cannot resist saying a few words, if not of justification, yet of apology. According to my view of the matter, the only object of their so-called superstitious fictions was to express certain truths in figures or symbols (which have still a peculiar name in popular language—*Wahrzeichen*—sign or token), as aids to the memory; just as they tied a bit of wood to a key to distinguish it.

Thus, for example, they told a child who laid his knife with the edge upwards, or in such a manner as to be perilous to himself or his neighbours, that the holy angels would wound their feet when they walked upon the table; not that they actually believed this, but that they wished to impress the child's memory through his imagination. They taught that everybody would have to wait at the gates of paradise as many hours as he had wantonly scattered grains of salt; by which they gave their children or their servants a lively and lasting impression of the evil effects of carelessness and waste in trifles, the total amount of which would become considerable.

They told a vain girl who could not pass the

looking-glass without casting a furtive glance into it, that the devil peeped over the shoulder of those who looked at themselves in a glass at night; and many other things of the same kind, by which they endeavoured to imprint a good precept on the mind by the aid of imagery. In a word, they drew from the world of spirits, as we do from the animal world, instructive fables, as a means of making a deep impression on the minds of children.

Justus Möser.

To the toiling Englishman, unremittingly occupied with worldly business and worldly cares, the strict observance of the Sunday must be most salutary; the less busy catholic (especially in the South) requires not only this day of rest, but also holidays to give variety and interest to his life. The German protestant, who, whatever be his obvious duties or his outward calling, is ever prone to reflection on inward things, stands less in need of such a frequently returning day of rest, since his creed enjoins upon him the duty of devoting a portion of every day to serious and spiritual contemplation. Hence it happens that the institution of the Sabbath is observed in a totally different spirit in different countries.

Goethe.

In a sound sleep the soul goes home to recruit her strength, which could not else endure the wear and tear of life.

Rahel.

PLATO AND ARISTOTLE.

The principal sources from which we derive our knowledge of the most ancient Greek philosophy are Plato and Aristotle; although no books on that subject have come down to us from the hand of the former, and only a few fragments from that of the latter. But, as it was the vocation of each of them to collect together the previous isolated efforts of speculative minds, and, after excluding such as led to no result, to give to these materials the unity and completeness of a philosophical system, both were compelled to begin by examining what had already been produced by the light of criticism, which each employed according to his own peculiar views: so that in this respect, as well as in their several systems, each reciprocally forms, as it were, the complement of the other.

Aristotle introduces his own researches by historico-critical discussions, whose comprehensiveness and accuracy we shall have frequent occasion to admire; besides which, he also treated, in separate and special books, of the Pythagorean philosophy—of Archytas—of Alcmæon—of the Eleatic school—

of Gorgias—of the Platonic ideas—of the doctrines of Plato on the Supreme Good; and, in his books on the republic and on laws, of Speusippus and of Xenocrates.

From Plato we learn more especially the spirit and tendency of the earlier philosophical theories, and gain glimpses of the personal characteristics of the speculators, painted with the dramatic talent peculiar to himself. From Aristotle we obtain many details of earlier opinions and methods.

The reason why Plato often does not reproduce the doctrines of earlier philosophers with the same distinctness in which they are to be found in their original authors, was, not that he was deficient in historical impartiality and faithful apprehension of the recorded past, but that his plan required him rather to describe the spirit and aim of any given philosophical tendency, than the exact manner in which that tendency exhibited itself. Hence his representations may sometimes require to be completed and filled out, but never to be corrected.

The industry and the power displayed by Aristotle in comprehending with precision what was before him, are not less conspicuously displayed in his sketches of the doctrines of the elder philosophers, than in his other works. It is by the comparison with them that he tests his own conclusions; starting from the supposition that later philosophical

inquiries are essentially predetermined by earlier, and that these, even when they have failed of their end, have materially contributed to the discovery of truth, were it only by the exercise they have given to the faculties. For this reason we ought to verify the accuracy of our own assumptions by those of our predecessors; but, for the purpose of thoroughly eliciting all the truth embodied in them, we must proceed like impartial arbitrators, not in the style of antagonists*. Aristotle has been most unjustly reproached with pretending in every case to be himself the first discoverer of the truth, and with misrepresenting preceding speculators, in order to conceal his own plagiarisms. There is some ground for the accusation that Aristotle was too much inclined to generalization, and to referring all preceding opinions and systems to his own;—but a corrective to any misunderstanding is generally to be found in his own statements.

C. A. Brandis.

(*Handbuch der Geschichte der Griechisch-Römischen Philosophie.*)

ROMAN JURISTS.

THE method of treating law which was pursued by the Roman jurists had a certain degree of uniformity. Proceeding from positive legal rules, they

* De Cœlo, 1, 10.

combined them in the most skilful and refined manner with that part of every system of law which is not positive, and worked up both elements into one coherent and consistent whole. Sometimes analysing a given maxim of law, sometimes supplying its defects by implication from itself, and sometimes creating new legal maxims by the process of scientific construction, they dealt with their materials after the manner of a logician or mathematician, and thus elevated their science into a logic applied to the matter of law. Notwithstanding their decided fondness for the subtle development of an assumed fundamental principle, their sound practical sense preserved them from useless refinements. To rigorous philosophical forms they attached no great value: hence in their general definitions and divisions, and in the arrangement of their materials, they often exhibit some inaccuracy and carelessness; but in the analysis of the matter itself, they never failed to hit the right idea and expression. Their language and style, like that of men of varied acquirements and experience in life, was pure, simple, distinct, dignified, free from all tincture of pedantry, suggestive and vivid; and it escaped the common degeneracy for a longer time than that of any other class of writers. The Greek philosophy, by means of its general influence upon their mental cultivation, indirectly influenced the jurisprudence of the Romans;

but so far was it from exercising any direct or special influence, that the Roman jurists, in their enthusiasm for their study, showed an inclination to exalt it into a science embracing ethics as well as law.

Walter. (*Geschichte des Römischen Rechts.*)

SCENE ON THE VISTULA.

Sixty or seventy years ago, Danzig might be regarded as the terminal stone of the civilized world; since then the march of civilization has trodden all such boundaries into the dust; but my paternal city, independently of its singular style of building, has still enough of its earlier originality remaining to interest the intelligent stranger. One of the most striking features is the arrival of the vessels laden with corn, which still present a strange spectacle, though not so much so as formerly.

In our northern clime, spring starts up, and at one bound throws off the white shroud, and breaks the crystal covering, under which she lay concealed. Then the waters in the interior of Poland swell, and, towards the end of May, the Vistula, which is often too shallow even for the flat Polish craft which navigate it, becomes deep enough to bear on its bosom the golden gifts of Ceres to my native city, which in former times was justly called the granary of Europe.

The small sea-craft lying at anchor by the Long Bridge over the Mottlau, like the return carriages in Frankfort, with the place of their destination written on a black board,—'God willing, to Königsberg,' (Will's Gott, nach Königsberg,) 'God willing, to Petersburg,' 'God willing, to Memel,' and so forth, are forced to crowd more closely together to make room for the strange fleet which now covers the Mottlau.

Boats or barges these ill-built craft can hardly be called; their appearance is so shapeless and rickety, that one wonders how they can have made their long voyage in safety; at the end of it they are broken up and sold as timber, and the crews find their way home on foot, over moor and heath, and through primeval forests. They are most like a small raft, only that they taper to each end like a boat, and have a sort of low deck, at the end of which is a hut, serving as the cabin of the master; they have no masts or sails, but are steered by a clumsy sort of rudder, and rowed down stream by more than a hundred sturdy arms of Schimkys, seated on benches, and keeping time with their oars. The whole of the remaining space is filled with wheat or rye. The enormous heap, piled up as high as possible, lies open, without the smallest shelter from wind or weather.

Before the first partition of Poland, when the corn-trade was almost a monopoly of Danzig, in

years when the crops were abundant and the waters high, the whole surface of the broad stream was often covered with these vessels, steering their difficult course as through a crowded street. If a stranger could suddenly have been placed on the Long Bridge, he must have thought himself on one of the South Sea Islands, which had just then been discovered, in the midst of the canoes of savages; so thoroughly un-European was the appearance of the Schimkys and the whole flotilla. That such a scene should still exist in a civilized country so near to Germany, seems incredible; a galérien of Toulon, compared with a Schimky, is a dandy.

Spite of their wild aspect, there is however nothing disgusting or hideous in these large-boned, bronzed, and meagre forms; a fat, thriving Schimky is an idea beyond the region of possibility. With the exception of the natural moustachio, bleached to a sort of yellow by sun and rain, the whole head is close shorn, and covered with a large straw hat of home manufacture, or a flat fur cap; the back of the neck and breast are bare. The dress consists of trowsers girt round the waist, and a slop (kittel) of the very coarsest unbleached linen. Wooden soles, thickly studded with strong iron nails, and bound under the naked foot, are the general substitutes for shoes.

The horrible clatter made by this *chaussure*, when

a party of Schimkys came down the street, always drove us children into the house; and even when almost grown up, I never came near them without a beating heart. I was frightened at their wild looks, but without cause; they harmed nobody, nor did I every hear of a Schimky being accused of theft or any other crime.

They were serfs, and are mostly so still, except in the part of Poland subject to Prussia. Their life is hardly rated so high as that of a dog or a horse. The nobleman who from recklessness or anger killed one, paid a fine of ten dollars, without any legal proceedings, and so the matter was concluded and forgotten. And yet there existed not a more contented, I might say joyous, people, than these serfs in their deepest depth of poverty; they missed not what they never had — what they hardly knew by name.

How they get through the winter I know not; in summer their life is nearly that of a savage. Day and night under the open sky, they lie on the shore of the river near the enormous heaps of wheat, which they watch and constantly turn over to keep it from damage till it is housed in the granaries.

A thick porridge of pease or buckwheat, which they cook in a huge pot hung on a stake laid over two crotched sticks, is their daily food; if a party has been so fortunate as to get possession of two or

three tallow candles to flavour the unsavoury mess, they think their meal delicious. At midday they may be seen sitting in picturesque groups around the smoking pot, dipping in the large wooden spoons (which are also a favourite article of manufacture and commerce with them), and swallowing down vast quantities, accompanied with an incessant chatter.

A draught of brandy is a still greater treat to them than a tallow candle; but even when the intellects of these poor half-human children are a little clouded, they retain their good nature, and never is such a thing heard of as violence or murder.

Johanna Schopenhauer.
(*Jugendleben und Wanderbilder.*)

WHAT IS ENLIGHTENMENT?*

A MAN is enlightened when he emerges from a state of self-imposed pupilage. Pupilage is the inability to use one's own understanding without the guidance of another. This state is self-imposed when the cause of it lies, not in a deficiency of understanding, but of determination and courage to use it

* It is impossible, without greater deviation from the original than I feel myself justified in making, to avoid the use of this very awkward word, which is the exact translation of *Aufklärung*. A more significant title would be, "A plea for the liberty of philosophizing."—TRANSLATOR.

without the guidance of another. Sapere aude! —have the courage to use your *own* understanding, is therefore the motto of enlightenment.

Indolence and cowardice are the causes why so large a portion of mankind, long after nature has emancipated them from the guidance of others (*naturaliter majorennes*), voluntarily remain in a state of pupilage during their whole lives; and why it is so easy for others to assume the character of their guardians. It is so convenient to be under guardianship. If I have a book that possesses an understanding for me, a guardian of souls that has a conscience for me, a physician that prescribes my diet, and so forth, I need take no trouble myself. So long as I can pay, I need not think; others will undertake that toilsome business for me. By far the larger half of the human race (including the whole of the fair sex) regard the step to majority not only as laborious and difficult, but also as extremely dangerous; an idea which the guardians who have so benevolently taken upon themselves the supervision and guidance of their conduct, have assiduously inculcated. After they have first made their domestic animal sufficiently stupid, and have carefully prevented the quiet creature from venturing to set a step without the go-cart into which they have put it, they next proceed to point out the danger which threatens it, if it should attempt to go alone. Now in truth this danger is not

so very great; it would learn to go alone at the expense of a few tumbles; but one fall generally makes it timorous, and frightens it from any further attempt.

It is difficult for any individual human being to apply the labour necessary to extricate himself from the pupilage which is become a second nature. He has grown to like it, and is really incapable of using his own understanding at once, because he has never been permitted to try. Maxims and formulæ—those mechanical tools of the use, or rather abuse, of his natural faculties—are the gyves which keep him in a perpetual pupilage. He who throws them away will make but a feeble and unsteady leap over the narrowest ditch, because he is wholly unaccustomed to unrestrained movement. Hence there are but few who have succeeded in extricating themselves from pupilage by their own efforts, and have yet retained a steady gait.

But that a public should enlighten itself is far more possible,—indeed, if freedom be granted it, is nearly inevitable: for there will always be some few independent thinkers, even among the guardians of the multitude, who, when they themselves have thrown off the yoke of pupilage, will diffuse around them a rational sense of individual dignity, and of the obligation which lies on every human being to think for himself. It is remarkable that the public (at the instigation of some of its guardians, who are them-

selves incapable of enlightenment) forces the very men who at first placed it under the yoke to continue to bear it; so mischievous is it to implant prejudices, since they recoil on those, or on the successors of those, who were their authors. Hence it is that a public attains slowly to a state of enlightenment. A deliverance from personal despotism, or from rapacious or domineering oppression, may be brought about by revolution: but a real reform in opinion will never be effected by such means; new prejudices will only take the place of the old, as leading-strings of the unthinking, unreasoning mass.

In order to enlightenment nothing is wanted but liberty; the safest and most innocuous that can be called by that name—*i. e.* liberty to make a public use of one's reason on all subjects. But I hear exclamations from every side against the use of reason. The officer says, "Don't reason, but obey orders;" the financier, "Don't reason, but pay;" the priest, "Don't reason, but believe." These are so many restrictions of freedom. It is therefore necessary to inquire, what restrictions are adverse to enlightenment; what, not only not adverse, but favourable to it. I answer, the public exercise of reason must be constantly and invariably free; this is the sole means by which mankind can be enlightened: but the private exercise of it may often be subjected

to very rigorous restrictions, without much prejudice to the progress of enlightenment. It is necessary to explain, that by the *public* use which each man makes of his own reason, I understand that which every man of science, in that capacity, makes of it in addressing the whole reading public. By the *private* use, I mean that which a man makes of his reason in any civil post confided to him, or as member of a political community.

Now in order to the interests of the community, it is necessary that such a degree of consentaneity of action should prevail among its members, as that each should promote, or at least should not obstruct, the accomplishment of certain ends; and that he should, as regards those ends, be a passive instrument of the government. It is clear that, considered as a part of the great machine of political society, a man must not reason, but obey.

So far, however, as any one part of this machine is to be regarded as simply one of the units composing the community (and even the community of the whole human race), and so far as, in his quality of man of science, he addresses himself to the public at large, he may unquestionably use his reason, without prejudice to the business which is committed to him.

Thus, it would be very mischievous if an officer were to question the utility of an order of his supe-

rior; he must obey. But no one can justly contest his right, as man of science, to criticise errors in the military art, or to submit his criticisms to the judgement of the public.

The citizen cannot refuse to pay the taxes imposed on him; nay, any indiscreet censure of such taxes at the time of their collection, calculated to excite general resistance, may be punished as dangerous to the public peace. But the same individual does nothing inconsistent with the character of a good citizen, if he publicly expresses his thoughts on the inexpediency or the injustice of such taxes.

In the same manner, a clergyman is bound to instruct his catechumens and parishioners according to the creed of the church of which he is a minister; for this was the condition upon which he was received into it as such. But, as a theologian and a scholar, he has full liberty—indeed it is his vocation—to communicate to the public the results of his careful examination and conscientious opinion of what is erroneous in that creed, together with suggestions tending to a reform in the affairs of the church and of religion. There is nothing in this which needs oppress the conscience; for that which he teaches in pursuance of his office as minister of the church, he represents as something which he is not at liberty to teach according to his own way of thinking, but which he is appointed to teach according to the prescription and

in the name of others. He says, our church teaches this or that; these are the proofs it adduces. He then extracts for his hearers all the practical utility possible, from premises which he could not himself subscribe with full conviction, but to the exposition of which he may pledge himself, because it is not entirely impossible that truth may lie concealed in them, and at all events they contain nothing repugnant to the essence of religion. If, indeed, he thought he discovered in them anything having this tendency, he could not conscientiously continue to perform his function—he must resign it. The use therefore that an appointed teacher makes of his reason before his flock, is a *private* use; since he is not, in his character of priest, free, and ought not to be so, being charged with a commission. On the other hand, as a theologian and scholar addressing the public properly so called (*i. e.* the world), the clergyman, in this the *public* use of his reason, enjoys, in common with other men, an unlimited freedom to use his *own* reason and to speak in his own person. For, that the guardians of the people, in spiritual things, should be themselves in a state of pupilage, is an absurdity which goes to the perpetuation of all absurdities.

But is not an association of clergymen, — a church assembly, or a venerable *classis* (as they call themselves in Holland),—justified in binding itself by oath to certain immutable articles of faith,

in order to exercise a perpetual supreme guardianship over each of its members, and, indirectly through them, over the people? I answer, such a thing is totally inadmissible. A compact of this kind, which is entered into with a view to conclude the human race from all further enlightenment, is simply null and void, even though it be confirmed by the sovereign power, by diets and the most solemn treaties. One age cannot bind itself; nor can it conspire to place the following one in a condition in which it would be impossible for it to extend its knowledge, to purge itself from error, and to advance in the career of enlightenment. This were a crime against human nature, whose highest destination consists emphatically in intellectual progress; and posterity is therefore fully justified in rejecting all such attempts to bind it, as invalid and mischievous.

A combination to maintain an unalterable religious system, which no man should be permitted to call into doubt, would, even for the term of one man's life, be wholly intolerable. It would be to blot out, as it were, one generation in the progress of the human species towards a better condition; to render it barren, and hence noxious to posterity. A man can indeed retard his own intellectual progress, though even then only for a time, as regards things which it is incumbent on him to know; but utterly to renounce it for himself, and far more for

posterity, is an outrage on the most sacred rights of humanity. Now what a people ought not to determine for itself, a monarch ought still less to determine for it; for his legislative character and dignity rests on his being the depositary and organ of the collective will of his people. If he does but ascertain that every real or supposed spiritual improvement consists with the existing order and tranquillity of society, he may safely leave his subjects to do what they think necessary for the good of their own souls: in that he has no right to interfere; his business is to take care that none of them forcibly obstruct their neighbours in their endeavours to settle their own opinions, or to promote their own spiritual welfare by any means within their reach. It is even derogatory to his majesty to occupy the attention of his government with the writings by means of which his subjects are striving to adjust their opinions; whether he does this of his own judgment, (in which case he subjects himself to the reproach, "Cæsar non est supra grammaticos,") or so deeply degrades his sovereign power, as to sustain the spiritual despotism of a few tyrants in his state against the rest of his subjects.

If it is asked, Is the age we live in an enlightened one? the answer is, No; but it is an age of enlightenment. That, as things now stand, the mass of mankind are capable, or can be rendered capable, of

using their own understandings safely and usefully, without the guidance of another, is far from being the fact. But that the road to self-culture is now opened to them, and that the obstacles to an universal enlightenment, or to an emancipation from a self-imposed pupilage, are gradually becoming fewer, we have clear and abundant indications. In this sense this is the age of enlightenment—the age of Frederic.

A prince who does not disdain to declare that he esteems it his duty to prescribe nothing to men in matters of religion, and who, leaving them full freedom of opinion, rejects the arrogant name of toleration, is himself enlightened: he deserves to be esteemed by a grateful world and by posterity as the first who released the human race from pupilage (in so far, at least, as it is in the power of governments to do so) and left every one free to follow the guidance of his own reason in matters of conscience. Nor is the benefit confined to his own subjects; the spirit of free inquiry has much less opposition to encounter, now that men have before them a proof that the public tranquillity and the union of society are not in the slightest degree endangered by its diffusion. Men gradually extricate themselves from a state of barbarism, if they are not purposely and artificially kept in it.

In considering the enlightenment by which men

emerge from their self-imposed pupilage, I have insisted mainly on religion; because in science and art rulers have no interest in assuming the part of guardians over their subjects; and because pupilage in this matter is not only the most mischievous, but the most degrading of any. But the views of an enlightened ruler go still further, and tend to this—that even as regards his government, there is no danger in allowing his subjects to make a *public* use of their own reason, and frankly to lay before the world their opinions as to any practicable improvements in it, or their criticisms of its present state and acts;—of this we have before us a splendid and hitherto unequalled example.

But it is only a monarch too enlightened to tremble at shadows, and having at his disposal a well-disciplined army as a security for the public peace, who can say,—what a popular government could not venture to say,—"Reason as much as you will, and on what you will,—but obey." And here we find a strange and unexpected contradiction in human affairs, which indeed, when regarded as a whole, are full of paradoxes. A higher degree of civil freedom would appear favourable to freedom of opinion, yet does, in fact, impose insuperable barriers to it; while a lower degree, on the contrary, gives opinion room to diffuse itself. But when, under the protection of a strong government, the desire and the duty

of free thought has developed itself, it gradually renders the people more capable of political freedom. Finally, it influences the principles of the government itself, which finds it conducive to its own interest and prosperity to treat men in a manner consonant to the dignity of their nature.

Kant. (*Kleine Schriften.*)

EXTRACT FROM THE INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF THE REVOLT OF THE NETHERLANDS.

THE establishment of freedom in the Netherlands appears to me one of the most remarkable of those political events which distinguished the sixteenth century. If the glittering deeds inspired by the lust of fame and of dominion claim our admiration, how much more does a conflict, in which oppressed humanity strove for its noblest rights; in which the good cause was sustained by unequalled vigour, and the weapons of resolute despair prevailed, in an unequal struggle against the fearful arts of tyranny! Grand and tranquillizing is the thought, that there exists a check to the arrogant pretensions of princes; that their best-laid plans are wrecked on the steadfast love of freedom; that the intrepid resistance of a people can beat down the outstretched arm of a despot, and heroic persistency can exhaust his most formidable resources.

Never have I been so forcibly struck with this

truth as in contemplating the history of that memorable revolt which for ever severed the United Netherlands from the crown of Spain; and therefore I have thought the attempt not unprofitable, to place before the world this noble monument of civil strength, with a view to awaken in the breast of my reader an animating feeling of his own dignity, and to exhibit a new and incontestable example of what men can dare for the good cause—of what they can accomplish by union.

It is not the romantic or the heroic character of this event which has led me to describe it. The annals of the world contain records of similar achievements which appear still more daring in conception, still more brilliant in execution. Many states have fallen with a sudden and splendid ruin; others have risen with a no less rapid and brilliant elevation. Nor are we here to expect any of those prominent and colossal figures, any of those astounding deeds, which the history of ancient time presents us with. Those times are past—those men exist no longer. The people whom we shall here behold on the scene were the most peaceful in the world, and less capable than their neighbours of that heroic spirit which gives a loftier character even to the most trivial action. The pressure of circumstances surprised them with its own peculiar might, and forced upon them a transient greatness which they did not seem

formed to display, and will probably never display again. It is therefore precisely the want of heroic grandeur which renders the event so singular and so instructive; and while others make it their aim to show the superiority of genius to accident, I design to exhibit a picture in which necessity created genius, and accident made heroes.

Were it ever allowable, in treating of human things, to assert the interposition of a higher providence, it would be so with regard to this passage of history, so completely does it seem to contradict reason and experience. Philip the Second was the mightiest sovereign of his time: his dreaded power threatened to overwhelm all Europe; his treasures outnumbered those of the combined monarchs of Christendom; his fleets rode triumphant over every sea; his tyrannous and ambitious projects were seconded by countless armies,—armies which, hardened by long and bloody wars and by a Roman discipline, intoxicated with national pride and heated with the memory of successful battles, thirsted for glory and for plunder, and obeyed every impulse given to them by the daring genius of their leader—that formidable man devoted to the execution of a relentless project which formed the unwearied labour of his long regency. All these resources were directed to a single object, and this object Philip was compelled in the evening of his days to abandon.

Philip II. in conflict with a few feeble provinces, and unable to terminate that conflict!

And with what provinces? Here, a peaceful population of fishermen and shepherds, in a forgotten corner of Europe, which it had laboriously won from the waves;—the sea at once its occupation, its wealth, and its calamity—a free poverty its highest good, its glory and its virtue. There, a good-natured and orderly trading people, revelling in the fruits of successful industry, watchful in the maintenance of beneficent laws. In the happy leisure of competence they emerged from the narrow circle of anxious cares, and learned to thirst after higher enjoyments. The new truth, whose glad dawn now broke over Europe, cast a fructifying ray on this favouring soil; —free citizens joyfully received the light from which slaves averted their eyes.....

.....Simple in their policy as in their manners, they ventured to point to an antiquated contract, and to remind the lord of both Indies of their rights. A name decided the whole issue of the thing. That which in Brussels was called lawful petition, in Madrid was called rebellion; the troubles in Brabant demanded a prudent mediator,—Philip sent an executioner, and the signal for war was given. A tyranny without example assailed life and property. The despairing citizen, to whom nothing was left but the choice of a death, preferred the nobler on the field of battle. An opulent luxu-

rious people loves peace, but in proportion as it is impoverished it becomes warlike; it ceases to tremble for a life robbed of everything which can render life desirable. The fury of rebellion extends to the remotest provinces, manufactures and commerce are prostrate, the ships disappear from the ports, the artisan from his workshop, the husbandman from the untilled fields. Thousands flee to foreign lands, thousands fall victims on the scaffold, and thousands press again to fill the vacant ranks, persuaded that the doctrine for which men can die so triumphantly must needs be divine.

There is yet wanting the last hand to complete the work—the clear and enterprising spirit which watched for the great political moment, and improved the offspring of chance into the plan of wisdom.

William the Taciturn * * * *

* * * * * *

The history of the world is consistent with itself as the laws of nature, and single as the soul of man.

The same conditions bring back the same events. On this very soil, where the Netherlanders now offered resistance to their Spanish tyrant, fifteen hundred years before did their ancestors, the Batavi and the Belgæ, engage in fierce and stubborn conflict with those of Rome. Like them the unwilling subjects of a haughty ruler, like them a prey to rapacious satraps, they cast away their fetters with the same disdain, and tempted the fortune of as unequal

a field. The same pride of conquest, the same assumption of superiority in the Spaniard of the sixteenth century and in the Roman of the first; the same valour in either army, the same terror of their invading troops. Then, as now, we see cunning contend with despotism, and constancy sustained by union weary out a gigantic power enfeebled by dispersion. Then, as now, private hate armed a nation; a single man, born for his age, revealed to her the awful secret of her strength, and gave to her mute discontent a bloody utterance.

"Say, Batavi," said Claudius Civilis to his countrymen in the sacred grove, "are we still treated by these Romans as allies and friends, or rather as useful slaves? We are given over to their officers and agents, and these, when they are sated with our spoils and our blood, are replaced by others, who repeat the same acts of violence and rapacity under new names. If it ever happens that Rome sends us a governor, he oppresses us with a pompous and costly retinue and with a yet more insufferable arrogance. The levies are at hand again, which tear children from their parents, and brothers from brothers for ever. Now, Batavi, the moment is yours. Never was Rome so enfeebled as now. Let not the name of legions strike terror into you,—their camp contains only old men and booty. We have foot-soldiers and horsemen. Germany is ours, and Gaul burns

to throw off her yoke. Let Syria serve them, and Asia, and the East, patient of kings. There are still among us many who were born before Gaul paid tribute to Rome. The Gods are on the side of the bravest *."

Peaceful sacraments sanctified this conspiracy, as they did that of the Gueux, and like that, it artfully sheltered itself under the veil of subordination—under the majesty of a great name. The cohorts of Civilis on the Rhine took the oath to Vespasian in Syria, as the Compromissi did to Philip the Second in Spain. The same field of warfare produced the same plan of defence—the same last refuge of despair. Both committed their desperate fortunes to a succouring element. Civilis saved his island, as, fifteen hundred years later, William of Orange saved the city of Leyden, by an artificial inundation. The valour of the Batavi revealed the impotence of the ruler of the world, as the magnificent courage of their posterity disclosed to the eyes of all Europe the decay of the Spanish power. The same fertility of mind in the leaders of either age rendered the war equally obstinate, and its close equally doubtful. One difference, however, strikes us: the Romans and the Batavi warred with humanity, for they warred not for religion.

Schiller. (*Abfall der Niederlande.*)

* Tacitus, Hist., IV. V.

SCENES FROM THE TRAGEDY OF EGMONT.

ACT I. SCENE II.

The Regent's Palace; Margaret of Parma in a hunting-dress; Courtiers, Pages, Servants.

Regent.—SEND away the horses and huntsmen; I shall not ride today. Tell Machiavelli to come to me.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The thought of these dreadful events leaves me no peace. Nothing gladdens me—nothing amuses me. Fearful images and anxious forebodings are ever with me. The king will say that these are the consequences of my leniency—my connivance; and yet my conscience tells me that I did what was most expedient and best. Ought I to have fanned these flames, and scattered them abroad with the tempest of wrath? I hoped to turn their course—to allow them to burn out. Yes,—the reasons which have swayed me, the facts which have come to my knowledge, justify me to myself; but how will my brother view them? For it cannot be denied that the insolence of the foreign teachers has daily increased; they have blasphemed our holiest rites, they have bewildered the stupid and the ignorant, and have turned the heads of the populace. Unclean spirits have mingled with these troublers of the peace, these preachers of sedition, and deeds have

been committed which are fearful to think upon, and of which I must now report some to the court, promptly and distinctly, that common fame may not outrun my messenger—that the king may not think there is yet more behind which I seek to conceal. I can discover no means—neither severe nor mild—to remove or avert the evil. Oh what are we great ones on this stormy sea of life? We think we rule its tides—and we are but its sport, tossed hither and thither by every wave.

(*Enter Machiavelli.*)

Regent.—Are the letters to the king written?

Machiavelli.—In an hour they may be signed.

Regent.—Have you made the report sufficiently distinct and circumstantial?

Machiavelli.—Circumstantial and minute—as the king likes to have them. I have related how the iconoclast fury first broke out at St. Omer; how a fierce multitude with staves and hatchets, hammers, ladders and cords, accompanied by a few armed men, first attacked the chapels, churches and convents, drove out the pious worshipers, broke open the doors, tore down the altars, destroyed the statues of the saints, defaced the pictures; ruined, dashed in pieces and trod under foot whatever fell in their way that was consecrated and holy; how the crowd increased as it proceeded on its course, and the inhabitants of Ypres opened their gates to it; how

they laid waste the cathedral, and burned the library of the bishop with incredible rapidity; how a great multitude of people, inflamed with a like madness, spread themselves abroad through Menin, Comines, Verwich and Lille, and found no resistance; and how throughout nearly the whole of Flanders the monstrous conspiracy burst forth, and was in activity in a moment.

Regent.—Oh how are all my griefs renewed at your recital! And now they are aggravated by the fear that the evil will become greater and greater. Tell me your thoughts, Machiavel.

Machiavelli.—Your highness will excuse me. My thoughts are too like dreams—fancies; and though you have ever been satisfied with my services, you have seldom been willing to follow my advice. You have often said in jest, "You see too far, Machiavel—you should be a writer of history; people who have to act must provide for the emergency of the moment." And yet did I not foretell all this tremendous history? Did I not foresee it all?

Regent.—I can foresee many things which I can neither alter nor avert.

Machiavelli.—In one word then—you will not suppress the new religion. Tolerate it—recognize it—sever its professors from those of the true faith; give them churches, include them within the pale of civil order and authority, and you will at once reduce

the rebels to quiet. All other expedients are vain, and you devastate the land.

Regent.—Do you forget with what horror my brother rejected the very question whether the new religion might be tolerated? Do you not know that every letter of his contains the most earnest exhortations to me to uphold the true faith? that he will not hear of peace or unity which are to be purchased at the expense of religion? Does he not maintain, even in the provinces, spies whom we know not of, to report to him who inclines to the new opinions? Has he not, to our amazement, named to us individuals living here under our own eye, who were privily guilty of heresy? Does he not enjoin severity and rigour? And am I to be indulgent? Am I to offer him counsels of leniency and toleration? Should I not lose all his confidence in me—all his reliance upon me?

Machiavelli.—I know it well. The king commands, and informs you fully of his views. You are to restore peace and tranquillity by means which must increase the general exasperation,—which must inevitably kindle war in every corner of the land. Think what you are doing. The great merchants are infected,—the nobles, the people, the soldiers. What boots it to cling pertinaciously to our own opinion when all changes around us? Oh that some good spirit would but whisper to Philip, that it is nobler

for a king to rule over subjects of two different religions, than to convert them into instruments of mutual annoyance and destruction!

Regent.—Let me never hear a word like that again. I know full well that policy can seldom hold faith and truth; that it banishes frankness, kindliness, forbearance and generosity from the heart. In temporal affairs this is, alas! too true; but are we to sport with God as we do with each other? Are we to be indifferent to our established faith, for which so many lives have been sacrificed? Are we to yield it up to these intruders, these uncertain and self-contradicting innovators?

Machiavelli.—Do not think the worse of me, I beseech you.

Regent.—I know you and your fidelity, and I know that a man may be honest and intelligent, even though he may have missed the straight and better way to secure the salvation of his soul. There are other men beside you, Machiavel, whom I am compelled at once to respect and to blame.

Machiavelli.—To whom do you allude?

Regent.—I must confess that Egmont has today inflicted on me the severest pain.

Machiavelli.—By what?

Regent.—By nothing new,—by the indifference and levity of his manner. I received the most fearful tidings just as I left the church, accompanied by him and by many others. I could not restrain my

grief; I gave way to complaints loud and deep, and turning to him, I said, "See what is taking place in your province! Do you suffer this, Count, you, in whom the king placed such boundless trust?"

Machiavelli.—And what did he reply?

Regent.—As if it were nothing—a trifling incident—he said, "I wish the Netherlanders were but tranquillized about your government! All the rest would be easily settled."

Machiavelli.—Perhaps he spoke with more truth than prudence or piety. How is it possible that confidence can arise or endure while the Netherlander sees that it is his substance rather than his welfare, or his salvation, that is so eagerly coveted? Do the souls saved by the new bishops outnumber the fat benefices they have clutched and revelled in? And are they not almost all foreigners? The lieutenancies of all the provinces are as yet filled by Netherlanders; let not the Spaniards show too clearly their greedy, insatiable longing for those places. Will not a people rather be governed according to its own usages, and by its own countrymen, than by strangers to the soil, who seek to possess themselves of it at the cost of all—who try everything by a foreign standard, and who rule without kindliness or sympathy?

Regent.—You take the side of our enemies.

Machiavelli.—My heart is certainly not on their side; would that my reason were wholly on ours!

Regent.—If you counsel, or necessity enjoins it, I will resign my regency, for both Egmont and Orange cherish high hopes of obtaining that post. They would then be rivals; now they are allied against me, and are become friends—inseparable friends.

Machiavelli.—A dangerous pair.

Regent.—To be plain with you, I fear Orange—I fear for Egmont. Orange meditates no good. His thoughts are far-reaching; he is secret, appears to assent to everything, never contradicts, and with the profoundest respect, with the most infinite care not to offend, he does what pleases him.

Machiavelli.—Egmont, on the contrary, walks with as free and firm a tread as if the world were his own.

Regent.—He bears his head as high as if the hand of majesty were not above him.

Machiavelli.—The eyes of the people are all turned to him; on him hang all their hearts.

Regent.—Never did he abstain from an act because its appearance might offend others or prejudice himself;—as if there lived not the man who could call him to account for aught he did. He still retains the name of Egmont—Count Egmont, he loves to hear himself called—as if he disdained to forget that his ancestors were possessors of Gueldres. Why does he not call himself Prince of Gaure—his proper title? What is his purpose in this? Does he mean to revive forgotten claims?

Machiavelli.—I hold him for a faithful servant of the king.

Regent.—How valuable he might render himself to the government, if he would! instead of which he has given us unspeakable vexation, and without profit to himself. His festivals and banquets have knit the hearts of the nobles to him in stronger bonds than all the perilous oaths of secret societies. His guests have drunk in with his toasts a perpetual excitement,—a lasting intoxication. How often does he move the hearts of the people by his jests! How the mob were startled at the new liveries, and the absurd badges of his people!

Machiavelli.—I am persuaded he had no evil design.

Regent.—Be that as it may, the thing is bad enough. As I said, it injures us and does not serve him. What is serious he treats as a jest, and we, not to appear supine and negligent, must treat his jests as serious. Thus does the one irritate the other, and what we seek to avert becomes fixed and inevitable. He is more dangerous than a declared head of a conspiracy, and I am greatly mistaken if all that has happened is not attributed to him at court. I cannot deny that he is very rarely long without giving me some fresh cause of bitter irritation.

Machiavelli.—He seems to me to act in all things according to his conscience.

Regent.—His conscience has a very flattering mirror. His manner is often offensive. His very look often seems to bespeak an entire and intimate persuasion that he is master, and abstains from making us feel it only out of condescension and politeness; as if he would not absolutely drive us out of the country, but that it must come to that.

Machiavelli.—I entreat you, interpret not his frank carriage, his joyous and debonnaire nature, that treats everything lightly, too perilously. You injure him and yourselves.

Regent.—I interpret nothing. I speak only of inevitable results, and I know him. His high Netherland blood and the Golden Fleece upon his breast, increase his confidence and audacity. Both may protect him from any sudden capricious disgust of the king's. Examine well into the facts—you will find that he alone is responsible for all the misery that has befallen Flanders. He first connived at the presence of the foreign teachers, treated their proceedings lightly, and perhaps rejoiced that we had so much employment on our hands. Let me speak freely;—on this occasion I will give vent to all I have on my heart, and I will not shoot my arrow in the air. I know his sensitive point—he *is* sensitive.

Machiavelli.—Have you convened the Council? Will Orange attend?

Regent.—I have sent to Antwerp for him. I will throw their full share of the responsibility upon them; they shall either lend me their earnest aid to resist this evil, or openly join the rebels. Make haste to finish the letters and bring them to me to sign. Then despatch the trusty Vasca to Madrid; he is as faithful as he is indefatigable, and it is important that my brother should learn the intelligence first from him, that common fame may not outstrip him. I will speak to him myself before he departs.

Machiavelli.—Your highness's commands shall be promptly and punctually obeyed.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Clara's House; Clara and her Mother.

Mother.—Such a love as Brackenburg's I never saw. I did not believe there were such, except in romance books.

(*Clara walks up and down the room, humming an air between her lips.*)

"Happy alone
Is the soul that loves."

Mother.—He suspects your love for Egmont, and yet I do believe, if you would but appear a little

kind to him, he would marry you, if you would have him.

Clara (*singing*),

" To be full of joy,
And of sorrow,
And of thick-coming thoughts;
To float painfully
From passionate longing
To anxious fear;
Now sending shouts of exultation to the skies,
Now sad unto death—
Happy alone
Is the soul that loves*."

Mother.—Leave off that rockaby-baby stuff.

Clara.—Don't despise it; it is a song of wonderful virtue. Many 's the time I have lulled a great child to sleep with it.

Mother.—Ay, you have nothing in your head but your love; I wish you did not forget all for one. You ought to have more respect for Brackenburg, say I. He may make you happy some day or other.

Clara.—He?

Mother.—Oh, yes! there 'll come a time;—you children don't look forward, and you turn a deaf ear to our experience. Youth and bright love—all come

* I had hoped, by the kind assistance of some poetical friend, to be able to enrich my pages with a metrical translation of this song; but it has as yet eluded every hand, however practised and successful, that has tried to grasp it. I am therefore forced to content myself with the most accurate version I can give.—TRANSLATOR.

to an end, and the time comes when we thank God if we have any hole to creep into.

Clara (*shudders, is silent, and walks away*). Mother, let that time come—when it must—like death. To think of it beforehand is horrible! And if it should come—if we must—then—we will bear ourselves as we may. Egmont, I live without thee? (*Weeping.*) No, never—never.

(*Enter Egmont in a soldier's cloak, with his hat slouched over his face.*)

Clara!

(*Clara cries out and steps back.*)—Egmont! (*she flies to him,*) Egmont! (*embraces him and rests her head on his bosom.*) Oh you kind, dear, sweet one! Are you come? Are you there?

Egmont.—Good evening, good mother.

Mother.—God bless you, noble sir. My poor child has nearly fretted herself to death because you have stayed away so long. She has been talking and singing about you again, the live-long day.

Egmont.—But you will give me some supper, won't you?

Mother.—You do us too much honour. If we had but anything to offer you—

Clara.—Be at ease about that, mother. I have taken care of all that already. I have prepared something. (*Aside.*) Don't betray me, mother.

Mother.—(*Aside.*) There 's little enough.

Clara.—(*Aside.*) Stay.—And then—when he is with me I am never hungry, so that I think he cannot have much appetite when I am with him.

Egmont.—What are you saying?

(*Clara stamps with her foot, and turns away pettishly.*)

Egmont.—What is the matter with you?

Clara.—How cold you are today! You have not offered me one kiss yet. Why do you keep your arms swathed in your mantle, like those of a babe a week old. It ill becomes either soldier or lover to have his arms muffled.

Egmont.—Sometimes, darling, sometimes; when the soldier stands in ambush, watching to fall upon the enemy, he gathers himself together, folds his arms, and ruminates on his attack. And a lover—

Mother.—Won't you be seated? won't you make yourself comfortable? I must go into the kitchen. Clara thinks of nothing when you are by. You must take the will for the deed.

Egmont.—Your good will is the best sauce.

[*Mother goes.*

Clara.—And what then is my love?

Egmont.—Whatever you please.

Clara.—Come, liken it to something, if you have the heart.

Egmont.—First—there—(*throws off his mantle and stands disclosed in his splendid dress*).

Clara.—Ah me!

Egmont.—Now my arms are free! (*Clasps her to his heart.*)

Clara.—Don't; you will spoil yourself. (*Steps back.*) How splendid! I dare not touch you now.

Egmont.—Well, are you satisfied? I promised you that I would come once dressed in the Spanish fashion.

Clara.—I have never reminded you of your promise. I thought you did not like it. Ah! and the Golden Fleece!

Egmont.—Ay, now you see it.

Clara.—And did the Emperor hang that round your neck?

Egmont.—Yes, dear child; and this chain and device invest their wearer with the noblest privileges. I acknowledge no judge of my actions on earth, save the Grand-master of the Order and the assembled chapter of knights.

Clara.—Oh, *you* might let the assembled world judge you! How magnificent the velvet is! and the fringe-work! and the embroidery! One can't tell where to begin.

Egmont.—Well, now look your fill.

Clara.—And the Golden Fleece! You told me the whole story; and you said it was a badge of everything grand and precious — everything that man can deserve or win by labour and industry. It is

very precious. It seems to me like your love. I bear that, just so, upon my heart—and yet—

Egmont.—Well—what?

Clara.—And yet—again it is *not* like.

Egmont.—How so?

Clara.—It is not by labour or pains that I have won your love—nor deserved it.

Egmont.—In love the case is different. You deserved it, because you did not strive for it; those people are generally most sure to win love, who do not hunt about for it.

Clara.—Did you learn that from yourself? Was it from yourself you drew that proud reflection? yourself, whom all the people love?

Egmont.—Oh! that I had, indeed, done something for them! that I *could* do something for them! It is their good pleasure to love me.

Clara.—You have been with the Regent today doubtless,—have you not?

Egmont.—I have.

Clara.—Are you on good terms with her?

Egmont.—It seems so. We are friendly and civil to each other.

Clara.—And in your heart?

Egmont.—I like her. Every one has his own peculiar views—but that is nothing. She is an excellent woman, knows the people she has to deal with, and would see deeply enough if she were not

somewhat suspicious. I give her plenty of occupation; for she always searches for some mystery behind my conduct, and I have none.

Clara.—What, none at all?

Egmont.—Why, true, dear—one little exception. All wine leaves lees in the cask, if it stands long enough. Orange is, however, a more interesting study to her, and an ever-new problem. He has got credit for having always some secret design, and now she is constantly trying to read on his brow what he is thinking,—in his step, whither he is going.

Clara.—Does she dissemble?

Egmont.—A regent,—and you ask that?

Clara.—Pardon me, I meant is she false?

Egmont.—Neither more nor less so than every one who seeks to obtain his ends.

Clara.—I should not know what to do in the great world. But she has a manly spirit; she is another sort of woman than we sempstresses and housewives. She is great, brave-hearted, resolute.

Egmont.—Yes, perhaps a little too much so; she is a perfect Amazon.

Clara.—A majestic woman! I should dread to come into her presence.

Egmont.—And yet you are not generally so timid! It would not be fear—only maidenly shame.

(*Clara casts down her eyes, takes his hand, and leans her head upon him.*)

Egmont.—I understand you, dear girl!—you may raise your eyes. (*He kisses her eyes.*)

Clara.—Let me be silent!—let me hold you fast!—let me gaze in your eyes, and find in them everything—comfort, and hope, and joy, and sorrow. (*She embraces, and looks at him.*) Tell me—tell me—I cannot conceive it—are *you* Egmont?—Count Egmont?—the great Egmont, who is so famous, whose name is in every newspaper, on whom the Provinces place their whole reliance?

Egmont.—No, my Clara, I am not.

Clara.—What?

Egmont.—Look you, Clara,—let me sit down. (*He sits down—she kneels before him on a footstool, leans her arms on his knees, and looks up in his face.*) *That* Egmont is a morose, unbending, cold Egmont, compelled to shut himself up, and to assume now one aspect, and now another—fretted, misunderstood—constrained, when people think him gay and joyous—beloved by a people which knows not what it wishes—honoured and exalted by an impracticable multitude—surrounded by friends to whom he dares not commit himself unreservedly—watched by men who would avail themselves of any means to rival him—labouring and toiling, often without aim, generally without reward—Oh, let me not say how it fares with him—what are his feelings! But *this* Egmont, Clara, the tranquil, open, happy,—beloved and un-

derstood by the best of hearts, that heart which he fully understands, and with entire love and confidence presses to his own—(*embracing her*)—this is *your* Egmont.

Clara.—So—let me die! The world has no joy after this!

Goethe.

NOTES.

ARNDT (MORITZ ERNST).—*Page* 5.

Professor Arndt was born in 1768, in the island of Rügen. He distinguished himself by the ardour and eloquence with which he incited his countrymen to throw off the French yoke. Some of his 'Vaterlandslieder' are very noble and spirited lyrics. They breathe a hatred to the French which was justifiable then, but of which it is to be hoped we shall hear no more. In 1818 he was appointed professor of history at Bonn; but in the following year was suspended from the exercise of his functions on the ground of "demagogical intrigues." He continued, however, to live there, and to receive his salary.

One of the first liberal acts of the present king of Prussia (among the many which have raised high the hopes of his subjects) was to reinstate Arndt in his chair. This gave rise to great rejoicing at Bonn, especially among that singular *Völkchen*, the students, who greeted him with the honours always decreed to popular professors—the *Fackelzug* (torch-procession), etc. etc.

I had the pleasure of seeing the venerable man again at Bonn last year in undiminished vivacity and vigour. His chief works are 'Geist der Zeit' (Spirit of the Age), and

'Reisen durch Deutschland, Ungarn, Italien und Frankreich' (Travels through Germany, Hungary, Italy and France). He published last year his recollections of the part he took in stirring up Europe, and especially Russia, to that combined effort which ended in the emancipation of Prussia ('Erinnerungen aus dem äusseren Leben'). It seemed to a cursory glance very entertaining.

BABO (JOSEPH MARIA).—*Page* 76.

A dramatic writer of merit, born at Ehrenbreitstein in 1756, professor of Æsthetics, and director of the Theatre at Munich. Died in 1822.

BETTINA (FRAU VON ARNIM).—*Pages* 141, 162.

Frau von Arnim is sister of Clemens Brentano, and wife of Achim von Arnim, two distinguished poets and romance writers. Frau von Arnim translated her correspondence with Goethe into English herself, and it might therefore seem unnecessary for me to give any extracts from it; but as I do not think the book is extensively known, nor very well suited to the English palate, nor, lastly, that Frau von Arnim can handle our language with sufficient skill to do justice to her mastery over her own, I have ventured on a few passages. The scene with the squirrel and prince John of Mecklenburg—the poor little princesses, disenchanted by the 'Frau Rath's' powerful wand

from the bonds of court etiquette and the tyranny of the cruel Hofmeisterin, and restored to the charming liberty of pumping to their heart's content—the 'Frau Rath's' cap-stand—the ham salad eaten by the little royalties with the naïveté and heartiness of a German appetite—all this forms a picture intensely national; ludicrous to people who believe themselves and their manners the standard of human excellence, and in whom the *rein menschlich* (the purely human element) is fairly crushed under rules as factitious and narrow as those of the Celestial Empire; but to those who delight in glimpses of genuine human nature, as agreeable as it is new. The princesses were, I conclude, Louisa, Queen of Prussia, and the present Queen of Hanover! Let the reader turn to the letter of the beautiful and unfortunate Louisa to her father, and he will find matter for moralizing.

Of the general character of Frau von Arnim's book it is unnecessary for me to speak, as it is accessible to the English public. Frau von Arnim has more recently published the correspondence of Fraulein von Gunderode, the young nun, or *chanoinesse*, whose tragical death is mentioned in her letters to Goethe.

BRANDIS (CHRISTIAN ALBERT).—*Page* 219.

Professor Brandis was born at Copenhagen. His father, who is still living at a very advanced age, is physician to the king of Denmark. Professor Brandis was

one of Niebuhr's secretaries at Rome, and was valued and loved by that illustrious man, as he must be by all who have the happiness of knowing him. On this subject I shall say no more, because I do not think it fair either to one's friends or one's readers to make a book the channel for effusions of private friendship.

Professor Brandis has for many years held the chair of philosophy at Bonn. In the year 1836 he was invited to Athens to superintend the institutions for public education in that city, and also to read with the young king. In 1839 he returned to his chair at Bonn. He has published a short but interesting pamphlet on the present state of the Christian Church in Greece. His edition of Aristotle is well known to scholars.

The work from which the passage in the text is taken is not yet completed.

FICHTE (JOHANN GOTTLIEB).—*Pages* 4, 34, 78, 144, 188, 216.

Born in Upper Lusatia, in 1762. He lived some years in Prussia, where he enjoyed the advantage of personal intercourse with Kant. In 1792 he published his 'Kritik aller Offenbarung,' which excited the attention of all Germany, and led to his appointment to the chair of Philosophy at Jena, which he quitted in consequence of differences with the government, arising from the supposed heterodoxy of his opinions. He was afterwards professor at Erlangen, and, during the war, at Königsberg. To elevate the mind above sensual enjoyments, to represent

a spiritual life as the only true life, and every other as a mere semblance, and thus to excite his hearers to the highest purity, virtue and self-denial, was his daily endeavour; his eminent success in which on youthful minds was not the effect only of his singular vigour of thought and language, but of the force of his whole character; for he was what he told others to be. The crown of his extraordinary genius was a heart true, pure, and susceptible of everything great and good; an inviolable integrity, a fervent love of truth, and heroic courage in its defence. His Address to the German nation (*Reden an die Deutsche Nation*), published in Berlin, while that capital was in the possession of the French (1808), proved the intrepidity of his patriotism, and gave presage of the struggle which was afterwards so gloriously maintained. In 1809 he was appointed Professor in the newly-formed University of Berlin, which was henceforward the scene of his labours. His lectures were partly delivered to mixed audiences.

Fichte's death was worthy of his life. His wife, partly of her own will, partly at his suggestion, devoted herself to the service of the military hospitals at Berlin; she was attacked by the hospital fever, of which she recovered; but her husband caught it of her, and died in the 51st year of his age.

The few fragments I have given from the only works of Fichte which I have read, are, I think, in harmony with the description of him. His eloquence is grave and lofty, and at the same time ardent; his exhortations to high thoughts and a holy life are like those of a prophet.

His philosophy succeeded in public estimation to that of Kant, and was succeeded by that of Schelling and Hegel.

FOUQUÉ (BARONESS DE LA MOTTE).—*Page* 35.

Baron de la Motte Fouqué's romances are pretty extensively known in this country, especially the wild, graceful, and touching Undine. Madame de la Motte Fouqué also wrote romances of considerable merit, I believe, but they never fell in my way. My extract is from a little book called the 'Woman of the Fashionable World,' or 'of High Society.'

I think it is not too much to say, that it is impossible to write in a better tone. The thoughts are elevated and refined, the language free from exaggeration or affectation, yet ardent and spirited. Though soaring out of the flat and barren regions of common-place and narrow convention, there is nothing that is not strictly practical; nothing extravagant or startling, or inconsistent with unaffected delicacy and dignified repose of manner.

The only wonder is that anybody could write this passage who had not seen England. It seems, however, that 'Vornehmheit' manifests itself by the same symptoms in all countries. So much the better. Madame de la Motte Fouqué's graceful and earnest eloquence may be of wider application than she intended.

The influence of women on society, however, will never be worth much as long as the reign of the sneerers, whose

express business (mission, to use a fashionable word) it is to crush aspirations and to keep society at a dead-level, lasts. Women of the leisure classes, unfortunately for them, come within the department of æsthetics rather than of ethics. They are objects of taste. This evil is inseparable from their nature and destiny. But it might be extremely mitigated if the taste by which they are tried were elevated, refined, and subjected to reason. At present it operates as a check on all the higher qualities of the mind. The poor bird must not spread its wings, for fear the free winds and the fertilizing rains of heaven should ruffle its pretty plumage. Whenever women are permitted to think justly and to feel truly; whenever they are taught to consider that, whatever their station or their gifts, they are bound to pay in, each her own particular contribution to the great fund of human improvement and human happiness; whenever they cease to regard "the Great Whole as a nursery or a ball-room," then, and not till then, they will become the nurses of great thoughts and noble actions in men—they will *really* refine and elevate, and harmonize, society.

Then too the world will hear no more of the "emancipation of women," or of preposterous schemes for bringing them into a sort of competition with men—God knows at what disadvantage! The completeness of the human being rests upon that "most unlike resemblance" which Jeremy Taylor speaks of. Hitherto men have delighted to cultivate the 'unlike' qualities, to the almost entire exclusion of the resembling. Now, by one of those reactions which are in the common course of human affairs,

there are indications of a desire to obliterate the unlikeness, and to try to force an unnatural resemblance.

Whenever the equipoise is found, the great problem of social life will, I think, be solved. But that can only be effected by the consent of reason; and not by the conflict of love of power with vanity, of a determination to maintain established rights with a passionate sense of supposed wrongs; and—in short, by the conflict of those who have, with those who want to have, power, which is now stirring society in all its deepest depths.

FREDERIC THE GREAT.—*Page* 98.

This very remarkable document is, I believe, little known; yet it is one of the most characteristic letters that ever was written, and interesting enough in that point of view, independently of the importance of the subject. Dr. Grävell calls it "one of the most curious and important documents to be found in history."

In England little is known of that part of Frederic's character and reign which he himself regarded as establishing by far his highest and strongest claim to the admiration and reverence of mankind. "Frederic's chief greatness," says Johannes von Müller, in his Universal History, "lies in qualities scarcely known to the foreigner; one thing distinguishes him from the herd of heroes—he gains by the nearest approach, the nicest scrutiny. His power," adds he, "was like his glance—quick, firm, re-

solute; his government the despotism of a father, severe and formidable to idle children alone."

Frederic carried on a struggle with the hydra of legal corruption, which would have worn out any man less intensely and resolutely bent on ameliorating the condition of those whose servant, no less than sovereign, he was. He was descended of a family in which a strong perception of the duty of sovereigns *as legislators* seems to have been almost hereditary. "There is no sovereign family in the world," says Dr. Grävell, "the members of which have so fully and earnestly recognised the duty of rulers to provide for their subjects a prompt, impartial, and effective administration of justice, or have so zealously laboured to fulfil that duty, as the house of Hohenzollern."

The Elector John Cicero, in his will, admonished his son and successor as follows :—

"Take the poor under your especial protection : you cannot better strengthen your throne than by succouring the oppressed, by never conniving at any attempt of the rich to overbear the lowly, and by seeing that right and justice are done to every man."

King Frederic William the First, in his edict for accelerating the progress of law-reform, published in the year 1713, makes use of these remarkable words :

"A bad administration of justice cries to heaven, and if I do not remedy it, I make myself answerable for it."

The work of law-reform went on, though slowly, under Frederic's predecessors ; but it was reserved for his penetrating acuteness, unwearied energy and immoveable firmness to complete it. It is much to be regretted that

the part of Lord Dover's life of this illustrious man, relating to his law-reforms, is inaccurate and defective. No mention whatever is made of Suarez, one of the most extraordinary men that ever lived. The Code compiled under the supervision of Von Carmer, which Lord Dover calls the *Code Frédérique*, was and is called the *Allgemeines Landrecht*, or General Law of the Land. The project framed by Cocceji was indeed called the *Corpus Juris Fredericianum*, but this never had the force of law. In 1780, when Von Carmer proposed to retain that title, Frederic wrote in the margin these remarkable and characteristic words, "The title is indifferent, so the thing itself be but useful."

The Code was not promulgated with the force of law till 1794.

Frederic is accused by his biographer of dismissing his chancellors capriciously. The truth is, he was greatly irritated at the various pretexts invented by the successors of the illustrious Cocceji for defeating or delaying measures of general utility. "He was," says Dr. Grävell, "resolved rather to be harsh to a few individuals, than to risk the welfare of his people." Surely such motives are not to be confounded with the personal caprices and resentments of princes.

An edict published by Von Carmer, then minister of justice in Silesia, showed that, in some details of procedure, he had actually effected the simplification and abbreviation which the king had so long been striving at. Frederic, whose vigilance nothing escaped, commanded him to undertake a project for a complete reform of the laws.

The following year, 1775, Frederic held a personal conference with Von Carmer, Von Fürst, then chancellor, and Von Rebner, President of the Council of Justice, at which both the latter strenuously opposed the king's project. It was however followed by an edict commanding that oral pleadings should be received. Still Frederic was far from attaining his end. On the contrary, his dissatisfaction continued to increase, and in the year 1779 he dismissed Von Fürst and appointed Von Carmer his chancellor. This distinguished man immediately set about amending the system of procedure. The satisfaction with which Frederic viewed his labours soon manifested itself in the Cabinets-Ordre, which I have improperly called a letter, authorizing him to undertake a complete reform of the laws.

I have thought it necessary to give an outline of the facts, abstracted from Dr. Grävell's work, to throw light on this singular document, than which few perhaps can be found more striking, from the union of acute perspicacity, large unprejudiced views, benevolent intentions and unconquerable will which it displays.

The world may well look with interest to the result of the labours of the Commission appointed by the present king of Prussia for arranging and publishing the works and papers of his illustrious predecessor. The names of A. v. Humboldt, Ranke, Raumer and Boeckh are sufficient guarantees that the enlightened views of the king will be punctually carried out.

GENTZ (FRIEDRICH).—*Page* 149.

Gentz (Friedrich v.) was born at Breslau in 1764. He studied at Königsberg, obtained a post under the government at Berlin, and soon distinguished himself as a journalist. In 1793 he published a translation of Burke's remarks on the French revolution, and of some works of Mallet du Pin and Monier. His essay 'On the Administration of the Finances of Great Britain (1801) attracted the attention of Mr. Pitt. His essay 'On the state of Europe before and after the French Revolution,' was also translated into English; and he accompanied Mr. Elliot, then minister at the court of Dresden, to England. He returned to Dresden, and published other political works, among which was one on the relations between England and Spain. He was a constant opponent of peace with France. At the Congress of Vienna, and at the Conferences at Paris in 1815, he drew up the protocols, as also at the succeding Conferences, the last of which was held at Verona. In 1818 articles from his pen appeared in the 'Wiener Jahrbücher der Literatur,' on the freedom of the press in England, and on the author of Junius's letters.

My extract is from some letters of Gentz to Johannes v. Müller. Some of them are striking, from the vivacity and passion with which they are written. His despair at seeing Austria fall under the reiterated blows of France, is expressed with a vehemence that carries the reader along with him. From his account of the matter, it seems that the government and army of that country were thoroughly rotten, and their fall inevitable. He

says he warned Mr. Pitt of what would happen if Austria took the field without Prussia, but that the English government was intensely ignorant of continental affairs.

Gentz had talents and eloquence; but there is nothing in his moral character to inspire the smallest respect, nor, I believe, is he held in any, in Germany.

I believe he enjoyed a pension from this country, granted him by Mr. Pitt, up to the time of his death.

GOETHE (WOLFGANG VON).—*Pages* 3, 10, 15, 18, 21, 30, 41, 48, 57, 60, 64, 76, 80, 81, 92, 94, 97, 109, 122, 123, 139, 148, 153, 164, 172, 183, 187, 191, 202, 206, 218, 245.

These extracts will give some idea of Goethe's endless variety, though a very imperfect one. There still remain untouched the whole of his productions as a poet, and as a man of science (using these two words in the improperly restricted sense in which we use them). What I especially wished to show, was his good sense and practical wisdom; the acuteness and clearness of his judgment when he chose to exert it. There are a sort of people in this country who continue to speak, and even write, about Goethe and Kotzebue, which to a German ear sounds very much as Shakspeare and Colman would to ours. Others talk of Werther, that fruitful subject of ridicule, as if Goethe had written nothing else. Others, again, think of him only as the author of Faust—that untranslateable poem which every Englishman translates. But in order to form any dea of Goethe's merits, it is necessary to read his criti-

cisms on literature and art, and his remarks on men and events. How perfectly, for example, does he characterize Goldsmith in a few words, and how striking the transition to the equally true and vivid description of modern French literature! But it is no part of my plan to pronounce an eulogium on the pieces I have chosen,—they must speak for themselves. I only meant to say that my choice had often been determined, not by the merit of a passage alone, but by its presenting the author in some less familiar light. This is no place for entering into the question of Goethe's merits generally. Some of his works are open to serious objections, and though they do not want able and conscientious defenders, it is a discussion in which I have no desire to engage. My own impression is, that there are none from which a mature and disciplined mind may not draw lessons of wisdom of a very high order; but I am aware that the question is not answered so,—nor do I mean it as an answer.

The letters from Sicily give some faint idea of his power of painting by words. To those who have seen that enchanting island, the picture will, I think, appear at once true and ideal as the finest of Claude's.

I must likewise beg my readers to look at the passage quoted at page 123, though no words that I could find can do justice to its melancholy beauty.

I have ventured on two scenes from his noble tragedy of Egmont: the one for its sagacity and calm wisdom, the other for its grace, pathos and passion. The reader will not fail to perceive that Sir Walter Scott borrowed the idea of a passage in 'Kenilworth' from the scene between Egmont and Clärchen. But the resemblance is

only external. The incident is copied, but the characters are totally different. Amy Robsart has no resemblance to Clara, who, though of the humblest birth and the sweetest and tenderest nature, is a creature of proud, heroic spirit, and loves in Egmont not only her lover, but the champion of the freedom of her country. The closing scene of Egmont is one of the grandest efforts of Goethe's genius. I had thought of attempting a translation of the whole play, and indeed have partly completed it, but better judges than I tell me it will not succeed. Yet I cannot help thinking that faithful translations of Egmont, Götz of Berlichingen, and Clavigo, would be worth the notice of the English public.

I shall have to speak of the difficulties of translating Jean Paul. They are great, and I think obvious; for they arise from the uncouthness, irregularity and oddness of his style (sometimes, I ought to add, from its powerful eloquence)—the chaotic profusion and confusion of images and the deep-dyed local colour—to borrow a French phrase. But in Goethe's style it is not quaintness or singularity that reduces his translator to despair; it is its perfection: one sees that every change of form must be for the worse. He was, I think, the most consummate master of *form* the world has seen since the days of Virgil and Catullus; and how difficult is it to reproduce form! The perfectly apposite words, which hang together like a string of pearls; the ease, the euphony; the adaptation of the style to each of the innumerable subjects he wrote on—these are merits which elude the hand of the most scrupulous or the most successful translator.

Clara's song is as follows:

Freudvoll,
Und leidvoll,
Gedankenvoll seyn;
Langen,
Und bangen,
In schwebender Pein,
Himmelhoch jauchzend,
Zum Tode betrübt—
Glücklich allein
Ist die Seele die liebt.

To analyse the merits of this beautiful song would require an essay; and, after all, who can define that nameless grace, that exquisite fitness of expression, which makes it what it is—Clärchen's song—just as the still more beautiful 'Meine Ruh' ist hin,' in Faust, is Gretchen's? Both are the utterance of simple, earnest passion in the homely language of low-born girls. Yet how different!

GRIMM (JACOB).—*Pages* 93, 108.

Born at Hanau in 1785. The brothers Grimm are known to this country chiefly by the lightest of their works, their charming collection of stories (*Kinder und Haus-Märchen*), and by the proceedings of the king of Hanover which led to their expulsion from the University of Göttingen, together with five other of its most illustrious professors. The two Grimms have recently been in-

vited to Berlin by the present king, who has munificently provided them with the means of pursuing their labours. Jacob Grimm's 'German Grammar,' 'German Legends and Stories,' 'German Mythology,' 'German Legal Antiquities,' a number of dissertations on various points of early German literature, and, lastly, the 'German Dictionary,' which is to crown this vast structure, will form such a complete body of philological, archæological, and antiquarian science as never before proceeded from the same hand. His literary reputation rests, in Germany, chiefly on his admirable 'Deutsche Grammatik,' which throws the whole light of historical and philological research on the original structure and gradual development of the German language, and, collaterally, of all the Teutonic tongues. He published, in conjunction with his brother Wilhelm Karl, the 'Deutsche Sagen,' and the above-mentioned 'Kinder und Haus-Märchen,' which have been so admirably translated by the late Mr. Edgar Taylor.

The 'Deutsche Mythologie,' from which my extracts are taken, is a work of vast and profound learning, and these little legends occur only as illustrations. I was greatly tempted to take others; but I regretted still more not to have room for the whole introduction. The gradual recession of the primitive religion before Christianity; the degree to which the new religion was coloured by the old; the tenacity with which old superstitions clung to the hearts and imaginations of the people; the vestiges of them that still remain; analogies with other countries where a similar process went on;—all this is traced in the

most interesting manner. The book itself presents a mass of erudition such as no country but Germany can produce or tolerate.

HAHN-HAHN (GRÄFIN IDA VON).—*Page* 212.

Countess Hahn-Hahn is one of the most popular of living German authoresses. She has written some novels, a volume of poems, which are highly spoken of, and the little book on Italy, called 'Across the Alps' (*Jenseits der Berge*), from which this extract is taken. Her descriptions of the cities of Italy have remarkable individuality and life. The aspect and character of each is distinctly and vividly traced. The account of the poverty of Naples is one of the most striking things of the kind I ever read, and does credit to the author's humanity, as well as to the accuracy of her observation.

The faults of the book seem to arise from an excessive dread of common-place or imitation. By way of avoiding this, the lively writer sometimes runs into daring singularities, which nothing short of genius and acquirements of the very highest order can justify. The affectation of differing from everybody is certainly less tiresome, though less safe, than the affectation of echoing thousand-times-re-echoed raptures; but while we admire the intrepidity with which Countess Hahn-Hahn judges for herself, and even avows her heresies of taste, undismayed by great names, we may be permitted to wish that this trampling on received opinions were done with a less

peremptory air. The tone of the work is rather (to use a German distinction) 'subjective' than 'objective';—in other words, things seem to be described, not so much for their own sakes, as for their effect in eliciting some peculiarity in the character or circumstances of the writer. This is so much the fashion of the times, that perhaps it hardly demands a comment.

HEINE (HEINRICH).—*Pages* 61 *and* 152.

Born at Düsseldorf in 1799. Author of 'Reisebilder,' and several other works. Some of his songs are beautiful, especially those written in Heligoland, the imagery of which is drawn from the northern seas and their various aspects. Their lyrical sweetness is not surpassed by anything in the German language, except by some of Goethe's songs. Heine's prose style is also regarded in Germany as admirable, even by those who the least admire the matter of his writings. As a proof of his artistical merit, I might mention the pretty sort of echo of the beginning with which the 'Hartz-miners' closes.

HEINZELMANN.—*Page* 40.

HERDER (JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON).—*Page* 90.

Born 1744. Was the son of a poor schoolmaster and cantor (parish-clerk) in the little town of Morungen, in

East Prussia. His father would not allow him to read any other book than the Bible and hymn-book; but, urged by an insatiable desire of knowledge, he contrived to read by stealth. At length a clergyman, named Frescho, took him as secretary, and struck with his moral and intellectual qualities, allowed him to profit by the instructions in Greek and Latin which his son was receiving. Here Herder became acquainted with a Russian surgeon, who offered to take him to Königsberg and teach him his profession, and, as he had no hope of prosecuting his favourite studies, he accepted the proposal. Having fainted, however, at the first dissection he was present at, he abandoned surgery and determined to study theology. He became known to some distinguished men who helped him to prosecute his studies, and enjoyed the acquaintance of Kant and the friendship of Hermann. He now pursued the study of theology with that elevation of thought and feeling which characterized his whole life, and rendered tributary to it his vast and profound acquirements in philosophy, science, and history, his knowledge of various nations and tongues. In 1764 he went to Riga as usher at the cathedral school. Both in the pulpit and the school he inspired enthusiastic attachment. His eloquence as a preacher was characterized by evangelical simplicity, earnestness and purity. He was appointed travelling tutor to the Prince of Holstein Oldenburg, and had reached Strasburg, when a disorder of the eyes prevented him from pursuing his journey. This accident led to his acquaintance with Goethe, over whom he acquired great influence. He had

already gained considerable reputation by his 'Fragmente über die deutsche Literatur,' his 'Kritischen Wälder,' etc. In 1775 he was invited (through Goethe's means) to Weimar, as chaplain to the Court, general superintendent, and councillor of the Consistory. If there was a place in the whole world favourable to the development of all the treasures of Herder's mind, a place where his useful labours would be not only unimpeded, but encouraged and aided, it was Weimar, during the regency of the Grand-duchess Amelia, and the reign of her son Charles Augustus. The fairest fruits of his genius were matured here; and his memory will long be held in grateful veneration as a most persuasive preacher, as the promoter of public education, the fosterer of talent, and the founder of many useful institutions. Beloved and honoured both by the people and their enlightened rulers, he continued his career of beneficent activity till his death in 1803. His works fill forty-five octavo volumes, and embrace theology, philosophy, history, literature and the fine arts. Among them we may mention his beautiful Romances of the Cid, from the Spanish, and his 'Spirit of Hebrew Poetry.' But his great work is the 'Ideas towards a Philosophy of the History of the Human Race,' a book full of the genuine, fervent, sincere expression of love to God and man. His views of the nature and destinies of man are benign, indulgent, consolatory. Those who read only to be informed or amused will be disappointed in the book; but those who wish to cultivate all the most elevating and soothing sentiments, to attain to a state of mind serene, hopeful and benevolent; to be reconciled to the world

and to life, will return to it for repose and for comfort when disturbances, perplexities and sorrows beset them.

It has been translated into English, I believe from a French translation,—at any rate badly enough, as I am told. But as it may be known to the English reader, even through this imperfect medium, I have not been solicitous to give many extracts from it.

HUMBOLDT (WILHELM FREIHERR VON).—
Pages 167, 183, 200.

Of the two bearers of this illustrious name, Alexander, the younger and surviving brother, is so much the best known to the English public, that I the less regret not having adorned my pages with any passages from his works. I had fully intended to insert a charming essay of his, called the 'Physiognomy of Plants,' but unfortunately it is too long for my little volume, and I could not bear to mutilate it. I know nothing like it in our language. It combines the views of the man of science and the artist, in a new and very agreeable manner.

I am not aware that any of Baron Wilhelm von Humboldt's works have been translated into English; yet he is one of the men of whom Germany has most reason to be proud. The noble simplicity of his character, his conscientious and ardent zeal for truth and knowledge, the fidelity and tenderness of his friendship, are apparent in the few little fragments I have given. His learning was as profound as it was extensive. His career as a states-

man was honourable to himself, and useful to his country. In short his reputation, either as a scholar or a statesman, would have sufficed to constitute him a great man.

He was born at Berlin in 1767, and received a careful and profound education. In 1799 he published a criticism on Goethe's poem of Hermann and Dorothea (*Æsthetische Versuche*), than which I believe it would be hardly possible to point out a more finished piece of criticism. It contains not only a refined analysis of the poem, but is full of profound and acute remarks on poetry in general. He was likewise author of 'Inquiries into the Basque Language,' which threw light on that obscure subject, and a translation of the 'Agamemnon' of Æschylus, which contain the results of the most abstruse researches into the Greek language and metres. Wilhelm v. Humboldt lived for many years in Jena, where he contracted that friendship with Schiller which is so nobly and touchingly expressed by these great men in the letters I have quoted.

Chancellor v. Müller, in his little essay called 'Goethe considered as a Man of Action,' says, "Wilhelm and Alexander von Humboldt were long domesticated at Jena. Affectionate regard, unconquerable zeal in investigating and establishing facts and principles, and in advancing the noblest interests of civilization, bound them firmly and closely to Goethe and Schiller, who, on the other hand, found refreshment and reward in a free interchange of ideas with the noble brothers.

"It is well known how much the world is indebted to that harmonious co-operation, in which everything that

was attained called forth fresh and more ardent desire for further attainment, and every triumph of the one was most deeply and intensely enjoyed by the other."

He began his diplomatic career as Prussian resident in Rome, where he was afterwards ambassador extraordinary. In 1810 he was sent as ambassador to Vienna, at that momentous period when Europe was like an avalanche, which needed only some slight shock to make it fall with annihilating force on the power which oppressed it. Humboldt's services were so highly estimated by his sovereign, that he sent him as his plenipotentiary to the Congress at Prague. He was also one of those who signed the treaty of peace at Paris in 1814, and that between Prussia and Saxony, at the Congress of Vienna, in 1815. In 1816 he was minister at Paris, and in 1818 at London, whence he was recalled to occupy a distinguished post in the Prussian ministry. He died in the year 1834, and has left a reputation for learning, wisdom and virtue such as has seldom been equalled in any age or country.

ISELIN (ISAAK).—*Page* 35.

JACOBS (FRIEDRICH CHRISTIAN WILHELM).—*Page* 45.

Born at Gotha, 1764. Studied theology at Jena and afterwards at Göttingen. In 1785 he was chosen teacher of the gymnasium in his native city, and soon began to

distinguish himself in the literary world. In conjunction with some friends he published 'Characters of the Poets of all Nations,' and subsequently 'Exercitationes criticæ in scriptores veteres,' the 'Greek Anthology,' and other works, chiefly on Greek literature. He received from Duke Ernest II. that support and encouragement which the princes of Germany are so remarkable for affording to letters. While there he published, among other works, 'Elementarbuch der griechischen Sprache.' In 1807 he was invited by the king of Bavaria to become professor of Ancient Literature in the Lyceum at Munich, and member of the newly-established Academy of Sciences, where he delivered the eloquent discourse from which the passage in the text is extracted. In three years he returned to Gotha as chief librarian and director of the numismatic cabinet. Here he published the 'Anthologia Græca ad fidem Codicis Vaticani edita.' The chances of war, and the altered situation of the Pope, which had brought back to Heidelberg the invaluable manuscripts given by the Emperor Maximilian to Gregory XV*., greatly aided his labours.

Jacobs was a favourite disciple of Heyne, and belongs to his school of philology, the main difference between which and the later critico-historical school is adverted to in the notice of Otfried Müller.

Jacobs's philological works would appear full occupation for a life; but he has also produced numerous works of fiction, which are in the hands of all persons of education, and are unexceptionable in their moral tendency.

* See Ranke's History of the Popes, ii. 482, and Appendix.

He has recently published some account of his life, called "Personalien, gesammelt von F. Jacobs:" Leipsig, 1840.

JACOBI (FRIED. HEINRICH).—*Pages* 51 *and* 86.

Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi, born at Düsseldorf in 1743. He went to school at Frankfurt, where his deep feeling of religion manifested itself even at that early age, and often rendered him an object of ridicule to his companions. From Frankfurt he went to Geneva, where he remained three years. During this time his mind had made such progress, that he returned home with heavy heart, to enter on the management of his father's business. He carried it on for several years, without, however, neglecting literature. He became acquainted with many of the most distinguished persons of his time. His brother Johann Georg, the poet, introduced him to Wieland; but Goethe produced a still stronger effect upon his mind. He married a wife richly endowed in body and mind, and inheriting a fortune which rendered him independent. In 1779 he was invited to Munich, and appointed privy councillor, but soon fell into disfavour, on account of the frankness with which he commented on the Bavarian custom-house system. He retired from public life and lived in the bosom of his amiable family, at his beautiful residence at Pempelsfort, happy in his intercourse with the greatest spirits of the age. A severe illness, and the death of his beloved wife, interrupted this

felicity. He devoted himself with the more ardour to science; a journey to Weimar, where he saw Goethe, and formed a friendship with Herder, tended to recruit his spirits. His earlier works, 'Allwill' and 'Woldemar,' were a sort of philosophical novels. In 1785 he published his 'Letters on Spinoza' (*Briefe über Spinoza*), and from that time devoted himself chiefly to metaphysical and religious speculations. Among these may be mentioned 'David Hume on Belief, or Idealism and Realism,' and his 'Letter to Fichte.' The French revolution drove him from Düsseldorf to Holstein. In 1804 he was invited to the newly-formed Academy of Sciences at Munich, of which he was afterwards appointed president. On attaining his seventieth year he relinquished this post, the salary of which was continued to him till his death, which took place in 1819.

As a writer of fiction he is distinguished for vigorous painting, admirable delineation of nature and the human heart, warmth and depth of feeling, and a lively, bold, yet correct turn of expression. As a philosopher, he is admired for his rare depth of thought, for the fervour of his religious feelings, and the originality and beauty of his style. At the same time, there are few authors concerning whom opinions vary more, than concerning Jacobi. It seems as if his works of imagination injured him with the philosophers, and his philosophy with the poets.

Jacobi's polemical merits were great. He pointed out the chasms, the unconnectedness, and the mischievous results of the prevalent opinions, with critical acuteness, and with all the eloquence of a just aversion. With his

peculiar modes of thinking, it was natural that he should not become the disciple of any other philosopher, and that he should come into conflict, alternately, with the dogmatic Mendelssohn, the critical Kant, the idealistical Fichte, and the pantheistical Schelling; against the latter of whom, indeed, he expressed himself with too much bitterness. Jacobi's place among the pure searchers after truth must, however, remain for ever uncontested, and his character is rich in all that can attract the wise and the good. Hegel has given a character of him in the *Heidelberger Jahrbücher*, 1817.

Jacobi's correspondence, published about ten years ago, is very interesting.

There is a good deal of information about him in Goethe's 'Dichtung und Wahrheit*.'

KANT (IMMANUEL).—*Pages* 15, 29, 57, 84, 134, 135, 227.

Born in 1724, at Königsberg.

Kant is one of those writers whose name has become a representative of a class. In this country and in France there is scarcely a writer who does not feel himself on firm ground in talking of "the cloudy metaphysics of Kant." "Kant's philosophy," with a part of the world so large that the other is not worth talking of, stands for German philosophy; and that again for unintelligible mystical jargon, which everybody is at liberty to laugh

* For a translation of this see 'Characteristics of Goethe,' vol. ii. 189, and vol. iii. 265.

at, and nobody bound to attempt to understand. This view of the matter will not be controverted here. Nevertheless, as the wildest lunatic has lucid intervals, it may not be wholly uninteresting to the curious reader to see that Kant could write like a man of this world if he liked. The little passages extracted from his 'Tugendlehre' (Doctrine of Virtue), and his 'Zum Ewigen Frieden' (On the Possibility of Permanent Peace), are surely intelligible enough. And is it possible to find sentiments more noble, pure, just and humane?

The essay, 'What is enlightenment?' is entire, and is almost the only thing in the volume to which the name 'fragment' does not apply. It was chosen not only for its intrinsic value, but as peculiarly characteristic of the author.

The compatibility between the duty of the individual human being to use his reason freely and intrepidly, and the duty of the citizen, or member of a social community, to conform to established laws and rules, is very clearly and happily shown. Perhaps the conviction of this compatibility, on the part of the great Frederic, stamped its peculiar character on Prussia, where freedom of thought is combined with obedience to, and respect for, authority, in a degree rarely, if ever, witnessed.

Kant's personal character was singular. He was the son of a cooper at Königsberg, in which place he passed the whole of a life exclusively devoted to science. He lived to the age of 80, never having been more than thirty miles from home; yet his knowledge was of the most varied and extensive kind. Nor did his pure and

severe morality impair his social cheerfulness. Reichardt says he was as dry in body as in mind. A more attenuated, withered frame perhaps never existed; nor perhaps did ever eastern sage live a life more pure and passionless. Yet he loved a good table in cheerful society, where his extensive reading, the fund of amusing anecdotes which he told in his own grave, dry manner, and the genuine humour of his repartees and observations, rendered him a most entertaining and diverting companion. Kant's society was sought in the most distinguished houses; not only on account of his unblemished honour and superior intelligence, but because he had that proper sense of his own pre-eminent merit which enabled him to claim the respect due to him, and to bear himself with dignity. He loved cards, which he maintained were the only unfailing means of abstracting and quieting the thoughts after severe study; and he did not like to pass an evening without his game at ombre. He had neither skill in, nor taste for, the fine arts. His memory was prodigious, and enabled him to give singular interest to his lectures. He generally delivered them in a morning, leaving himself twenty minutes between each. The subjects on which he lectured were logic and metaphysics, and occasionally the law of nature, morals, anthropology, physics and physical geography. The latter were peculiarly amusing and instructive to young people, from the boundless range of his reading in history, travels, biography, romances, and in short every branch of literature that could afford materials with which to enrich his elucidations of those sciences. Here his memory displayed

all its strength; for though he had his lecture written before him, he seldom looked at it, and often repeated long series of names and dates from his head. Even his lectures on abstract philosophy were rendered clear and distinct by the treasure of illustrations and examples with which his memory furnished him; and the obscurity which many have found in his writings arose, in great measure, from his omission of these, which he thought superfluous. His principal works are, 'Kritik der reinen Vernunft,' 'Kritik der praktischen Vernunft,' 'Kritik der Urtheilskraft,' 'Metaphysische Anfangsgründe der Naturwissenschaft,' 'Metaphysische Anfangsgründe der Rechtslehre,' 'Anthropologie in pragmatischer Hinsicht,' 'Physische Geographie,' 'Vorlesungen der Religionslehre,' etc., etc.

I am not aware that any of these have been translated, except the 'Critic of Pure Reason,' the title of which, it is to be feared, is not very attractive or intelligible to the English reader. Indeed hardly any of the above titles can convey any meaning to the mind through a literal translation, and I have therefore not attempted to give one.

Among Kant's chief antagonists were Herder and Jacobi, whose names we have just mentioned.

Kant's life and philosophy form the subject of several works: Borowski's 'Life and Character of Kant;' Wasianski's 'Kant during the last years of his life;' Jachmann's 'Kant pourtrayed in letters,' etc., etc.

He was unquestionably one of the most remarkable and interesting men the world ever produced—perhaps, for the

absolute devotion of a mind untroubled by passion to the advancement of science, he is without an equal.

KNEBEL (KARL LUDWIG VON).—*Pages* 133, 140.

Born in 1744, at Wallerstein, in Franconia; he was descended of an old Netherland family, driven into exile by religious persecution. His father was chancellor of the Margravate of Anspach. Knebel studied law at Halle, but was disgusted by the dryness of the pursuit; and being invited by his brother, who was page to Frederic II., he went to Potsdam, where he entered the regiment of the Prince of Prussia. Here he formed intimacies with many distinguished men, Ramler, Gleim, Moses Mendelssohn, Nicolai, etc. Knebel's health induced him to quit the service, and to return to his home. Weimar, which lay but little out of his way, was then the residence of Wieland, the charm of whose works attracted Knebel. He was favourably received by that distinguished patroness of learning, the Grand-duchess Amelia, then regent, and by the whole court, and a proposal was soon made to him, to fix himself there as tutor to the second prince, Constantine. After some hesitation, arising from a feeling of his unfitness for a court life, he accepted the offer, and became a resident at Weimar, at the time of its remarkable brilliancy. In 1774 he accompanied the Hereditary Prince in the journey mentioned by Goethe in his life*. At Karlsruhe he became acquainted with

* Dichtung und Wahrheit, 15ter Buch.

Klopstock. At Paris he fell into the society of young men, among whom he heard much talk of a revolution in the state, which he could then but obscurely and imperfectly understand. After his return, and the early death of his princely pupil, he received a pension for life. He remained in Weimar, an ornament of the circle which then rendered that little court the most eminent resort of intellect and genius in Europe; a friend of Wieland and Herder, a daily and welcome guest of their illustrious patroness, an acute observer of the signs of a time big with mighty events; living in philosophical serenity in his little garden, a stranger to artificial wants, a contented sage of the school of Aristippus. Herr von Knebel married late in life, and retired to the romantic village of Ilmenau; afterwards, when his children grew up, he removed to Jena, where he continued, to the time of his death, to occupy himself with classical literature, and retained to the last his frank good-humour, and his true sense of everything good and noble in human nature.

He published but little original poetry. His translations of Propertius and Lucretius are much esteemed. He died in 1834.

LESSING (GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM).—*Pages* 20, 22, 30, 40.

Lessing is, in every sense of the word, so admirable a writer, that it is with great regret I see how few extracts from his works I have found place for. But I have been less anxious to give specimens of those writers already well known to the English public by translations, criti-

cisms, or quotations, than of others less familiar and accessible. There is a full and interesting account of Lessing's life and works in Mr. William Taylor's 'Survey of German Poetry,' which also contains his excellent translation of 'Nathan der Weise.' There is also a long note on Lessing in another place, which I should only repeat myself by inserting here. The 'Laocoon,' a work which has done perhaps more than any other toward introducing clearer and sounder views on art than had ever before been expounded, has been recently translated. Lessing, as a critic, occupies the first place in literature, —as a poet, a secondary one; indeed it may be doubted whether the nice and accurate spirit of analysis which characterized him, are often found combined with the imagination and fervour of a poet.

Lessing first opened to his country the treasures of English, Spanish, and Italian literature, and delivered it from the shackles of French taste and criticism by which it had been cramped.

His style may be regarded as a model of German prose—pure, luminous, easy, and vigorous. He appears rather to impart his speculations to the reader, as they arise in his own mind, than to put them into a didactic form; and this gives to his style great vivacity, and a suggestiveness which stimulates to independent thought. Lessing's polemical writings are regarded as a perfect model as to form. He may be called an artist in polemics.

Lessing was born in 1729, at Kamenz, in Upper Lusatia, of which place his father was Lutheran minister. He

went to school at Meissen, and thence to the University of Leipsig, whence he was recalled by his parents in consequence of his taste for the theatre, and for society and pursuits which, to their severely religious minds, appeared corrupting and ruinous. He, however, returned to Leipsig, and thence removed to Berlin (1750), where he entered into a correspondence with Voltaire. At the request of his parents he went to Wittenberg, where he pursued his studies in company with his younger brother, and took a degree of M.A. From this time he led an unsettled life, but continued to produce numerous works, among which are his dramas 'Miss Sara Sampson,' 'Emilia Galotti,' and 'Minna von Barnheim,' and his 'Treatise on the Laocoon'; till, in 1767, he removed to Hamburg, where the manager of the theatre had made him advantageous offers. Here he produced his admirable 'Dramaturgie,' and his essays 'On the Study of the Ancients,' and 'On the Use of Antique Gems.' He became disgusted with his situation, and had resolved to go to Italy, when an invitation to undertake the post of librarian at Wolfenbüttel caused him to abandon his design. The court of Brunswick was then almost the only one in Germany where German literature was cultivated, as well as French. Here he published the celebrated 'Wolfenbüttel Fragments.' He accompanied Prince Leopold of Brunswick to Italy in 1775, and, in passing through Vienna, had an interview with the Empress Maria Theresa.

On his return, his theological controversies subjected him to suspicion and persecution, which destroyed his

cheerfulness and serenity. To this circumstance, however, the world owes the noble play of 'Nathan the Wise.'

His health had been for some time declining, and in 1781 he ended his active life.

LUTHER (MARTINUS).—*Page* 31.

It would be worse than superfluous to say anything about the character of this remarkable man. It is easy to understand the irresistible effect of his *naïve*, robust, vivacious style on the people. He spoke their language, but with tenfold force. He is without an equal, that I know of, in vernacular freedom and energy, which of course it is most difficult to represent in another language.

LOUISA (QUEEN OF PRUSSIA).—*Page* 155.

Born Princess of Mecklenburg Strelitz, A.D. 1776. The beauty and grace of the late Queen of Prussia, her virtues, sorrows, and early death, are too well known to need further mention here. It is said that the singular grace which adorned her person was not less conspicuous in the turn of her expressions, and that she has transmitted this gift to her eldest son.

There is a little volume called 'Louise die Königin,' by Frau v. Berg (Berlin, 1814), which contains several of her letters, and the history of her eventful life.

I insert the extracts from Niebuhr's letters immediately after this striking and heroic letter of the queen's,

as illustrating the state of Prussia during the French invasion. Such is war! "When princes shed tears," says Jean Paul, "their subjects shed blood." And here, by the side of the sorrows of the queen, we behold the desolation of the peasant.

MERKEL.—*Page* 34.

MÖSER (JUSTUS).—*Page* 85.

The writings of Möser are little known in this country; yet they are distinguished by a vigorous, homely good-sense, a freedom from all affectation, a knowledge of the condition of the labouring classes, and a zeal for their improvement and happiness, which obtained for him, not unjustly, the name of the Franklin of Germany. He was born in 1720, at Osnabrück, where his father filled high offices under the government. He early gave proofs of great talents, which were judiciously cultivated by his mother. He studied law at Jena and Göttingen; but the open book of human life was his favourite and most important study. As a man of business, he was the able and zealous defender of oppressed innocence, and resisted alone the arbitrary will of the then ruler of Osnabrück. The confidence of his countrymen raised him, in 1747, to the honourable post of 'Advocatus Patriæ,' and the Landstände appointed him Secretary and Syndic of the Order of Knights. His noble character was put to the test

during the troubles of the seven years' war, and secured him the respect of Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick. He was employed for eight months in London in transacting the affairs of the troops subsidized by England, and his residence in this country added much to his practical experience. He was for twenty years (during the minority of the English prince, who, in 1761, was acknowledged protestant bishop and sovereign of Osnabrück), virtually, though not nominally, chief-councillor of the regent. Nothing but Möser's great talents, knowledge of business, and industry, united to his unswerving integrity, fairness and disinterestedness, would have enabled him to steer his course, free from all suspicion or reproach, between the conflicting interests of the sovereign and the states, both of whom he served. For six years he was justiciary of the criminal court of Osnabrück; and, on his resignation, was appointed privy referendary of the government, which post he held till his death.

Möser's objects in writing were far higher than the gratification of the vanity, or the acquisition of the fame, of an author; yet there is no writer whose works have a more enduring reputation. They may serve as a model for all who are inspired with the noble desire of rendering intelligible to the people their own true interests;—the highest office in which genius, wit, learning, or eloquence can ever be employed.

Gifted in an eminent degree with a sound mind in a sound body, he devoted both to the service of his country and of mankind, and he closed a happy, useful and honourable life at the age of 74, "having had much to re-

joice, little to sadden, and nothing to offend him," as he himself thankfully acknowledged. There is a beautiful passage in Goethe's life*, of which I subjoin an abridged translation.

"The little essays or papers of this admirable man, relating to matters of social and political interest, had been printed some years before in the Osnabrück newspaper, and had been pointed out to me by Herder, who suffered nothing of merit to pass unobserved. Möser's daughter was now occupied in collecting them.

"They were all conceived in one spirit, and are all distinguished for their intimate knowledge of the condition of the middle and lower classes, and indeed of the whole fabric of society. The author, with a perfect freedom from prejudice, analyses the relations of the several classes to each other, and also those existing between the several towns and villages of the country. The public revenues and expenditure, the advantages and disadvantages of the various branches of industry, are brought distinctly before us, and old times compared and contrasted with new.

"The internal condition of Osnabrück, and its relation to other countries, particularly England, are clearly stated, and practical consequences deduced. Though he calls them 'Patriotic Fantasies,' their contents are in fact true and practicable.

"And as the whole structure of society rests on the basis of family, he devotes his especial attention to that. He treats, seriously or sportively, of the changes in man-

* Dichtung und Wahrheit, book xiii.

ners and habits, dress, diet, domestic life, and education. It would be necessary to make an inventory of every incident of social life, if we would exhaust the subjects which he handles. And how inimitable is the handling! It is a thorough man of business speaking to the people in a weekly paper, in order to render intelligible to all the intentions and projects of a wise and benevolent government; by no means in a merely didactic style, but in a variety of forms which we might almost call poetical, and which certainly deserve to be called rhetorical, in the best sense of the word. He is always master of his subject, and has the art of giving a lively colour to the most serious; sometimes assuming one mask, sometimes another, sometimes speaking in his own person, with a gay and tempered irony; vigorous and true, sometimes even rough and almost coarse; but in every case so appropriate, that it is impossible not to admire the talents, the good sense, the facility, lightness, taste and originality of the writer. In the choice of his subjects, his profound knowledge of them, enlarged views, skilful and appropriate handling, deep and yet gay humour, I can compare him to none but Franklin."

Nothing can be added to this just and beautiful description of Möser's 'Patriotische Fantasien.' It remains only to say, that his 'History of Osnabrück' is equally remarkable for the accurate antiquarian knowledge it exhibits. He left some other works, among which is a defence of the German language and literature, in answer to Frederic the Great.

In the paper I have given, the author's admirable good

sense is applied to one of the points in human life on which the greatest dearth of it has hitherto been displayed. How many a heart-ache, how many a misunderstanding, how much disgust and alienation, how much secret and blank despair—nay, even despairing guilt—may be traced to the want of sane notions, chastised hopes, and rational expectations, at the beginning of married life!

MÜLLER (JOHANNES VON).—*Page* 1, 165.

Was born in 1752, at Schaffhausen, where his father was pastor and teacher in the Latin school. Müller is one of the most remarkable examples on record of the force and value of early impressions. From his mother, who was a woman of superior understanding, he imbibed the piety which never deserted him; and from her father, a clergyman, who had a great knowledge of history, the taste which decided the occupation and pursuit of his whole future life. Before the child could read, he had learned from the lips of his kind grandfather all the most remarkable events in the history of Switzerland; and from him he inherited his expansive benevolence, his cheerful view of the destinies of mankind, and his passionate love of historical research. His short sight and slight fragile body unfitted him for the society and sports of boys of his own age; but his active mind and eager desire of knowledge excited the hopes of his parents and teachers. At nine years old he gave proof of his singular gifts of rapid and just apprehension, faithful memory, and

admirable power of compilation, in an attempt he made to write the history of Schaffhausen. At thirteen he began to read by stealth the ancient classics, to whom he was indebted for the enthusiasm for freedom and for moral grandeur, the clearness and order of his thoughts, and the elegance and vigour of expression which distinguished him. In 1772 he wrote his 'Bellum Cimbricum,' and about the same time preached successfully as candidate for holy orders, and became professor of Greek in the gymnasium at Schaffhausen. He had already begun to devote his attention to the original sources of Swiss history, and had entered into correspondences with several learned men, above all, with Bonstetten, to whom he addressed his admirable 'Letters of a Student to his Friend.' At Bonstetten's request he went to Geneva as private tutor; but he soon exchanged this for a freer and more congenial situation in the house of Francis Kinloch, of South Carolina. In the society of this young man, with whom, and with whose relations in England, he formed a lasting friendship, he passed what he always regarded as the happiest years of his life. In 1776, when Kinloch returned to America, Müller became an inmate in the house of Bonnet, the celebrated naturalist. With a view to realize a small independence, he afterwards gave lectures on history, which were attended principally by young Englishmen, among whom was Charles Abbott (afterwards Lord Colchester).

These lectures formed the substance of his 'Twenty-four books of Universal History,' and were much admired by his hearers for their vivid descriptions and historical impartiality. In 1779 he published the first volume of his

'History of Switzerland,' and after a short residence at Berlin removed to Cassel, where he was appointed professor of history. Here he published several essays among which were the 'Reisen der Päpste,' a small but valuable work, showing the protection afforded by the hierarchy against the violence of temporal princes. In 1785 he was invited by the Elector Friedrich Karl Joseph to Mainz, where he published several works relating to the events of the times. Here he remained, in spite of the most advantageous offers from the courts of Vienna and Berlin, the former of which conferred on him the dignity of noble and knight of the empire. In 1792 Mainz fell into the hands of the French, and Müller was invited by Custine to take part in the new administration. He refused, and afterwards went to Vienna, where he again employed his pen on subjects of present interest, in which he displayed great eloquence. In 1804 he left Vienna, and passing through Geneva, where he saw for the last time his friend Kinloch, went to Berlin. He assisted in the publication of Herder's works, to which he contributed notes on the history of the Cid, and published the fourth volume of his 'History of Switzerland,' which he had worked at during eight troubled years. He was in Berlin when the French entered it, and was treated with great kindness and consideration by Napoleon. He was not insensible to this, and in 1807 accepted the invitation of the conqueror to Fontainbleau, and was appointed secretary of state in the new kingdom of Westphalia, and decorated by king Jerome with the Order of the Lion. He was ill at ease and unhappy in his new situation, lost his

health, and on some occasions his memory and utterance. The king accepted his resignation, but made him councillor of state and minister of public instruction. Here he had the same vexations to endure, till at length the spectacle of what was passing around him broke down the powers of his mind, the last sparks of which gleam forth in the introduction to the fifth volume of his 'History of Switzerland' (1808). His letters written at this time are touching proofs of the conflict going on in a heart once so joyous. In 1809 he died.

Opinions are divided as to the merits of Johannes v. Müller, both as a citizen and as a writer. His reputation suffered, as well as his peace of mind, from taking office under the French.

He belongs to a class of historians who deal rather in philosophical speculations, than in that intimate knowledge of all the sources of history which enables the writer to present a period to the mind of the reader as an organic whole. The new historical school has introduced a mode of studying and writing history so far more profound and comprehensive, that writers of Müller's class are in some respects superseded. Yet nobody can deny him the merits of a strong love of truth, an eloquent style, stately cadence, and singular power of description. His battle-scenes are highly dramatic, and all the local incidents and colouring are portrayed with great vividness and fidelity. I had translated one of the most celebrated, the battle of Sempach, and intended to add it to my little collection, but I found it would occupy too much space.

Müller has been called the German Tacitus.

MÜLLER (KARL OTFRIED).—*Pages* 46, 136.

The death of this eminent scholar and historian last year was the subject of deep and universal regret in Germany. Even in places far from his home, and among persons to whom he was known only by reputation, his loss was spoken of as a national calamity. Such a sentiment did honour not only to the man who could inspire it, but to the people sufficiently enlightened to appreciate the value of men engaged in pursuits necessarily beyond the comprehension of the mass.

Müller was professor at Göttingen, and married a daughter of the venerable and eminent jurist Hugo. His name was, I believe, first made known to the English public by the translation of his 'History of the Dorians*.' The history of Greek literature published by the Useful Knowledge Society was also by him. It was written expressly for that society, and sent over to this country in manuscript. It is unfortunately incomplete.

A friend who knew him at the University of Berlin says, "Müller worked from fifteen to seventeen hours a-day. His only recreation was change of pursuits, or learned discussions with Boeckh and Buttmann. What Tieck says of Novalis, applies to him, "Never was he seen languid or exhausted, never out of spirits or out of humour." Study did not corrode his strength or impair his bloom. Goethe's maxim, "Always to attend to the thing

* Translated by H. Tufnell and G. C. Lewis. First edition published in 1830. Second edition published in 1839.

immediately before him," enabled him so soon to reach the summit. He was extremely attached to Boeckh. From him he learned to make Herodotus the basis of his study. "I devote all my leisure minutes to him," he used to say, for he seldom reckoned by hours.

He went to Greece, so long the subject of his research and meditation, last year. Though warned by his friends of the dangers of that treacherous climate during the heats, nothing could induce him to suspend his labours; he trusted to his robust constitution, which unhappily afforded him no security, and fell a victim to fever in the prime of life, and in all the vigour of his faculties.

The following is an extract from one of the last letters he wrote, dated June 27, 1840.

"We have terminated our ramble over the Peloponnesus, which occupied forty days, without any disaster, and with great enjoyment. We saw snow-covered mountains, smiling valleys, romantic glens, all full of gushing brooks and of the richest vegetation, and discovered some ruins of temples and cities, of which no mention has been made (as far as I know) by others. The main thing, however, to me was the clear perception one gains of the conformation and natural predestination of the most remarkable districts and spots of Greece; the features of nature are here so sharply defined, that they stamp this perception on the mind in a manner which I hope can never be effaced. . .

"I spent the whole of this morning with Mr. Fellows, an Englishman, who has made two successive tours in Lycia, and has brought the most interesting inscriptions

and drawings from that small country, which has hitherto been a *terra incognita*. Happy is the classical traveller who can limit his researches to so narrow a region and so virgin a soil! For me, the East is all in the future."

A 'future' which was not granted him. He had begun excavations at Delphi, and had discovered the roof of a Greek temple. A few days after he was carried to Athens, where he expired.

It is a curious coincidence that his will was dated Aug. 1, 1839; on that day twelvemonth he expired. On the map of Athens which he used in his lectures at Göttingen, he made a cross to mark the Academy, where he now lies buried.

The funeral oration pronounced over his coffin by Philippos Joannou breathes the eloquence of genuine grief. It concludes with these words:

"Too soon has inexorable death torn him from us—torn him from the country and the university of which he was the pride and ornament. Hellas, which through his whole life had occupied his mind, was destined to receive and to enshrine within her bosom his mortal remains. He was doomed to sleep the last sleep in glorious Athens, and to rest from his labours on the hill of Plato's Academy, around which, when living, his spirit so often hovered, and where his ashes are mingled with the ashes of the great and the wise who were the objects of his imitation. Accept, O departed spirit! the tears of this assembly; accept this last farewell; and live on to eternity! The just live for all times, and their recompense is in the Lord, and their spirit abideth with the Most High."

The following epitaph was written upon him:

"He lies on the earth of Greece, as a hero on his shield."

His intimate friend Jacob Grimm wrote thus:

"Müller stands before my mind's eye all day long—his person, his voice, and all the old recollections which were kept alive by his letters, are always present to me. It may indeed be said that he died a beautiful death, and lies gloriously interred;—nay, that even the delirium of fever brought before him only the magnificent and lovely images of Greece, and spared him all the pain of longing after home. But what slender comfort is this for the great calamity of his death! And what a sorrow is ours, that he returns no more! After the lapse of years, when we too are no more, this may seem a sufficient consolation, and he most fortunate; but to us, and to the just grief of the present, what avails it? I would rather his grave had been dug in barbarian earth, after he had lived to enlighten the world by his labours, and to earn the full harvest of his fame."

Otfried Müller was a pupil of Boeckh and belongs to the same school—a school entirely the growth of this age. Formerly the province of the historian and the philologist were perfectly distinct; nobody thought of reading the works of Bentley or Heyne with a view to obtain a knowledge of the institutions, character or history of the Greeks; while, on the other hand, historians like Rollin, Gillies and others, were content to compile from the more direct and obvious sources, to arrange traditional facts in an interesting narrative, or to use them plausibly in the

support of preconceived theories. Histories of this kind may now be said to have completely lost their authority among scholars, especially in Germany. The German school, of which Otfried Müller was one of the brightest ornaments, has introduced far more extensive views of historical criticism and research.

Müller was remarkable for the comprehensiveness and accuracy of his knowledge of antiquity: it was not confined to the languages and institutions of the ancients, but extended to every branch of ancient art. The grand object of his labours was to gain a distinct view of antiquity as an organic whole, endowed with all the warmth of individuality.

"That the author," say his translators, "has by long, patient and sober investigation penetrated into the depths of ancient Grecian history; that he has removed much which was false, and substituted what is true; and frequently found the master-key to the windings and intricacies of mythology, must be acknowledged even by those who will not assent implicitly to all his conclusions*."

His principal works are 'Æginetica,' 'Orchomenos und die Minyer,' 'Die Dorier,' 'Prolegomena zu einer wissenschaftlichen Mythologie,' 'Die Etrusker,' and 'Handbuch der Archäologie der Kunst,' from the last of which my extracts are taken. It is much to be wished that this and the 'Etrusker' (a work of much originality and learning) were rendered into English. Müller's edition of the

* Translator's Preface to the 'History and Antiquities of the Doric Race.'

'Eumenides' of Æschylus, with copious notes, is translated into English.

Müller was born in Silesia in 1797. He visited France and England in 1822, in the prosecution of his studies.

NIEBUHR (BARTHOLD GEORG).—*Pages* 180, 123, 158, 189.

There is perhaps no German writer whose character and works are so well known in England as those of Niebuhr. It is therefore the less necessary for me to attempt to describe them. The translation of his Roman history by the Rev. Connop Thirlwall * and the Rev. Julius Hare had already excited the attention and admiration of the instructed part of the public; when the melancholy circumstances attending his death, and the singular way in which that event was said to be connected with the great convulsions then agitating the political world, awakened a strong interest in his personal history. This feeling was gratified by the appearance of the three volumes of biography and letters from which the foregoing extracts are taken. A notice of them appeared a short time ago in the Athenæum, and another in the Quarterly Review. To these I refer my readers.

From my own recollection of him I may venture to add a few words. His person was diminutive, almost to meanness, but his presence very imposing—so at least I felt it. His head and eye were grand, austere, and command-

* Now Bishop of St. David's.

ing. He had all the authority of intelligence, and looked and spoke like one not used to contradiction. He lived a life of study and domestic seclusion, but he conversed freely and unreservedly.

He had a singular attachment to the place of his birth, and a profound reverence for his father, and for the race from which he sprang—the free peasants of Ditmarsch. Though no man had more the art of keeping at an immeasurable distance those whom he regarded as the vulgar, and though I do not remember ever to have seen an air more expressive of conscious superiority, he had a lively sympathy with the people, and a disdain of those petty distinctions behind which men of inferior merit entrench themselves. Niebuhr neither needed nor desired any but what he could confer on himself. His manner of living was the most simple possible. He was untitled, and left to his children only that "more enduring nobility," of which he so proudly speaks in his memoir of his father*. On the 1st of January 1828, he brought me that little pamphlet as a new year's gift, and I hardly saw him after.

The present king of Prussia has erected a monument, to record his attachment to his former instructor and friend.

* Published in English by the Useful Knowledge Society.

NOVALIS (FRIEDRICH von HARDENBERG).—*Pages* 20, 21, 33, 39, 43, 44, 51, 67, 72, 85, 93, 98, 110, 126, 133, 172.

Novalis is not likely to be popular in England; he left little more than fragments,—beginnings of undertakings which he did not live to complete. He deserves perhaps more than any other writer the character of mystical, which we are so fond of applying indiscriminately to German writers. Some of his poems are extremely beautiful, and even sublime, particularly one called 'The Dead to the Living,' and some of the 'Hymns to Night;' but I confess that he does not appear to me free from affected cloudiness and mysticism, or from far-fetched conceits and obscurantist prejudices.

The moral tone of his writings is throughout pure and lofty; the feeling of religion (*Religiosität*) is profoundly impressed on every sentence, but in characters unintelligible to persons in whose minds dogmatical and polemical theology take the place of that sentiment. In short, neither the merits nor the faults of Novalis fit him for England.

Friedrich von Hardenberg, for that was his name, was born in 1772, at the seat of his family in the territory of the Counts of Mansfeld, and died at Meissenfels in 1801.

Mr. Carlyle's article on Novalis in the Foreign Quarterly Review makes it unnecessary for me to go into any details concerning his life and works. The reader may also find a biographical and critical notice of him, translated from the German, in a compilation on German literature

published some time ago*. Above all, I may refer the reader of German to the beautiful memoir prefixed to his works by his friend Tieck.

OEHLENSCHLÄGER (ADAM).—*Page* 162.

Oehlenschläger is a native of Denmark, and most of his works are written both in Danish and in German. He is chiefly known as a dramatic poet, and especially by his beautiful tragedy of 'Coreggio.' This is one of the romances and dramas of art which followed the appearance of Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister,' and 'Torquato Tasso;' their purpose was to trace not only the external incidents in the life of an artist, but his artistical development—a kind of literature nearly confined, I believe, to Germany.

'Coreggio' is among the very best specimens of it. Though Oehlenschläger's genius is decidedly northern, it has been tinged by the South, in which he travelled. His 'Coreggio' breathes the warm and melancholy repose of an Italian night, combined with the most pure and lofty tenderness. There is no fierce passion, still less any violent action. The tragedy is the silent and unequal conflict of genius with the world. But the reader will do well to refer to an account, and, I think, a translation of it, which appeared in Blackwood's Magazine.

Oehlenschläger has likewise written 'Aladdin,' 'Hakon Jarl,' 'Axel und Walburg,' and several other dramas.

* Characteristics of Goethe, i. 307.

PESTALOZZI (JOHANN HEINRICH).—*Page 71.*

Fichte's noble eulogium on Pestalozzi*, which I have inserted in the text, renders it unnecessary to say more of the merits of that singular man. He was the most original and efficient of the leaders in the great movement, which is now almost universally recognized as irresistible, in favour of the moral and mental culture of the people. What was done in this country by Joseph Lancaster is by no means to be undervalued; he called attention to the subject. But though he saw the necessity for doing something, he had not the smallest idea what to do, and his methods are almost universally superseded by better. Pestalozzi, on the contrary, was a man of genius as well as of boundless benevolence, and threw out a vast quantity of the most prolific suggestions, on which all succeeding labourers in the same field have continued to work;—and must continue, since they are founded on the nature of the human mind.

Pestalozzi was born at Zürich in 1746, and died in 1827. His long life was one of ceaseless struggle—an unbroken series of ill-requited services to mankind.

His chief works are 'Leonhard and Gertrude,' 'Christopher and Else,' 'Evenings of a Recluse,' 'Inquiries into the Course of Nature in the Development of the Human Race,' 'How Gertrude teaches her Children,' 'The Mother's Book,' and many other elementary works.

* Page 144.

RAHEL (FRAU VON VARNHAGEN).—*Pages* 61, 66, 97, 146, 153, 199, 219.

There is an article of Mr. Carlyle's on this remarkable woman, which of course leaves me little to say.

She ought not to be regarded as an authoress, for it does not appear that she ever wrote for the press. Her letters, together with a memoir of her, were published by her husband, Varnhagen von Ense, one of the most distinguished German writers now living. The works by which he is chiefly known are his biographical sketches, or rather, I should say, finished portraits, for they have not only striking resemblance, but skilful handling and appropriate colour. It is strange that some of them have not found their way into the English language; though indeed it would be difficult to do justice to the correctness and finish with which Herr von Varnhagen writes his own. Not less perfect in their way are his criticisms. They have exactly the qualities which both author and public ought to desire. They are written in the most courteous and gentlemanlike tone, entirely superior to all the vulgarities of personal spite or party warfare, yet with a conscientious determination to point out whatever either the author or the public ought to be told. I have always regarded them as models of that kind of writing, and extremely useful as studies.

Rahel's writings cannot be disjoined from her life. They are letters, and chiefly filled with outpourings of the thoughts and feelings of the moment.

She was unquestionably a woman of great talents and extraordinary qualities, as the influence she exercised over the eminent men who formed her circle abundantly proves. I must confess, however, that her letters do not appear to me entirely to justify her fame. They contain profound and sagacious reflections; but there is a sort of parade of originality and depth which wearies and puzzles. In order to seem new, things are said unintelligibly. The style is disjointed, even beyond all precedent in these days of dashes. The letters contain evidence of an active and vigorous mind; but they are deficient in nature, repose, simplicity, and ease. Mr. Carlyle's test of genius—unconsciousness, could certainly not be successfully applied in this case. But Rahel had suffered much, and pondered much on her sufferings. A woman who does this, comes at length to regard her own feelings as an artist does his subject. They are an ever-present material, on which her imagination works. This is apt to lead to all manner of voluntary and involuntary exaggerations, from which men in active life are saved by the necessity they lie under of attending strenuously to external things.

RICHTER, JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH (commonly called JEAN PAUL).—*Pages* 4, 16, 17, 21, 28, 39, 44, 49, 63, 70, 72, 81, 83, 95, 110, 126, 134, 145, 151, 154, 164, 173, 187, 198, 199.

I have perhaps given an undue portion of my small space to Jean Paul; but there is no author who offers so

many passages which it is easy and tempting to detach, as the innumerable selections from him published in Germany will bear witness. Whether this is praise or censure, I leave it to the reader to decide.

Jean Paul is so popular a writer in his own country, that it seemed desirable to give something like an adequate sample of his manner—the more so, as few of his works will, I should think, be translated entire. They require far too much familiarity with German life, far too much toleration for oddness and extravagance, to be popular in England.

Among his countrymen, Jean Paul's humour is extremely admired. Comparing it with the genuine, unconscious humour of Cervantes and of several English writers, I confess it seems to me often forced and grotesque. The charm of Jean Paul lies in the ardour of his philanthropy, his minute knowledge of the human heart, his tender indulgence for human weakness, his scorn and detestation of pharisaical pretensions and hardness; in a sympathy as excitable and as boundless as his fancy; I should venture to add—what sounds like a paradox—in the good sense, the soundness of judgment and feeling, which lie at the bottom of his rhapsodies. The most unsound and fantastic views of human life may, as we daily see, be expressed in the most prosaic and common-place language; and so Jean Paul has overlaid a world of genuine and humane wisdom with bewildering conceits, and far-fetched, unintelligible illustrations. But the reader who will look below the surface will, I think, find that his knowledge of actual human nature was pro-

found, and his views as to what human nature should be, benevolent, elevated, and consistent with the soundest reason and morality.

The novel of 'Siebenkäs,' from which I have quoted so largely, seems to me to afford evidence of this. Nothing can be more true, just, and of every-day application, than his view of the sufferings of an ill-assorted union, and of the illusions which lead simple and virtuous hearts into that abyss of misery. There is no resort to the vulgar expedient of crime or vice; the whole evil lies in the unequal compass and culture of their minds. If anything deserves to be called practical, surely it is this.

Firmian, the hero, is a man of great genius and learning, and of the gentlest and noblest nature; living in poverty, not in English poverty—the privation of certain articles of splendour and luxury, but in that destitution of all but absolute necessaries, and precarious possession even of them, which, in Germany, it is not uncommon to find combined with the highest moral and intellectual culture. His wife, our unhappy Lenette, he has loved and married, for her innocence, simplicity, agreeable person, tranquil temper, and for the possession of those arts and qualities most needful in the helpmate of a poor man. Unfortunately he has, in the housewife, forgotten the wife; and though it is the habit of his countrymen to require from women the virtues rather of attached and industrious servants, than of equal, intelligent, and sympathizing friends, Firmian gradually wakes to the dreariness and misery of his most ill-matched companionship. It is thus we see him in the scene called the

'Last Night of the Year.' The character of Lenette is drawn with inimitable truth and finish. The inveterate prejudice, the irremediable obtuseness and contraction of mind and heart, the machine-like return to one set of associations and thoughts and feelings, are all drawn from the life.

'Siebenkäs' is one of Jean Paul's shortest as well as best novels, and perhaps the most characteristic, both of the individual author and of his country. It is partly because it is so, that it has been so largely drawn upon for specimens; though I fear they will be hardly intelligible to readers unacquainted with Germany.

I have ventured to omit some of the allusions with which Jean Paul superabounds. The multitude, variety and strangeness of his illustrations form one of the peculiarities, and, I think, the defects of his style. There is no language, art or science, no region or history, that does not furnish him with images and allusions. They prove the vast extent of his reading, and the readiness and excursiveness of his fancy; but a pure taste would have enjoined a far more sparing use of them.

Occasionally he works up a picture by minute touches with singular felicity (as for instance that of poor Lenette, p. 145); and then, after this Dutch painting, how doubly striking is the eloquence to which he rises at the close!

His works are so numerous, that I should fill a page with their strange untranslatable titles. The English public are indebted to Mr. Carlyle for a translation of the novel of 'Quintus Fixlein' (the only one, I believe, at present translated), and for an account of Jean Paul,

worthy of the subject, in his 'Miscellanies,' to which I refer the reader who wishes to appreciate so singular and popular a writer.

RUMOHR (KARL FRIEDRICH FELIX, FREIHERR VON).—*Pages* 6, 76, 179.

Is descended from an ancient family of Holstein, possessed also of estates on the confines of Saxony and Bohemia, where he was born in 1785. His education was as narrow and defective as that of most young nobles of his time, and seemed little fitted to produce the extensive learning and accurate taste for which he is so remarkable.

Baron von Rumohr early turned his attention to Art, for which he was gifted by nature with a delicacy and accuracy of perception that no education can supply. When only fifteen, and without any historical knowledge, he is said to have detected a Coreggio, the genuineness of which had been denied by high authorities; and other examples might be given of his extraordinary accuracy of eye and judgment. During the French domination he gave some offence to the authorities, and withdrew to a voluntary exile at his estates in the North, till the fall of Napoleon. After the deliverance of Germany he went to Italy, and in 1827 gave to the world the result of his inquiries. His great work, 'Italiänische Forschungen' (Italian researches), is now universally recognized as possessing the highest authority in Art. It contains, in the

first place, a most valuable discussion on the principle of the beautiful and the ideal in Art. He maintains that it is from individual objects only that the artist can derive his forms; and provided those forms are properly selected, with reference to the subject treated, the closer the imitation is to nature the better. He then passes from the theoretical to the historical part of his subject, and in that he gives some most accurate and striking details as to the remains of early Italian sculpture. The light thrown on the works of the Sienese painters, and on the character of Giotto, is also most important. The real merit and value of the school of Siena has been obscured by the subsequent renown of that of Florence, and by the fact that the historians of Art were principally Florentines. The third volume mostly treats of the works and genius of Raffael: this is published separately, and is excellent. Rumohr's acuteness as a connoisseur of pictures gives great weight and authority to his remarks.

Herr v. Rumohr is author of several other works, among which the most remarkable are the 'Geist der Kochkunst' (Spirit of the Art of Cookery) and the 'Deutsche Denkwürdigkeiten' (German Memorabilia), from which the foregoing extracts are taken.

The former I have not seen; it is said to be extremely amusing, and full of wit. The latter is a singular book, both in plan and execution. The hero is a German old bachelor, naïf, pedantic and formal, with a great deal of good sense, and a sort of benevolent quixotism which leads him into a variety of strange situations. The book presents a minute picture of German life in the middle of

the last century, and a glimpse of that of France. It may easily be imagined how many interesting subjects come under discussion.

The passages I have chosen show the clearness and soundness of the author's understanding, and his superiority to popular prejudice or sentimental cant. His opinions on the education of women are, I am sorry to say, very un-German. The intellectual place assigned to them, not only by common opinion, but by great writers, is the barbarian spot on the high civilization of Germany.

It cannot perhaps be affirmed that the women who have come forward as representatives of the intelligence of their sex have always made the most discreet use of that much-abused instrument, the pen; or that reasonable men might not fairly enough object to entrust the business of their households to 'des êtres exceptionelles.' But this is one of those vicious circles in which human affairs are apt to revolve for ages. A woman who finds herself regarded either as a paria or a wonder, naturally falls into affectations of a still bolder singularity, and loses all sobriety in her views of herself and of her social position. But when she sees that the modest and conscientious application of her faculties and industry to letters is regarded simply as the performance of one of the various duties variously allotted, she learns to think herself by no means an extraordinary person; by no means exempted from the homeliest business, or the most ordinary proprieties and observances of life; by no means superior to her neighbour who employs *her* time and understanding on other and not less useful occupations; in short,

as neither deserving to be stared at, contemned, nor admired; but as entitled to just so much indulgence as her inferior means of acquiring knowledge may fairly crave, and just so much respect as the excellence and utility of her work may deserve. Things are approaching to this sane and sober state in England. In no country, I believe, do women enjoy more of the highest, purest, safest, and most precious of all liberties—that out of which all others which they ought to desire must grow—the liberty to use their faculties without other control than what good taste, reason, morality and religion impose *on all*; in the way, and for the purposes, which they may deem most useful to themselves, to those to whom they owe their first and most sacred duty, and to society at large. It is true, an immense deal remains to be done for the culture of those faculties; but the door is open—there is no lion in the way.

Rumohr shows his sagacity in pointing out the vague and incorrect use of language as leading, by inevitable consequence, to vague and incoherent thinking. It is so easy to *déraisonner* in words to which no precise ideas are attached. His remedy is good, as far as it goes; but far from complete, as melancholy experience shows.

The 'Deutsche Denkwürdigkeiten' reminds me more of the best of Galt's novels than of any other work in the English language. There is the same dry, quiet, natural humour, the same formality and naïveté, the same shrewdness and good sense. Rumohr's range of subjects is, however, much wider. The work is written in the purest and most vernacular German. The numerous Germanized

foreign words which are found in even the best writers, are entirely excluded from Rumohr's style, which accordingly affords an admirable study in the language.

Baron Rumohr is still living, and resides, I believe, chiefly at Berlin.

SAVIGNY (FRIEDRICH KARL VON).—*Page* 168.

Born at Frankfürt a.M., February 21st, 1779, is descended from a respectable French family, which settled in Germany early in the seventeenth century. At the age of thirteen he became an orphan, and was taken under the protection of Herr v. Neurath, an intimate friend of his father, and assessor of the Reichskammergericht at Wetzlar. He was educated by him with his own son; and at the age of fifteen, made to learn, by question and answer, long treatises on the Roman law and that of other nations. This barren and dry mode of instruction was ill-suited to the mind of young Savigny, and he was glad to substitute for it the lectures on the Pandects, which he attended, in 1795, at the University of Marburg. About this time he seems to have acquired that love for the study of the Civil Law, for which he has since been so distinguished.

In October 1796 he went to the University of Göttingen, and attended the lectures of Spittler on Universal History, and of Hugo on Roman Law. During 1799 and 1800 he travelled over Germany, visiting, among other universities, those of Leipsig and Jena. In 1800 he took

the degree of doctor, at Marburg, and became *Privat-docent* at the same place. From this year to 1804 he delivered lectures, as professor extraordinary, on the Pandects, Ulpian, and Hugo's 'History of Roman Law.' Among his pupils were Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, who speak in terms of great admiration of his powers and skill as a teacher. Wilhelm Grimm, in his 'Autobiography,' says, "It appears to me, that what so powerfully attracted and captivated his auditors was, the facility and vivacity of his language, united to his singular calmness and moderation. Savigny spoke with great fluency, and rarely consulted his notes. His clear style, the profoundness of his convictions, and, at the same time, a sort of reserve and caution in his language, made an impression which no eloquence would have produced; an impression which his whole aspect and character contributed to strengthen."

He began at this time to devote himself more than ever to his favourite pursuit, directing his attention entirely to the sources of the Roman law, and forming his opinions without the aid of commentators. The fruit of these labours was the essay on the 'Right of Possession' (*Recht des Besitzes*), published in 1803. In 1804, after leaving Marburg, he married Cunigunda Brentano, sister of Bettina and Clemens Brentano. Having refused the liberal offers made to him by the Universities of Heidelberg and Greifswald, he visited the libraries of Heidelberg, Stuttgart, Tübingen, Strasburg, and, finally, Paris; examining all the authors they contained relating to his researches. In 1808 he accepted an invitation to the University of

Landshut, where he was universally beloved, and became intimate with Sailer, the great theologian.

He quitted this place* after a short stay of a year and a half; wishing to withdraw himself from the French power, and having been invited to the newly-formed University of Berlin by Wilhelm v. Humboldt, then minister of public instruction in Prussia. Here he commenced the lectures on the Pandects and the Institutes, which he continues to give to this day. The most eminent jurists of Germany have been among his pupils. At Berlin, Savigny became acquainted with Niebuhr, and the friendship of these two eminent men, engaged in kindred studies, was of the most intimate kind. In 1811 he was appointed member of the Berlin Academy, and contributed some interesting articles to their memoirs. In 1813 he assisted his friend Eichhorn in the organization of the Landwehr and Landsturm of Berlin. In 1814 he gave instructions in law and political science to the Crown Prince of Prussia, and in that year published his treatise 'On the Vocation of our Age for Legislation and the Science of Law†.'

In the following year appeared the first volume of the 'History of the Roman Law in the Middle Ages,' a sixth edition of which was published in 1831.

The first volume of the work from which the extract

* An interesting account of his parting-scene at Landshut, and of the enthusiasm of the students on that occasion, is given by Frau von Arnim in her 'Correspondence with Goethe.'—*Goethe's Briefwechsel mit einem Kinde*, vol. ii. pp. 171–188. 2nd edition.

† Translated by Mr. Hayward.

in the text was taken was published last year, the second and third have been published since.

The number of Englishmen who interest themselves in the subjects of which Herr v. Savigny is so eminent a master, is so extremely small, that his reputation is not likely to be very widely diffused in this country; but the few who are competent to judge of his proficiency, entertain the highest admiration for his ability and learning.

His style, both as a lecturer and a writer, is regarded by his countrymen as a model of purity, clearness and elegance.

SCHELLING (FRIEDRICH WILHELM JOSEPH von).—*Page* 120.

Born at Leonberg, in Würtemberg, in 1775. He studied at Leipsig and Jena, was a disciple of Fichte, and his successor in the chair of philosophy in the latter university. He was appointed secretary of the Academy of Arts at Munich, and ennobled by the King of Bavaria; and in 1827 he was appointed professor of philosophy in the newly-established university of Munich. Schelling's system of philosophy is opposed to that of Fichte, and displaced it in popular estimation. As a lecturer, his eloquence is of the highest order. The greater part of his writings are controversial, and have appeared in various philosophical journals, or as detached essays. His 'Philosophische Schriften,' in one volume, were published at Landshut in 1809. His doctrines have been attacked

as pantheistical, a charge from which he defended himself in his treatise 'Über die Freiheit.' Schelling has given occasion to many misunderstandings, by using forms of speech peculiar to himself, without explanation. His philosophy is said to have had a great influence on the actual state of natural science, its tendency being to lead inquirers to regard nature as an organic and living whole, and to investigate the connexion between the various phenomena subject to our observation. On the other hand, its ethical side is said to be weaker, and his admirers regard his system as still incomplete.

Schelling has recently received an invitation to Berlin, from the munificent patron of letters and art now on the throne, which it is understood he means to accept.

SCHILLER (FRIEDRICH VON).—*Pages* 22, 58, 185, 239.

Schiller is, of all German writers, the one best known to Europe. It is unnecessary, therefore, for me to extend this note. The English reader who wishes to know more of him has only to refer to Mr. Carlyle's life, of which Goethe thought so highly, that he caused it to be translated into German. The nobleness and earnestness of Schiller's character, his zeal for knowledge, his pure taste and conscience, and his affectionate heart, are beautifully revealed in his correspondence with Wilhelm v. Humboldt, which indeed inspires love and veneration for both these remarkable men.

Schiller is emphatically the poet of the German nation.

Goethe is, both as a man and a writer, too difficult a problem for the many. Schiller's merits are far more within the compass of popular apprehension; his genius never soars out of reach, and his character presents no difficulties or stumbling-blocks.

One of Schiller's most remarkable characteristics was his progressiveness. I cannot resist again quoting the striking words which Goethe uttered to Mr. Felix Mendelsohn, from whom I had them.

"Er hatte ein *furchtbares* Fortschreiten. Wenn ich ihn einmal acht Tage lang nicht gesehen hatte, so staunte ich, und wusste nicht wo ich ihn anfassen sollte, und fand ihn schon wieder weiter geschritten. Und so ging er immer vorwärts bis sechs und vierzig Jahre;—da war er denn freilich weit genug."

["He strode forward with awful rapidity. If I was a week without seeing him, when we met I was astounded, and knew not where to lay hold on him, I found him so much further advanced. And so he went on,—ever forwards, for forty-six years;—then indeed he had gone far enough."]

SCHLEGEL (A. W. VON).—*Pages* 4, 10, 11, 17, 29, 54, 71, 91, 97, 120, 139, 172.

SCHLEGEL (FRIEDRICH VON).—*Pages* 172, 178.

These two eminent brothers come of a family remarkable for poetical talent and literary attainments. Their father, Johann Adolf, was distinguished for his eloquence in the pulpit, and wrote fables in verse and hymns of con-

siderable merit. He translated from the French a work of criticism on art—the department of literature which his son was destined to carry to such perfection. Another brother, Johann Heinrich, was professor of history at Copenhagen, and left some works on Danish history; he was the successful translator of some English plays—another line, in which his nephew is without a rival. A third, Johann Elias, was the oldest and most highly gifted of this elder generation of poets. When a boy, he attempted a translation of Horace and of Xenophon's 'Cyropædia,' and wrote a tragedy called 'The Trojan Women.' He settled in Copenhagen, and the services he rendered to the literature both of his native and adoptive country were very great. He is almost the first German dramatic writer worthy of mention. It would perhaps be difficult to find a family which, in two generations, had furnished five such industrious and able labourers in the field of art and literature.

August-Wilhelm, the only surviving member of this distinguished race, has done so much for the diffusion and illustration of English literature, that it would be strange if it were necessary to recount his services here. His translations of Shakspeare's plays are consummate works of art. Such is Herr v. Schlegel's masterly handling of his own language, and the exquisite nicety of his ear, that he has in many cases (for example, Hamlet's soliloquy) caught the very cadence of the original. With no other living language than the German, perhaps, would this be possible; and even in that it is a wonderful achievement. This translation was begun in 1797. Nine volumes

have been published, and Tieck has undertaken a revision of it, and the addition of the wanting plays. Calderon presented still greater difficulties of a metrical kind; these Herr v. Schlegel has triumphantly overcome; he has adhered to the original even in metre, rhyme and assonance, and has combined this exact imitation of form with an equally faithful interpretation of the meaning. The translation of the two greatest dramatic poets of two nations so unlike in genius, shows a talent for discriminating, and a power of handling all the forms and resources of language, which have never been surpassed.

Herr v. Schlegel's merits as a critic are such as might be expected from a poet accustomed to the nice analysis which the reproduction of the highest works of art requires. His lectures on the Drama have long been known to the English public through a translation which has reached a second edition. In 1807 he wrote, in French, a comparison between the 'Phædra' of Euripides and that of Racine, which excited great attention among the critics of France. His two volumes of 'Kritische Schriften' (1828) contain a mass of ingenious criticism, especially an article on 'Romeo and Juliet,' which, I think, is known to the English public.

His fame as an original poet, though considerable, is eclipsed by that which he has earned as a critic and translator. His beautiful elegy called 'Rome,' dedicated to Madame de Stäel, is among the choicest specimens of German poetry. Since the year 1818 he has been living at Bonn as professor, and has devoted himself to the study and elucidation of ancient and modern art, and still more

to oriental literature. Since 1820 he has published the 'Indische Bibliothek,' and a Latin translation of an episode from the epic poem 'Maha-Bharata.' In 1823 his oriental pursuits brought him to France and England. In 1827 he gave a course of lectures on the fine arts at Berlin; and in the winter of the same year he repeated these at his own house at Bonn, to an invited audience, among whom I was so fortunate as to be admitted. My ear was then wholly unaccustomed to German, and I was able to appreciate the important help which a learner derives from the distinct and finished elocution, for which Herr v. Schlegel is celebrated.

Friedrich, his younger brother, was also chiefly distinguished as a critic. His first large work was the 'Griechen und Römer,' which contains a discussion on the female characters in the Greek poets. It received the praise of Heyne, then the highest authority on ancient literature, but unfortunately remained incomplete. His works consist chiefly of detached essays and fragments, which suffice to prove his great learning and originality.

In 1799 he published his 'Lucinde,' a novel, concerning which the greatest diversity of opinions exists—disapprobation being, I believe, the prevailing sentiment. At that time he was living at Berlin, whence he removed to Jena. Here he first appeared before the public as a poet, and published his 'Hercules Musagetes,' and a drama called 'Alarkos.' In 1802 he went to Paris, where he gave lectures on philosophy, and published a monthly paper called 'Europa.' Like his brother, he devoted himself to oriental literature, and also to the old romances of France.

He published a collection of the poetry of the middle ages in two volumes; and a translation of the ballad of Roland, from Turpin. He returned to Germany, and not long after became a member of the Roman Catholic Church—a change which made a great sensation in Germany. In 1808 he went to Vienna, and was appointed imperial secretary at the head-quarters of the Archduke Charles. His spirited proclamations had a great effect in exciting the popular feeling. After the political wreck of Austria, he returned to his literary labours, and gave lectures on modern history, and on the history of the literature of all nations, which were published. They evince a thorough acquaintance with literature, and great skill in analysing its characteristic peculiarities. Prince Metternich sent him as Councillor of Legation to the Diet at Frankfürt, whence he returned to Vienna, and continued his literary labours till his death.

The Schlegels were the heads of a literary party, whose controversies were sometimes carried on, like all other party warfare, with poisoned weapons. The acrimony which characterizes political discussions in representative and debating countries, seems in Germany to be transferred to literary questions. Let us hope that the wounds inflicted on both sides are by this time healed and nearly forgotten.

SCHLEIERMACHER (FRIEDRICH DANIEL ERNST).—*Pages* 79, 147.

One of the most learned and eloquent divines of this age, was born at Breslau in 1768. He studied theology at Halle, and after living as tutor in the family of Count Dohna, he entered the seminary for schoolmasters at Berlin. In 1794 he was ordained, and two years later was appointed preacher to the House of Charity at Berlin. He began his literary career by translating Blair's, and afterwards Fawcett's, Sermons. He however soon took a higher flight, and published his magnificent 'Discourses on Religion' (Reden über die Religion), from which the two short extracts in the text are taken. In 1804 he undertook the translation of Plato, which unhappily the stormy times, and his consequent disturbed life, prevented him from finishing; five volumes are published. It is deeply to be regretted that his promised essay on the character and philosophy of Plato is among the portions of the work which he did not live to complete, since few men in modern times have been qualified as he was to fathom the depths of the greatest philosophical genius the world has produced. Three volumes of Schleiermacher's sermons have appeared at different times. All of them are models of clear, solid, impressive eloquence, addressed less to the feelings than the reason of his audience.

He declined an invitation to Würzburg, and went as preacher to the university, and professor of theology at Halle; but both the studies and religious services of that university were soon interrupted by war. During those

frightful times he felt the evils under which his country groaned like a true patriot, and spoke from the pulpit 'for king and fatherland,' with an intrepidity which the presence of Davoust's bayonets could not daunt. About this time he published his 'Grundlinien einer Kritik der bisherigen Sittenlehre,' his 'Essay on Universities,' and other works. In 1809 he was appointed preacher at Trinity church in Berlin, and married. In 1810 he was appointed professor in the new university of that capital. Here he displayed all the brilliancy of his eloquence. In the great and coherent rhetorical structure which was adorned with all the evanescent graces of an extempore delivery, he grasped the most abstruse and pregnant questions of science with acuteness and precision, and followed them out into the minutest details with luminous order and distinctness. In 1811 he became member of the Academy of Sciences, the Memoirs of which contain several papers by him relating to the history of ancient philosophers (Anaximander, Diogenes of Apollonia, Socrates). He also published 'Darstellung des theologischen Studiums.' His last work is the 'Christliche Glaubenslehre.'

Schleiermacher visited England in the autumn of 1833, and opened the new German church at the Savoy. His opinions on the religious condition of this country are to be found in the introduction to his 'Discourses on Religion.' His person, like that of his friend Niebuhr, was extremely small. Schleiermacher was even deformed; but this want of physical advantages perhaps only added to the reverence which the refined and intellectual character

of his countenance inspired. His treatise on the Gospel of St. Luke was translated into English by the Rev. Connop Thirlwall, now Bishop of St. David's.

Schleiermacher was a man of ardent piety and unsullied purity of character, and his death was worthy of his life.

There is a very interesting memoir of him by Lücke in the 'Theologische Studien' for 1834, entitled 'Erinnerungen an Dr. F. Schleiermacher.' A most touching and impressive account of his death is also to be found in the 'Journal of Education,' No. XX. It was communicated by his widow to one who is remembered with affectionate regret by all who knew him,—the late learned and amiable Dr. Frederic Rosen.

I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of adding it, slightly abridged, to this imperfect record of so much learning, piety and worth.

"During the whole of his last illness (which terminated fatally in February 1834), his mind remained clear; his manner was calm and collected, his submissiveness to every arrangement most punctilious. Not a word of complaint or murmur escaped his lips; he was patient, kind to all, and at all moments, though an air of deep thoughtfulness constantly overspread his features. One day, waking out of a slumber induced by opium, he called his beloved wife to his side, and said, 'I am in a state which wavers between consciousness and insensibility, but internally I experience inexpressible ecstasy; my mind is occupied with the deepest speculations, mingled with religious feelings of the most glowing fervour.' His last days and hours, indeed, were brightened by the holiest of

religious influences; even his dreams were the reflexion of his Christian bearing through life.

"His thoughts were filled with love toward his children and friends, and the nearer his end approached the more did the fervency of his affection display itself; it was the indwelling breath of his life. 'Children,' said he, 'I bequeath to you the counsel of St. John, 'Love one another;' and I charge you,' he added, turning to his wife, 'to bear my farewell to all my friends, and to tell them how heartfelt was the love I bore them.'

"He knew that his last moments were drawing near; he was anxious to have been spared to his own yet a little longer, and he was conscious that he had many struggles to endure before he passed into eternity; yet he was wholly resigned to the dispensations of eternal love, and looked forward to the hour of his closing conflict with a courageous heart. The last morning of his life brought with it a great increase of bodily suffering; he complained of burning heat in the inside, and for the first and last time throughout his protracted pains, a murmur escaped his lips, 'Gracious Father, I suffer grievously.' He then turned to his family, who were standing round his bed, and said to them, 'My dear children, leave me—leave me. I would not have you witness this scene of anguish.' The hand of death was on his features; his eye was dim; he had wrestled with death."

But the departing spirit received strength and light from above to perform once more the most solemn act of the Christian ministry. Having asserted his firm faith in the expiatory death of Christ, and received the assurance

of that of his assembled family, he called hastily for the sacred emblems; then sitting up in his bed, with a clear and solemn voice, "with a countenance brightening with increasing animation, a glow of more than mortal benevolence, a radiance such as never shone upon it before, and such as no words can describe, he began to pray and to exhort them briefly in terms befitting the occasion. He then delivered the bread and wine to each separately; after which he administered them to himself, saying distinctly and audibly, 'On these words of Holy Scripture I place my assured trust; they are the corner-stone of my faith.' Having pronounced the blessing, he turned his eyes on his wife with an expression of inmost love, and gazed upon each of his children with a look of unutterable sympathy, adding, 'In this love and communion of souls, then, we are and shall be one, and undivided.' He sank back upon his pillow, and a heavenly smile beamed across his features. After a few minutes he gently exclaimed, 'My spirit can no longer abide with you on earth.' He spoke once more, and requested we would change his position; we laid him upon his side; he drew a few breaths more, and his eyes closed on the things of this world."

SCHOPENHAUER (JOHANNA).—*Page* 223.

Madame Schopenhauer was, as this passage from her memoirs shows, a native of Dantzig. She lived for many years with her husband at Hamburg; after his death she removed to Weimar, where she enjoyed the intimate

friendship of the late excellent Grand Duchess Louisa and of Goethe. Her house was the resort of that singular constellation of eminent men who were then collected there, as well as of all distinguished strangers.

She wrote several novels, which still enjoy a high reputation; especially 'Gabriele' and 'Die Tante;' also 'Travels in England, France and Belgium,' an Essay on old German Art, called 'Johann van Eyck and his followers,' of which I have heard the highest praises; and, lastly, these 'Memoirs,' published, since her death, by her accomplished daughter. It is one of the most agreeable little books I ever read. At seventy-one Madame Schopenhauer sits down to record the recollections of her varied life, and she does it with so clear, bright and true a pen, that we live in the midst of the objects and habits of the last century. From the system of education to that of ladies' patches, from religious observances to the scarlet coats and three-tailed perukes of physicians, the whole moving picture of the free city and its burghers is before us. Human life, too, is there; not inflated with exaggerations, or shrouded in mists of sentimentality, or falsified by a spurious originality; but true, human, chequered life, with its common allotment of smiles and tears, its quick-moving lights and shadows, its present good, and its better hopes. Madame Schopenhauer is not one of the writers who seem to regard the world as interesting to their readers only in its effects on their own mind and feelings. We find none of those descriptions of the emotions and the idiosyncrasies of the author, with which we are now so often entertained. Not that the study of a simple and true hu-

man heart is not the most interesting of all studies; but simple and true hearts do not occupy themselves with themselves.

The attempt to make the feelings and affections, the illusions or the aspirations, of one's youth a source of amusement and interest to the public, is one which were better discouraged. Such disclosures of what Germans call the inward life, are not only destructive of the reserve which it is neither safe nor graceful for a woman to lay aside, but are apt, in either sex, to degenerate into falsehood; and more apt in the one in which the desire to please and to interest is the strongest. It is not the height or abstruseness of a subject which renders it dangerous to domestic usefulness or feminine reserve; we have before us an example of one whose attainments in a most profound science are only equalled by her various skill in all domestic accomplishments, and the blameless beauty of her unobtrusive life. It is the desire of being the heroine of an interesting romance, of astonishing by flights of originality, that seems likely to indispose a woman for the retirement of domestic life, the homely monotony of every-day duties, and the small acts of undramatic self-sacrifice, which it is so important to her peace to be able to perform without even a feeling of reluctance.

The more we wish to see the sphere of her mental activity enlarged and elevated, the more careful ought we to be not to give to that activity an unsound direction. Of imagination and sensibility, women, generally speaking, are sure to have enough: sobriety of judgment, well-directed energy, extensive and, if they please, profound

acquirements, would be far safer possessions. There is, indeed, a sort of sensibility which cannot be too profound, a sort of enthusiasm which cannot be too passionate; but these are not encouraged by watching the beatings of one's own heart, nor by recording them for the amusement of the public. Their legitimate and salutary food is to be drawn from the far higher and more copious sources of Piety and Charity. Let the heart weary of seeking what it finds not, drink at these springs, and it will be refreshed, strengthened and satisfied. The culture of the reason, together with that of the larger and higher affections, is the true cure for the most serious defects of women in domestic life, and for their most serious sufferings in a life of isolation. If their tenderness and sympathy were guided by reason, by steady religious principle, and by a knowledge of the structure and laws of the moral world (without which nobody can possibly serve mankind), they might not only escape or disarm the bitterest sorrows to which they are liable, and improve their domestic condition and influences, but might bring to bear an almost resistless force against many of the evils that desolate the earth.

I have enlarged too long on this 'fatale Subjectivität,' to use a German lady's words; but it forms so prominent a feature in the literature of our times, that I hope I may be excused. I am afraid the morbid demand for admiration, and still more for sympathy, which is a disease very incident to my sex, is at the bottom of a vast deal of the internal history now entrusted to that tender and equitable confidant, the public. I cannot help thinking

that a woman's heart is best revealed in her life; and if she writes, in the tendency of her works; and that she, of whose healthy sensibility much is to be said, will not need to say anything about it herself. Those who agree with me, will be delighted with the brief and graceful touch with which Madame Schopenhauer passes over the tender sorrows of her youth,—the *Herzensangelegenheiten*, about which it is so easy to be eloquent.

It is extremely to be regretted that the 'Memoirs' are imperfect and fragmentary. The first partition of Poland, the American war, the French revolution, the general war, including the frightful siege of her paternal city, and the entrance of the French army into Weimar—these events, and the actors in them, Catherine, Frederic the Great, Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, Napoleon, and many of lesser note, pass before our eyes like giant forms, which throw a shadow over her pretty domestic pictures. The remarks are, throughout, those of a sound, clear mind—the morality is practical and pure.

STURZ (HELFRICH PETER).—*Page* 214.

Born in 1737, at Darmstadt. He studied jurisprudence at Göttingen, and at the same time cultivated æsthetics and rhetoric. He filled the office of secretary to some distinguished men, and went strongly recommended to Copenhagen, where he soon mastered the Danish language, and became private secretary to the elder Bernstorf. He

lived most happily in Bernstorf's house. Here, under the eye of that great statesman and philanthropist, he enjoyed ample means of acquiring knowledge of men as well as of books, and he rapidly became a man of the world and a statesman, as well as a poet and a man of letters. His 'Recollections of the Life of Bernstorf,' written in 1777, are a monument of the gratitude which he evinced toward his benefactor on every occasion. In 1768 he accompanied Christian VII. on his visit to France and England; this journey enlarged the sphere of his knowledge, procured him the acquaintance of the most eminent men of both countries, and gave occasion to his excellent 'Letters of a Traveller.' The confusion consequent on the fall of Struensee was fatal to Sturz. On the very day appointed for his marriage he was thrown into prison, where he was detained four months. On his liberation he received a pension, on which he lived for a time at Glückstadt and Altona. He was afterwards appointed by the Danish Court *Regierungsrath* at Oldenburg; and after the exchange of that province and Delmenhorst for Russian Holstein, he was created Councillor of State of the Duchy of Oldenburg, with a lucrative appointment. But neither this advancement, nor the society of an amiable wife, nor the reputation he acquired as an author, nor the sincere respect of his friends, could make him forget that dark period of his life. The recollection of his sufferings had sunk too deeply into his mind, and had destroyed his health and cheerfulness. He died at Bremen in 1779.

He was one of the most elegant prose-writers of his time in Germany, remarkable for refined taste, sound judg-

ment, and an agreeable flow of wit. His style is, however, somewhat deficient in ease and simplicity, and his letters and lighter works are deformed by the frequent use of foreign words. The best edition of his works is 'Schriften von H. P. Sturz,' Leipsig, 1786.

The eulogium of Bernstorf in my text, high as it is, was deserved. He was one of the few men who have shown themselves capable of using power solely with a view to the interests of the governed. One of the most interesting monuments of gratitude in the world is the column voluntarily erected to him by the peasants on his estate, whom he had freed from serfage, and whose condition he had laboured to raise. Bernstorf's fall, alluded to in the text, was the result of the intrigues of Struensee. He retired to Hamburg, where he died in 1772.

He must not be confounded with his equally great and philanthropic nephew, Andreas Peter, to whose enlightened views and moderation Denmark owed so much during the stormy period of the French Revolution; and at whose funeral the late king, Frederic VI., then Crown Prince, took his place among the sons of the departed.

These two eminent statesmen wanted only a wider and more conspicuous field of action to have been as illustrious as they were truly great. They were the enlightened patrons of literature and art; the zealous promoters of everything that can raise or benefit mankind.

TIECK (LUDWIG).—*Pages* 7, 59, 95, 110, 200, 209.

One of the most eminent and most original poets of Germany, was born at Berlin in 1773, and is brother of the celebrated sculptor of that name. He studied at Halle and Göttingen, where he devoted himself chiefly to history and to ancient and modern literature, and early began to display the genius which he has cultivated with such eminent success. During a visit to Jena and Weimar he became acquainted with the Schlegels and Novalis, who, with him, were afterwards the heads of the Romantic school, and the authors of that great revolution in poetry and art which has produced such wide-spread and lasting effects in Europe. We have seen, in a former note, how much A. W. Schlegel, by his translations of Shakspeare and Calderon, and by his critical works, contributed to overthrow the French despotism in literature (already shaken by Lessing) and the taste of the eighteenth century. Tieck brought into the field yet more powerful weapons; rich productive genius, wit, boundless fertility and brilliancy of imagination, poetical diction, and a vast acquaintance with the models of what he thought a purer and grander style of art.

At a very early age he produced his 'Abdallah,' 'William Lovel,' and other works of imagination. These, as may be supposed, are very inferior to his later works.

Tieck's services to art have not been confined to one branch of it. In conjunction with his friend Wachenroder, he produced the 'Herzensergiessungen eines kunstlieben-

den Klosterbruders,' 'Phantasien über die Kunst.' These relate chiefly to painting and sculpture, and he applies to them the principles of the poetical school of which he was the able champion. He also wrote 'Franz Sternbalds Wanderungen,' a history of the life of a young artist, under the influence of Italian or southern life, contrasted with that of Germany. Tieck's opinions on art were afterwards rendered more distinct and profound by his residence in Rome, Dresden and Munich.

In 1799-1801 appeared his translation of 'Don Quixotte.' This period of his life was fertile both in original and in critical works; the most interesting among the latter were his 'Letters on Shakspeare,' which unfortunately were not long continued. He likewise published a translation of the 'Tempest,' and an 'Essay on Shakspeare's Treatment of the Marvellous.' In 1814-16 he published his 'Old English Theatre' in two volumes; and in 1818 came to London to collect materials for his great work on Shakspeare, to which 'Shakspeare's Vorschule' (Leipsig, 1823) may be regarded as an introduction. It may be hoped, that whenever this distinguished poet and critic shall have completed his labours on a subject so interesting to the English public, they will be translated.

So many English travellers are indebted to Tieck's courteous hospitality for the enjoyment of hearing him read Shakspeare, that I need hardly mention the well-known beauty of his elocution, and his singular dramatic talent. The vivacity, variety and truth of his expression are never to be forgotten. His fine capacious head, and brilliant eye, add not a little to the effect of his reading.

There is a very beautiful portrait of him by his friend Vogel of Dresden; one of the few which leave an indelible impression, and show that the painter has received the mind of the poet into his own.

Tieck's stories appear to me so enchanting, that their small success in England is a riddle I cannot explain upon any hypothesis flattering to the taste of the country.

The 'Pictures' and 'The Betrothing' were translated and published in one volume by the Rev. Connop Thirlwall, the present Bishop of St. David's. 'The Old Man of the Mountain,' 'The Love Charm,' and 'Pietro of Albano,' in another, by the Rev. Julius Hare, now Archdeacon of Sussex. Several, if not all, of the tales in the 'Phantasus' are to be found in Mr. Carlyle's 'German Romances.' Yet in spite of these efforts of the most accomplished translators to make Tieck known in England, his popularity is very far from approaching to his merits. These are altogether peculiar. The fantastic grace, the mysterious charm, of his 'Märchen' are unrivalled. They seem written not only about, but *by*, fairies, and 'creatures of the element.' He manages to combine a sort of infantine simplicity with the gorgeousness of eastern imagery, or the dimness of gothic superstition. They have the engaging naïveté and the daring invention of the old stories that lived in the hearts and on the lips of the people. Higher praise than this it is not in the power of words to express; though the unfortunate children of these days are taught to consider them as beneath their notice. I know few writers who more powerfully stir the fancy than Tieck. In this respect he reminds one of Chaucer. His

descriptions of nature, like those of our great poet, "breathe a spring freshness." All that makes up the charm of a wood, for instance,—its verdure, coolness, fragrance and dreamy music, seem brought before our very senses by an art which it is extremely difficult to define. The musical element in nature is, indeed, the one which seems to predominate in his soul; it flows, like the murmuring of water, through all his works. As Goethe's genius manifested itself preeminently in the plastic, so does Tieck's in the musical; his words bring sounds to the ear, as Goethe's do form to the eye.

I might mention however, as an illustration of his power of painting, the scene in the 'Pokal,' where the enchanter shows the enamoured youth the face of his beloved. The rising of the rosy vapour out of the cup, and its gradual condensation into the sweet features of the beautiful girl, is a piece of the most exquisite sorcery.

My extracts do not present the author under this aspect. I did not choose to mutilate his charming stories, and therefore took fragments of conversations from what must, after all, be regarded as his masterpiece, the 'Phantasus,' which is a sort of Decameron. A party of friends are assembled in a country-house, where they talk and tell stories. The main object of the author seems to be to make war on the shallow pretension to superior lights and virtues, on fashionable affectations, and on cant of all sorts. There is a great deal of 'polemical poetry,' as the Germans call it, in his dramas, which are founded on old stories, such as his 'Bluebeard,' 'Puss in Boots,' 'Emperor Octavian,' etc. I must confess, however, that

Tieck's wit seems to me less admirable than his fancy and his tenderness. But I am aware that it is more difficult to appreciate the wit of another nation, than any other quality.

The list of Tieck's 'Novellen,' or Tales, is too long to insert here. Among the most beautiful of them I may mention the 'Dichterleben' (Poet's Life),—a Trilogy illustrating the life of Shakspeare. The scene of the first story lies at Kenilworth, and introduces us to the infant poet and to Queen Elizabeth. The second represents his youth, his friendship for Southampton, and the development of his genius. The third, his maturer age. The characters of Greene and Marlowe, in the latter, are drawn with the hand of a master. The death of Camoens forms the subject of another not less beautiful tale. All this class of Tieck's novels are vehicles for refined speculations on art and its subjects, which perhaps unfit them for England.

His longest and, as many think, best novel, the 'War in the Cevennes,' is unhappily not finished. He published last year 'Vittoria Accorombona,' which I have not read.

I believe it was this novel which furnished the King of Prussia with an occasion for one of those acts which excite the gratitude of all who care for letters or art. While I was in Germany last year, I had the pleasure of hearing, that, on receiving a copy of it from the author, the king wrote him a very kind letter, assuring to him a pension of a thousand dollars a year for his life, and, with a grace which doubled the value of his bounty, annexed the condition that the poet should visit him once a year at

Sans-Souci, allotting two hundred Friedrichs-d'or for the expenses of each journey.

I will not vouch for the accuracy of the sums; but I can speak to the general satisfaction which such a tribute to the greatest living poet of Germany, and such a solicitude for the comfort of his declining years, diffused.

WALTER (FERDINAND).—*Page* 223.

Professor Walter is an eminent jurist at the university of Bonn, where his lectures on Canon Law are much admired. The book from which the extract is taken is said to contain a remarkably clear history of the origin and growth of the Roman law.

WEBER (KARL MARIA VON).—*Page* 54.

Karl Maria, son of Major v. Weber, was born at Eutin in Holstein in 1786. He early divided the leisure left him from severer studies between painting and music, in the former of which he made considerable progress. But, unconsciously, music gained exclusive possession of the young artist; and his father, perceiving the strong bent of his genius, sedulously cultivated it, at the expense of great personal sacrifices, and in all the changes of residence which his profession occasioned, sought out the best mas-

ters for his son. When the little Karl was only twelve years of age he composed six *fughetti*, which his father, to encourage him, caused to be printed. They were favourably noticed in the *Leips. Musikal. Zeitung*. His father then took him to Munich, and placed him under the tuition of a singing master, and the eminent organist Kalcher, to whose instructions he was greatly indebted for his future command of the resources of his art. Weber's labours were unremitting. His taste for dramatic music now began to manifest itself, and he wrote, under the eye of his instructor, an opera called 'Die Macht der Liebe und des Weins.' At the age of fourteen he composed his opera of the 'Waldmädchen,' which was performed in the year 1800 at Prague, Vienna, Petersburg, etc. with great success; he himself afterwards regarded it as a crude attempt, though not wholly deficient in originality. Weber's active, excitable mind was now called off from music by the invention of the art of printing on stone, which he thought he had shared with Sennefelder, and even that he had discovered a more convenient process. In order to prosecute his schemes he went to Freyberg, where the materials were at hand; but the mechanical part of the employment soon disgusted him, and he returned with double zest to composition.

In 1802 he made a musical tour with his father to Leipsig, Hamburg and Holstein, collecting and studying with indefatigable zeal theoretical works on music.

He now for the first time in his life took his place alone in the musical world of Vienna, where he made the acquaintance of Haydn, and of the Abbé Vogler, who, capti-

vated by his earnest desire for improvement, cordially unlocked to him all the treasures of his knowledge. By his advice, the young artist gave up, for the present, the composition of great works, and devoted himself for nearly two years to the incessant and unwearied study of the great masters, whose works he subjected to the most accurate analysis. He also perfected himself in pianoforte-playing. He was now invited to Breslau as music director, and composed there his opera of 'Rübezahl.' In 1806 Duke Eugene of Würtemberg attracted him to Karlsruhe in Silesia, where he produced various works. The pretty theatre and excellent chapel being ruined by the common destroyer, war, he set out on an artistical tour, whence he returned to the house of his patron, Duke Eugene, at Stuttgard. We cannot follow him through all the steps of his progress. In 1816 he was at Berlin, where he composed his three splendid pianoforte sonatas. In 1817 he undertook the management of the German opera in Dresden, and composed various works, among which we can only particularize the 'Freyschütz,' which was first performed at Berlin in 1821. Here too he composed 'Preziosa.' The enormous success of the 'Freyschütz' brought him a commission to compose a new opera for Vienna, and Frau v. Chezy wrote the libretto of 'Euryanthe' from an old French story. It occupied him for nearly two years, at the end of which he went to Vienna, and directed the performance of it himself. In 1824 he received the commission to compose 'Oberon' for the London stage. In order to fit himself for this work he applied himself to the study of the English language. Al-

ready, however, the incessant activity and labour of his mind had begun the work of destruction on his delicate frame. In 1825 he went to Ems, but without any permanent good result. In 1826 he came, already suffering from disease in the lungs, to London, finished his beautiful work, and on the very day when the 'Freyschütz' was to be performed for his benefit, his pure and melodious soul took its flight.

He was attended in his last illness by Dr. Kind, a young German physician resident in London, now also no more, and nephew of Weber's friend Kind the poet. From him I heard many particulars of the affecting and beautiful close of Weber's blameless life. His conscience was as delicate as his taste; his affections as overflowing as his genius. He was meek and unoffending, and exact in the performance of all his duties.

The two little volumes from which the letter in the text is taken, contain other proofs of Weber's exquisite moral sensibility. I hesitated between this and a letter to a man who had brought unjust charges against him. The truly Christian temper, the scrupulous veracity, the humility and charity that it breathes, are inexpressibly touching.

But it is not alone as showing the sweetness, purity and rectitude which marked the character of the composer of the 'Freyschütz' and the 'Oberon,' that this letter is interesting; the views it contains of the character, vocation and duties of an artist are well worthy of serious consideration. The establishment of singing-schools, and the general cultivation of music, will not, it is to be feared,

realize the expectations of those who look to them for important moral results, until the opinions and conduct of the public are changed as to the province of Art, and the place allotted to artists. I am far, indeed, from thinking that a currency in what is called good society would be for the advantage of either. Society ought to reverence the possessors of that sublime secret called genius too highly to imagine that they can have anything to gain by its intercourse. But though its flattery and caresses can do them nothing but harm, it ought to abstain from destroying their independence of spirit by its caprices, or their self-respect by its contempt. Much is said about the humanizing and elevating effect of Art. But what empty talk is this, if the artist—if he who alone can give form, vitality and motion to this mighty instrument of civilization, is to be regarded as the inferior of the very men whom he is to lift out of the bonds of matter and of custom, as often as they happen to possess some extrinsic advantages which he wants.

We ought to try to come to a clear understanding with ourselves on this matter, and to establish a consistent theory and practice. Either, as it is now the fashion to repeat, Art has an elevating and purifying effect on the morals of a country, or it has not. If it has, by what process of reasoning are the depositories of so high a ministry talked of and treated, as if they moved in the society of the undistinguished and undistinguishable many on sufferance?

If it has not, why all this labour to get up a taste for it among the people? We hear constant allusions to Germany —and with reason; but Germany is consistent with

herself. Art is there honoured in its ministers. The people are not told, here is a man who can create that, the mere contemplation of which will lift you above the sordid part of your nature,—who carries within him the type of that beauty which has power to raise and refresh your souls; and the next moment practically taught to regard him as belonging to a class whose position and claims to respect are doubtful.

It cannot be that he is degraded by receiving remuneration for his labours; for do the ministers of justice, in their various degrees, give their services to society gratuitously? Do the ministers of religion found their claim to the respect of mankind, and to their station in society, on the gratuitous character of their ministry? Why then should the ministers of Art be subjected to so absurd a demand? Why should Art be consigned to the half-knowledge, the half-zeal, the half-practice of a feeble dilettantism?

And if not the pay, it must be the pursuit itself that is degrading. It must be that we regard Art as fitted to amuse, and not to instruct mankind, and allot its professors their place accordingly. I do not mean to express an opinion which of these views is right; but I wish to see something like consistency; and either that the present theory and practice about Art as a moral engine should be abandoned, or the past and present theory and practice about artists brought into conformity with it. Till then we may be perfectly assured that there can be no high standard of Art, for the plain reason that there can be no high artistical culture.

If any one doubts as to the state of public opinion on this subject, let him ask himself whether the parents who train up physicians, lawyers, soldiers, and clergymen, would see with complacency any intention on the part of their sons to devote themselves to music or painting, as a profession?

ZELTER.—*Pages* 41, 87, 139, *and* 163.

This extraordinary man was for years the friend and correspondent of Goethe. The correspondence from which these extracts are taken was published at Berlin in 1834, and consists of six volumes. It was reviewed in the Athenæum not long after its appearance.

Zelter was brought up an architect, but his love for music was unconquerable, and he pursued it with passion to the end of his life. The celebrated singing-school at Berlin, to which he refers in the passage quoted (p. 139), was in part established, and long directed by him. His letters abound with criticisms on art and literature, expressed in vigorous and almost coarse language, but full of acuteness and originality, and remarkably illustrative of Goethe's great axiom, that 'Art is one.' The same principles which guided his practice in his own peculiar branch, directed his judgment in the others.

His attachment to Goethe seems to have been the strongest feeling of his energetic and vehement mind. It was a sort of idolatry. The news of Goethe's death was a shock he had not strength to resist, and in a fortnight he followed him to the grave.

ZIEGLER (FRIEDRICH WILHELM).—*Page* 34.

Born at Brunswick in 1760, was forty years an actor of great celebrity at Vienna, where he enjoyed the especial favour and patronage of Joseph II. He was also a very fertile dramatic poet, and his pieces divided the favour of the public of Vienna, and of southern Germany in general, with those of Iffland and Kotzebue.

Ziegler also wrote some political pamphlets, which had considerable success. His æsthetical works are of no value. He died at Vienna in 1827.

THE END.

ERRATA.

Page 151, line 10, *for* Genz *read* Gentz.
Page 225, line 18, *for* natural *read* national.

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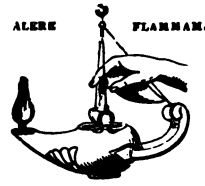

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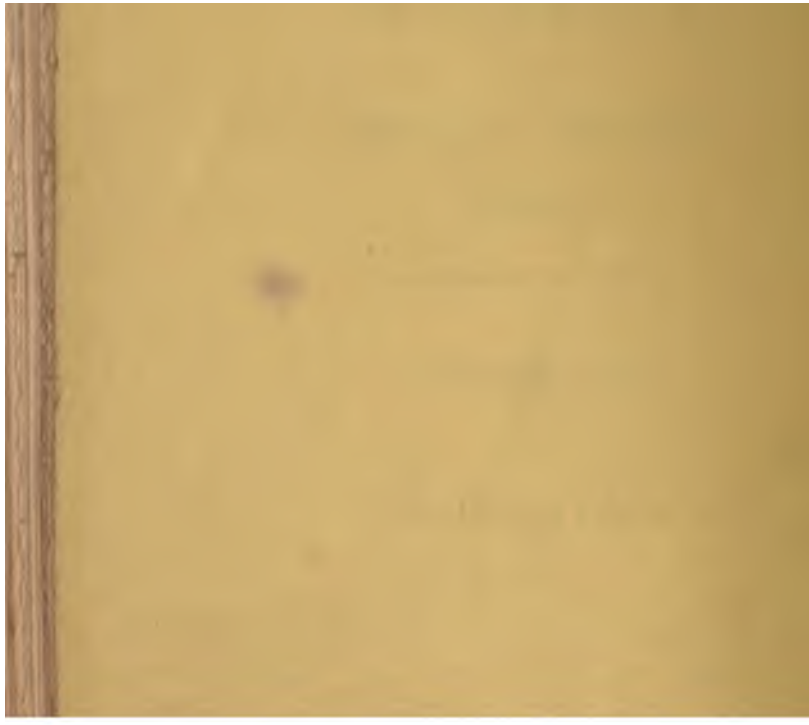
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